

A
COLLECTION
OF INTERESTING
ANECDOTES, MEMOIRS, ALLEGORIES,
ESSAYS,
AND
POETICAL FRAGMENTS;
TENDING
TO AMUSE THE FANCY, AND INCULCATE MORALITY.

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A
COLLECTION
OF INTERESTING
ANECDOTES, MEMOIRS, &c.

ANECDOTE OF CROMWELL.

WHEN the affairs of Charles I. were in their wane in all the Southern counties, the Marquis of Newcastle's prudence gave them some credit in the North. His residence was at York, where he engaged two gentlemen of the country to act under him as Lieutenants. Sir Richard Graham was one; whose commission under the Marquis is still in the hands of the family. As Sir Richard was both an active man, and much attached to the Royal cause, he entered into it with all that vigour, which ability, inspired by inclination, could exert; and did the King more effectual service than perhaps any private gentleman in those parts.

On that fatal day when the precipitancy of Prince Rupert, in opposition to the sage advice of the Marquis, led the King's forces out of York, against Cromwell, who waited for them on Marston-Moor, Sir Richard Graham had a principal command; and no man did more than he, to end an action with success, which had been undertaken with temerity.

When the day was irretrievably lost, and nothing remained but for every man to seek the best means of security that offered, Sir Richard fled, with twenty-six bleeding wounds upon him, to his own house, at Norton-Conyers, about fifteen miles from the field. Here he arrived in

July 3, 1644

the evening; and being spent with loss of blood and fatigue, he was carried into his chamber, where taking a last farewell of his disconsolate lady, he expired.

Cromwell, who had ever expressed a peculiar inveteracy against this gentleman, and thought a victory only half obtained if he escaped, pursued him in person with a troop of horse.

When he arrived at Norton, his gallant enemy was dead; having scarce lived an hour after he was carried into his chamber; and Cromwell found his wretched lady weeping over the mangled corpse of her husband, yet scarce cold.

Such a sight, one would have imagined, might have given him—not indeed an emotion of pity,—but at least a satiety of revenge; on the contrary, he still felt the vengeance of his soul unsatisfied; and turning round to his troopers, who had stalked after him into the sacred recesses of sorrow, he gave the sign of havoc; and in a few moments the whole house was torn to pieces: not even the bed was spared on which the mangled body was extended, and every thing was destroyed which the hand of rapine could not carry off.

VERSES, (by Wm Cowper, 1731-1800).

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK,* DURING HIS
SOLITARY ABODE IN THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDES.

I Am Monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am Lord of the fowl and the brute.

* Alexander Selkirk was a native of Scotland, and an excellent seaman. Having been left alone upon the desolate island Juan Fernandes, between four and five years; at last he was happily released by an English ship that happened to touch there.

O Solitude!

O Solitude! where are the charms
That Sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of Humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
I start at the sound of my own!

The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see;
They're so unacquainted with Man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, Friendship, and Love,
Divinely bestow'd upon Man!
Oh! had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!

My sorrows I then might assuage,
In the ways of Religion and Truth;
Might learn from the wisdom of Age,
And be cheer'd by the follies of Youth.

Religion! what treasure untold,
Presides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.

But the sound of the church-going bell,
These vallies and rocks never heard;

Ne'er figh'd at the found of a knell,
Or smil'd when a Sabbath appear'd.

Ye Winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore,
Some cordial, endearing report,
Of a land I can visit no more.

My Friends do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a Friend,
Though a Friend I am never to see.

How fleet is the glance of the mind!
Compar'd with the speed of its flight;
The Tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrow of Light.

When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! Recollection, at hand,
Soon hurries me back to Despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.

There's Mercy in every place,
And Mercy, encouraging Thought!
Gives even Affliction a grace,
And reconciles Man to his lot.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE OF HENRY IV. (1553, 1589-1610.)

AFTER the battle of Ivry, Henry being very much in want of 1589. money, asked one of his most trusty Courtiers where he could procure some.—The Courtier replied, that he knew a very rich merchant's wife, a zealous royalist, who very probably might lend him some. The Monarch advised his Confidant to pay a visit immediately to the lady; and offered to accompany him in disguise. At the close of the evening, they both set out from Mante, where the camp was, for Meulan, where Madame le Clerc, the lady in question, resided. They were most hospitably received, and after the usual congratulations on the success of the King's army, the Courtier affecting an air of deep sorrow,—“Alas! Madam, to what purpose are all our victories! We are in the greatest distress imaginable: His Majesty has no money to pay his troops; they threaten to revolt, and join the leaguers; Mayenne will triumph at last.” ‘Is it possible! (exclaimed Madame le Clerc) but let not that afflict our gracious Sovereign, he will still find new resources; he fights for too noble and glorious a cause to be abandoned; many other persons will follow my example!’ On saying this, she quitted the room, and returned with many bags full of gold, which she laid at his feet. ‘This is all I can do for the present (adding she gracefully); go and relieve the Prince of his anxiety; wish him from me all the success and happiness he deserves; tell him to be confident that he reigns in the hearts of his subjects, and that my life and fortune are, and ever will be, at his disposal.’

Henry could not conceal himself any longer. “Generous woman, (cried he) my friend has no occasion to go far to tell his Majesty the excellency of your heart;—here he stands before you, and is a witness to your effusions of sensibility. Be assured that the favour will be indelibly engraved on Henry's heart!”

Madame le Clerc fell at the Monarch's feet, without being able to utter a word; the Confidant wept, and Henry joined in the sweet emotions. But the time was too precious to devote it solely to friendship and gratitude:

itude: for want of money the troops were ready to revolt every moment. Henry and his friend took leave of the lady, and went to the army, who, hearing they were to receive their pay, began to cry, *Vive le Roi!* (Long live the King!)

From that time success attended every one of that Monarch's enterprises; and after having subdued his enemies, and rendered himself master of the capital, he sent for Madame le Clerc one day, when the Court was very brilliant and full:—In presenting her to the Nobility, “You see this lady, (says he) a true friend of mine. To her I owe all the successes of my last campaigns. It was she who lent me considerable sums of money to carry on the war, even at a time when the troops threatened to abandon me. She shall be reimbursed with more than lawful interest; and letters patent of nobility shall forthwith be issued in her favour.” “Ah! Sire, (interrupted Madame le Clerc) do you reckon as nothing the infinite pleasure I then felt, and have felt ever since, for having contributed to the happiness and success of my Sovereign? *That* is the only *interest* that belongs to me, and the only reward my ambition aims at.” The lady accepted the title, but refused the offered interest. The family of Le Clerc, who have since distinguished themselves in civil and military capacities, still exists. This act, properly drawn and engraved, might be the companion of the celebrated one where Sully presents his Master with the money he had received by the sale of the Royal forests.

A ROYAL ANECDOTE.

A Great female Personage hearing that Mr. R. of Gloucester was at Windsor, on a visit to one of his relations, sent for him to the Lodge, and expressed a desire to know by what accident a thought, which promised so much benefit to the lower order of the people, as the institution of Sunday Schools, was suggested to his mind; and what effects were observable

observable in consequence, on the manners of the poor. In a conversation which lasted more than an hour, Her Majesty most graciously said, that she envied those who had the power of doing good, by thus personally promoting the welfare of society, in giving instruction and morality to the general mass of the common people; a pleasure from which, by her situation, she was debarred. What a glorious sentiment is this for a Queen! Were this known among the ladies of the British nation, it would serve to animate them with zeal to follow the example which the Queen is desirous to set before them!

ANECDOTE OF LENS, *

THE FAMOUS MINIATURE PAINTER.

A Jolly Parson, who loved a beef steak as well as any Layman in Britain, walked up to Ivy-lane in order to regale himself with a prime cut at Master Burrows'; and as he entered the house, a gentleman in a lay habit went out, but whose general dress pointed him to be a clergyman: The clergyman, whose dress was much the same, took his place at the table where one person only sat; and that person was this profligate Miniature Painter. The Clergyman had no sooner ordered his steak, than Lens said, "I believe that fellow who is just gone out, is a Parson; I wish I had thought on it while he was in your seat, for of all fun whatever, nothing is so great to me as roasting a Parson." Such a declaration, made to a stranger who appeared likewise to be one of that order, astonished the surrounding company, who, like the Parson and the Painter, were waiting for their dinners, and rather roused in the Parson a disposition to roast him. Perceiving the eyes of every one fixed towards them, and a profound silence, he thus began:—"You observed, Sir, (said he) that had you known the Gentleman just gone out to have been a Parson, you would have roasted him; now, as you have nothing else to do till your dinner is set before you, I am a Parson at your service; and while my steak broils, I beg you will
roast

* Bernard Lens, who became court-painter to George II. and died 1741.

roast me for the gratification of your humour, and the entertainment of all the Gentlemen who sit round us;" adding, that he would take the roasting with that decency and temper which it became one of his cloth to receive the taunts and sneers of such men who thought Parsons fair game.

This was the first time, perhaps, that Lens (who was not out of the way when impudence was shared) was put to the blush. In short, he could not even spit his meat, much less roast it; however, a prospect of something to hide his embarrassment appeared, and that was a fine mackerel with gooseberry sauce, which were set before him; but before he could put his knife to it, the Parson observed, that he never saw a finer mackerel, adding, that as his steak was not ready, he would take the liberty of eating a bit of his mackerel; accordingly he stripped it up half to the back bone, and helped himself. This manœuvre had such a wonderful effect, and produced such an unanimous roar of laughter throughout the whole room, that Mr. Lens got up, went to the bar, paid for his fish, and left the other moiety for the victorious Parson. This story soon took wind; and whenever a mackerel was mentioned in Lens' company, he was always knocked down as flat as a flounder.

THE FOLLOWING VERSES

WERE ORDERED BY THE LATE MRS. TURNER, OF WOOLWICH, TO BE LAID UPON HER HUSBAND'S WRITING-DESK, A FEW DAYS BEFORE HER DEATH, AND MAY PROVE ACCEPTABLE TO THE ADMIRERS OF THAT LADY'S COMPOSITION.

A HYMN.

THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of Life's mistaken ill or good :
Thy hand, O God! conducts unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.

He

He portions with paternal care,
 Howe'er unjustly we complain
 To each their necessary share,
 Of joy and sorrow,—health or pain.

Trust we to youth, or friends, or pow'r,
 Fix we our feet on Fortune's ball;
 When most secure, the coming hour,
 If he sees fit, may blast them all.

When lowest sunk with grief or shame,
 Gorg'd with Affliction's bitter cup;
 Lost to relations, friends and fame,
 His pow'rful hand can raise thee up.

His mighty consolation cheer,
 His smiles erect th' afflicted head;
 His hand can wipe away the tear,
 That secret wets the widow'd bed.

STANZAS ON BENEVOLENCE AND CHARITY.

SUGGESTED BY AN INCLEMENT SEASON.

GENIUS of Pity! now exert thy sway,
 And with thy soft emotions soothe the breast;
 May every heart thy dictates still obey;
 And be thy humanizing pow'r confess'd.

May sweet Benevolence, auspicious fair,
 Vouchsafe thy cheering progress to attend;

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And

And smiling Charity, with constant care,
Where'er Distress appears, her succour lend.

For winter now resumes his frigid reign;
In just succession cheerless cold returns;
Now low'ring mists a fullen gloom maintain;
Now frosts prevail, and vegetation mourns.

Of verdure now the trees are all bereft,
And Nature's face a joyless scene displays;
The feather'd songsters now the groves have left,
They now no more their choral matins raise.

Where shall the houseless wand'rer now retire?
Where shall his aching eyes discern a home?
Where shall his steps approach the social fire?
His steps, alas! are fated still to roam.

In this drear season of distress and woe,
O may the Sons of Opulence and Ease,
Of Pity feel the animating glow,
Nor suffer Avarice their souls to freeze.

May they, where'er the Child of Want is seen,
Dispense their warm benevolence around;
The hapless Suff'rer from Misfortune screen,
Nor to a narrow sphere their mercies bound:

And not to th' wand'ring wretch their gifts confine,
But the sad roofs of silent Woe explore;
Where modest Mourners secretly repine,
And, unsoliciting, their wants deplore.

Then

Then shall the Orphan's and the Widow's pray'r,
 Be rais'd to Heav'n, for blessings on their views:
 Their faults, obscur'd by Charity's bright glare,
 Humanity and Candour will excuse.

JUSTICE OF SULTAN MAMOOD.

A Person one day thrusting himself into the presence of the King, called loudly for justice. The King ordered him to explain his complaint, which he thus did: That unfortunately having a handsome wife, the King's nephew had conceived a passion for her, and came to his house every night with armed attendants, beating him, and turning him into the street, till he had gratified his adulterous passion; that he had frequently complained to those who ought to have done him justice, but that the rank of the Adulterer had shut their ears against him.

The King, upon hearing this, was so much enraged, that tears of resentment and compassion started from his eyes: he reprimanded the poor man for not making sooner known his complaint to him. The man replied, that he often attempted it, but could not gain admittance. He was then commanded by the King to return to his house, and to give him notice the first time his Nephew was guilty of the like violence; charging those who were present, upon pain of death, to let nothing of this complaint transpire; and ordering him to be admitted at any hour. Accordingly the man returned to his house; and upon the third night following, the King's Nephew, as usual, came, and having whipped the husband severely, turned him into the street. The poor man hastened to the King, but the Captain of the Guards would not give him admittance; saying, that his Majesty was in the Haram. The man immediately began to make a violent outcry; so that the Porter fearing that the Court might be disturbed, and that the noise might reach the King, he was under the necessity to conduct him to

the Eunuchs of the Bedchamber, who immediately acquainted the Sultan with the affair. The King immediately followed the man to his house:—He found his Nephew and the man's wife sleeping together in one bed, with a candle standing on the carpet near them. The Sultan, extinguishing the candle, drew his dagger, and severed his Nephew's head from his body;—then commanded the man to light the candle: He called out for some water, and having taken a deep draught, he told him he might now go and sleep with safety, if he could trust his own wife.

The poor man fell down at the Sultan's feet, in gratitude to his justice and condescension; but begged he might tell him why he put out the candle, and afterwards called out so vehemently for water. The King replied, that he put out the candle that pity might not arrest his hand in the execution of justice, on a youth whom he tenderly loved; and that he had made a vow to God, when he first heard his complaint, that he would neither eat nor drink till he had brought the criminal to justice, in so much that he was upon the point of dying of thirst.

AN ESSAY

ON THE PROPER METHOD OF BEARING MISFORTUNES.

DISSIPATION of mind, and length of time, are the remedies to which the greatest part of mankind trust in their afflictions. But the first of these works is temporary, the second a slow effect; and both are unworthy of a wise man. Are we to fly from ourselves, that we may fly from our misfortunes, and fondly to imagine that the disease is cured, because we find means to get some moments of respite from pain? Or shall we expect from Time, the Physician of Brutes, a lingering and uncertain deliverance? Shall we wait to be happy till we can forget that we are miserable, and owe to the weakness of our faculties a tranquillity which ought to be the effect of their strength? Far otherwise. Let us
 fet

set all our past and present afflictions before our eyes. Let us resolve to overcome them, not wearing out the sense of them by long and ignominious patience. Instead of palliating remedies, let us use the incision-knife, and the caustic, search the wound to the bottom, and work an immediate and radical cure.

The recalling of former misfortunes serves to fortify the mind against later. He must blush to sink under the anguish of one wound, who surveys a body seamed over with scars of many, and who has come victorious out of all the conflicts wherein he received them. Let sighs, and tears, and fainting under the lightest adverse fortune, be the portion of those unhappy people, whose tender minds a long course of felicity has enervated; while such as have passed through years of calamity, bear up, with a noble and immovable constancy, against the heaviest. Uninterrupted misery has this good effect, as it continually torments, it finally hardens.

Such is the language of philosophy; and happy is the man that acquires the right holding of it. But this right is not to be acquired by pathetic discourse. Our conduct alone can give it us; and therefore, instead of presuming in our own strength, the surest method is to confess our weakness, and, without loss of time, to apply ourselves to the study of wisdom. This was the advice which the oracle gave to Zeno, and there is no other way of securing our tranquillity, amidst all the accidents to which human life is exposed. Philosophy has her *thrafsos* as well as war; and among her sons, many there have been, who, while they aimed at being more than men, became something less: The means of preventing this danger is easy and sure; it is a good rule to examine well before we addict ourselves to any sect; but I think it a better rule to addict ourselves to none. Let us hear them all with a perfect indifferency on which side the truth lies; and, when we come to determine, let nothing appear so venerable to us as our own understandings. Let us gratefully accept the help of every one who has endeavoured to correct the vices, and strengthen the minds of men; but let us chuse for ourselves, and yield universal assent to none. Thus, that I may instance the sect already mentioned;
when

when we have laid aside the wonderful and surprising sentences, and all the paradoxes of the portico, we shall find, in that school, such doctrines as our unprejudiced reason submits to with pleasure, as nature dictates, and as experience confirms. Without this precaution, we run the risque of becoming imaginary kings and real slaves. With it, we may learn to assert our native freedom, and live independent on fortune.

In order to which great end, it is necessary that we stand watchful as centinels, to discover the secret wiles and open attacks of this capricious Goddess, before they reach us;—where she falls upon us unexpected, it is hard to resist; but those who wait for her, will repel her with ease. The sudden invasion of an enemy overthrows such as are not on their guard; but they who foresee the war, and prepare themselves for it before it breaks out, stand, without difficulty, the first and fiercest onset. No man suffers by bad fortune, but he that has been deceived by good. If we grow fond of her gifts, fancy that they belong to us, and are perpetually to remain with us; if we lean upon them, and expect to be considered for them, we shall sink into all the bitterness of grief, as soon as these false and transitory benefits pass away, as soon as our vain and childish minds, unfraught with solid pleasures, become destitute even of those which are imaginary. But if we do not suffer ourselves to be transported by prosperity, neither shall we be reduced by adversity. Our souls will be proof against the dangers of both those states: And, in the midst of felicity, we shall have tried how we can bear misfortune.

ANECDOTE OF A DUTCHMAN.

ALately deceased Dutch merchant, well known on the 'Change at Amsterdam, who had acquired a competency by his commercial dealings, retired from the bustle and hurry of a commercial life, thinking he had as much money as, by a moderate computation, would keep him so many years. He locked up the cash, and expended every year
just

just so much as he had intended, and never troubled his head about consequences. The calculation seemed to have been made rather near, as he was obliged to part with his cloaths and moveables to help out.—These, however, he managed frugally, and when he came to die, a pair of slippers were left. He ordered the figure of them to be cut in stone, and placed over his grave, with two Dutch words under them, which, in our language, signify “just enough.”

POUNDS, shillings, pence, and farthings, I

Have at my finger's end;

And how to sell, and how to buy,

To borrow, or to lend:

But this, since I felt birch at school,

My pate has ran upon;

Addition be my Golden Rule,

Ha! dot and carry one.

At Loss and Gain a scholar good,

Full early was I taught,

To gain of guineas all I could,

To lose the D——I a great.

At Fractions and Division when,

Hard knocks were laying on;

Subtraction was my Practice then,

Ha! dot and carry one.

But words no more I'll numerate,

And thus sum total lies;

Of terms I'll not an acre hate,

Reduction I despise:

And since cockade and roguish eye,

Miss Clara's heart have won;

If you're resolv'd to multiply,

Ha! dot and carry one.

IMPUDENCE AND MODESTY.

AN ALLEGORY.

JUPITER, in the beginning, joined Virtue, Wisdom, and Confidence together; and Vice, Folly, and Diffidence: And, in that society, sent them upon the earth. But, though he thought he had matched them with great judgment, and said that Confidence was the natural companion of Virtue, and that Vice deserved to be attended with Diffidence, they had not gone far before dissension arose among them. Wisdom, who was the guide of one company, was always accustomed, before she ventured upon any road, however beaten, to examine it carefully; to enquire whither it led; what dangers, difficulties, and hindrances, might possibly or probably occur in it. In these deliberations she usually consumed some time, which delay was very displeasing to Confidence, who was always inclined to hurry on, without much fore-thought or deliberation, in the first road he met. Wisdom and Virtue were inseparable; but Confidence one day, following his impetuous nature, advanced a considerable way before his guides and companions; and not feeling any want of their company, he never enquired after them, nor ever met with them more. In like manner, the other society, though joined by Jupiter, disagreed, and separated. As Folly saw a very little way before her, she had nothing to determine concerning the goodness of roads, nor could give the preference to one above another; and this want of resolution was increased by Diffidence, who with her doubts and scruples always retarded the journey. This was a great annoyance to Vice, who did not love to hear of difficulties and delay, and was never satisfied without his full career in whatever his inclinations led him to. Folly, he knew, though she hearkened to Diffidence, would be easily managed when alone; and therefore, as a vicious horse throws his rider, he openly beat away this controller of all his pleasures, and proceeded in his journey with Folly, from whom he is inseparable. Confidence and Diffidence being, after this

this manner, both thrown loose from their respective companies, wandered for some time; till at last, chance had led them at the same time to one village. Confidence went directly up to the great house, which belonged to Wealth, the Lord of the village; and without staying for a porter, intruded himself immediately into the innermost apartment, where he found Vice and Folly well received before him. He joined the train; recommended himself very quickly to the landlord, and entered into such familiarity with Vice, that he was enlisted in the same company with Folly. They were frequent guests of Wealth, and from that moment inseparable. Diffidence, in the mean time, not daring to approach the great house, accepted of an invitation from Poverty, one of the tenants; and, entering the cottage, found Wisdom and Virtue, who being repulsed by the landlord, had retired thither. Virtue took compassion on her, and Wisdom found from her temper, that she would easily improve; so they admitted her into their society. Accordingly, by their means, she altered in a little somewhat of her manner, and becoming much more amiable and engaging, was now called by the name of Modesty.

As ill company has a greater effect than good, Confidence, though more refractory to counsel than example, degenerated so far, by the society of Vice and Folly, as to pass by the name of Impudence.

Mankind, who saw these societies as Jupiter first joined them, and knew nothing of these mutual desertions, are led into strange mistakes by those means; and wherever they see Impudence, suppose his companions are Virtue and Wisdom; and wherever they observe Modesty, call her attendants Vice and Folly.

A MODERN TALE.

ALII, a young Persian Prince, was distinguished from his boyish days for the vivacity of his manners, and a desire of knowledge. On his arrival at maturity he could no longer repress his inclination for travel.

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After

After much sollicitation, he at length obtained permission of his father to pass a few months in surveying the countries, and acquainting himself with the customs and manners of Europe. Having, by the assistance of an English trader, who had found means to establish himself at his father's Court, acquired a perfect knowledge of the English language, he determined that should be the first country he visited. They embarked, and, after an agreeable voyage, the Prince and his faithful Englishman arrived in safety in the Thames. They immediately waited on the merchant to whom the Prince's remittances were made, and were received with an hospitality, of which there are still some traces left; but which was once the brightest characteristic of an Englishman. It was the day before their annual feast, on their chief magistrate's entering into office. The merchant presented Ali and his Friend with tickets; and provided them apartments in his own house.

After dinner, the Prince and Lawson (for so was his companion called) set out on a ramble. When they were tired of walking, they entered into a house of public entertainment, to refresh themselves, and were shown into a room where a dozen respectable looking people were seated, enjoying themselves with their pipes. The entrance of the strangers did not interrupt their conversation.—One of them was haranguing on the present deplorable state of the nation; and drew so lamentable a picture of poverty, weakness, and impending ruin, as brought tears into the eyes of the tender Ali. We shall see none of the magnificence of Persia to-morrow, said Ali to himself; these are a sensible people, and, as their finances are in so deplorable a situation, are too wise to add to its distress by unnecessary and useless expence. The daily papers were lying by.—The first thing that struck the eye of Ali, were numerous advertisements of public diversions;—these, I suppose, (thought the Prince) are given by the Monarch; for it is impossible the people, labouring under such a load of misery, can afford to support them. Ali would not trouble his friend with questions; time and attention, said he, will clear all my doubts. They

They set out, and soon after entered another public room, where the ears of Ali were again assailed with the distresses of the nation.

The morrow came, and Ali was conducted to the Hall of Justice, where the feast was to be held. On entering the room, he started back with astonishment! Can it be possible, said he to himself, can this be the feast of merchants, of people who are in a state of ruin and bankruptcy?—He had no time for further reflection. A young man entered covered with mud. Ali imagined he had fallen down, and wondered why he had not gone into some house to clean himself; but he was petrified with surprize when a fat-paunched citizen, who was next him, and whose mouth was extended from ear to ear with pleasure at the sight, informed him, that that there boy was prime minister, and had been well pelted by the mob as he was coming to dinner. “Merciful prophet! (cried Ali) what savages am I among; where they invite a man to dine with them, and yet suffer his coming to be impeded, and his life endangered, by their own people! When my father invites any of the neighbouring Kings, though his declared rivals and enemies, to visit him, he not only performs the rights of hospitality in his own state, but orders a sufficient guard to defend them from the Arabs in the desert, which lies between their kingdoms and his.—But pray, Sir, (said Ali, addressing the citizen) what enormous crime has he committed, to provoke this treatment?” “He has influenced the Representatives of the people to pass a very oppressive and partial tax,” replied the citizen. “Has he been applied to, again demanded the Prince, to repeal this injurious burthen.” “There has been no opportunity, answered the other; the Assembly has not yet met since the passing of the act; and it is a Parliamentary rule, never to make and repeal the same act in the same session.” “Heavens! (exclaimed Ali) still more savage to attack a man without knowing whether he has seen his error, and is willing to retract it; certainly the Minister of England is expected to be possessed of infallibility. It was from the class of people, then, on whom this tax has been oppressive, he has received this

insult?" The citizen eyed the Prince with a look of contempt, and walked off, exclaiming 'No, no, young man, it was from the mob.'

"You are at a loss, I see, my dear Prince, (said Lawson) to understand the meaning of a mob; I will endeavour to explain it to you:— There are in this country, as in all others, two parties; those in power, and those endeavouring to get their places. In your father's Court, a Minister is displaced by the secret machinations of his enemies, without either public clamour or disturbance; and unless a Minister is the blackest and most despicable of tyrants, the lowest class are little concerned who is in or who is not; while here, what is called the mob, that is, a collection of the vilest and most infamous class of human beings, are the principal tools of an opposition. You will soon find, that in this nation every man is a politician, and you have nothing to do but to tell these men, who have not one penny of property, and whose laborious life is ever the same, that their liberties and properties are in danger, to set them in a flame, and work them up to mischief and destruction. The approaching ruin of the nation, the deplorable state of their commerce and finances, the folly and ignorance of their Minister, is for ever sounded forth by every lover of confusion, and every needy, interested, or party scribbler. The present Minister, who, from what I can collect, even from the opposite party themselves, has, by his wise conduct since he has been in place, increased the revenues of the country, and filled the treasury, is now the object of their clamour." 'Let him be to-morrow displaced, and the man of the people put in his office, do you imagine all would be content and peace?' "No, my dear Ali, the moment themselves have placed their favourite in his seat, that moment he will become the object of their aversion and clamour. Opposition is as necessary to this people as for yours to be attached to the religion and customs of their ancestors. A new candidate is raised for popularity; they flock to his standard, and every measure of the new Minister is attacked in the same manner as those of his predecessors. Would you acquire popularity, would you gain the applause and shouts of the multitude, would you wish
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your name to be mentioned with huzzas, and your health drunk in every porter-house of the metropolis, you will not gain these ends by taking on you the laborious offices of state, by wasting your hours in concerting plans for the public good; no, my dear Prince, attach yourself to the opposition, abuse the Minister, rail even Majesty itself, and risque your ears in the pillory, by seditious and inflammatory discourses. Should you have abilities sufficient to call forth the indignation of government, your business is done; you are considered as the champion of liberty, and the devoted martyr of the public. They will raise you to the highest offices of the city, till government, finding opposition but increases your consequence, either ceases to notice you, or buys your silence with pensions, or title. You then, my dear Prince, may laugh at those to whom you owe your fortune, and give place to some new patriot to follow your steps and success. I can show you living proof of what I assert." 'Gracious powers (cried the Prince), I no longer wonder at this people's success; if Heaven, as our holy Prophet teaches, has a particular care for madmen, this nation must certainly claim his protection!'

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF

SUPERSTITIOUS CREDULITY.

A Widow lady, aged about Sixty-two, who lodged in a two-pair-of-stairs floor, in the Rue de la Ferronnerie, with only a maid servant, was accustomed to spend several hours every day in her devotions, before the altar dedicated to St. Paul, in a neighbouring church. Some villains, observing her extreme bigotry, resolved (as she was known to be very rich) to share her wealth: Therefore one of them took the opportunity to conceal himself behind the carved work of the altar; and when no person but the old lady was in church, in the dusk of the evening, he contrived to throw a letter just before her. She took it up, and not perceiving any one

one near her, supposed it came by a miracle; which she was the more confirmed in, when she saw it was signed Paul the Apostle; and purported, “The satisfaction he received by her addressing her prayers to him, at a time when so many new canonized saints engrossed the devotion of the world, and robbed the primitive saints of great part of their wonted adoration: and, to shew his regard for his devotee, said, he would come from Heaven, with the angel Gabriel, to sup with her, at eight in the evening.” It is scarce credible to think any one should be deceived by so gross a fraud; but to what length of credulity will not superstition carry the weak mind?—The infatuated lady believed it all; and rose from her knees in a transport, to prepare the entertainment for the heavenly guests she expected.

When the supper was bespoke, and the sideboard set out to the best advantage, she thought that her own plate (which was worth near 400*l*. sterling) did not make so elegant a shew as she desired; therefore sent to her brother, (who was a Counsellor of the Parliament of Paris) to borrow all his plate; but charged the maid not to tell the occasion, but only, that she had company to supper, and should be obliged to him if he would lend her his plate for that evening. The Counsellor was surprized at the message; and, as he knew the frugality of his Sister’s way of life, suspected that she was enamoured with some fortune-hunter, who might marry her for her fortune, and thereby deprive his family of what he expected at his Sister’s death; therefore he absolutely refused to send the plate, unless the maid would tell him what guests she expected. The girl, alarmed for her mistress’s honour, replied, “that her pious lady had no thoughts of a husband, but that St. Paul had sent her a letter from Heaven, that he and the Angel Gabriel would come to supper with her; and that her mistress wanted to make the entertainment as elegant as possible.” The Counsellor, who knew the turn of his Sister’s mind, immediately suspected some villains had imposed on her: and sent the maid directly with the plate, while he went to the Commissary of the Quarter, and gave him this information. The magistrate went with him to an
house

house adjoining, from whence they saw, just before eight o'clock, a tall man, dressed in long vestments, with a white beard, and a young man, in white, with large wings at his shoulders, alight from a hackney coach, and go up to the widow's apartment. The Commissary immediately ordered twelve of the Foot Guet (the Guards of Paris) to post themselves on the stairs, while he himself knocked at the door, and desired admittance. The old lady replied, that she had company, and could speak to nobody.—But the Commissary answered, that he must come in, for that he was St. Peter, and had come to ask St. Paul and the Angel, how they came out of Heaven without his knowledge. The Divine visitors were astonished at this, not expecting any more saints to join them; but the lady, overjoyed at having so great an Apostle with her, ran eagerly to the door; when the Commissary, her brother, and the Guet, rushing in, presented their muskets, and seized her guests, whom they immediately carried to the Chatelet.

On searching the criminals, two cords, a razor, and a pistol, were found in St. Paul's pocket, and a gag in that of the feigned Angel. Three days after their trial came on, when, in their defence, they pleaded, that one was a soldier of the French Foot Guards, and the other a barber's apprentice, and that they had no other evil design but to procure a good supper for themselves, at the expence of the widow's folly; that it being Carnival time, they had borrowed the above dresses; that the soldier had found the cords, and put them in his pocket; the razor was to shave himself with, and the pistol was to defend himself from any insults so strange a habit might expose him to in going home. The barber's apprentice said, his design also was only diversion; and that as his master was a tooth-drawer, the gag was what they sometimes used in their business. These excuses, frivolous as they were, were of some avail to them, and as they had not manifested an evil design by an overt act, they were acquitted. But the Counsellor, who had foreseen what would happen, through the insufficiency of evidence, had provided another stroke for them. No sooner were they discharged from the civil power, but the apparitor of the Archbishop
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of Paris seized them, and conveyed them to the Ecclesiastical Prison, and in three days more they were tried, and convicted of “ a scandalous profanation, by assuming to themselves the names, characters, and appearances of an holy Apostle, and a blessed Angel, with an intent to deceive a pious and well-meaning woman, and to the scandal of religion.” Therefore they were condemned to be publicly whipt, burnt on the shoulder by an hot iron, with the letters G. A. L. and sent to the galleys for fourteen years.

The sentence was executed on them the next day, on a scaffold in the Place de Greve, amidst an innumerable crowd of spectators; many of whom condemned the superstition of the lady, when perhaps they would have had the same on a like occasion; since it may be supposed, that if many of their stories of apparitions of saints and angels had been judicially examined, they would have been found to be like to the above,—a gross fraud; or else, the dreams of an over-heated enthusiastic brain.

ANECDOTE OF A MARINER,

IN THE LAST WAR.

ON the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, the Loyalist, of 22 guns, then in the Chesapeak, became a party in that disastrous event. Her crew were immediately conveyed to the Count de Grasse's fleet.—Of that fleet, the Ardent, captured off Plymouth, made one, but was then in a very leaky condition. The Count being informed that the Carpenter of the Loyalist was a man of talents, and perfectly acquainted with the nature of the chain pump, of which the French are ignorant, ordered him on board the Ville de Paris, and addressed him thus: “ Sir, you are to go on board the Ardent directly; use your utmost skill, and save her from sinking; for which service you shall have a premium, and the encouragement due to the carpenter of an equal rate in the British navy:—
To

To this I pledge my honour; on refusal, you will, during your captivity, be fed on bread and water only." The Tar, surprized at being thus addressed in his own language, boldly answered, " Noble Count, I am your prisoner—it is in your power to compel me—but let it never be said, that a British Sailor forgot his duty to his King and his country, and entered voluntarily into the service of the enemy. Your promises are no inducement to me, and your threats shall not force me to injure my country." We are sorry to add, that he was treated with extreme severity by the French, in consequence of this behaviour. On his exchange, Admiral Rodney appointed him carpenter of the Sybil, which appointment the Board of Admiralty were pleased to confirm. The above is an undoubted fact.

SHOOTING. *(compare poem p. 65.)*

A POEM.

THE night recedes, and mild Aurora now
 Waves her grey banner on the Eastern brow:
 Light float the misty vapours o'er the sky,
 And dim the blaze of Phœbus' gayish eye;
 The flitting breeze just stirs the rustling brake,
 And curls the crystal surface of the lake;
 Th' expectant sportsmen, urg'd by anxious haste,
 Snatch the refreshment of a short repast,
 Their weapons seize, their pointers call around,
 And fally forth impatient to the ground.

Here, where the yellow wheat away is drawn,
 And the thick stubble clothes the russet lawn,
 Begin the sport.—Eager, and unconfin'd,
 As when stern Æolus unchains the wind,

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The active pointer, from his thong unbound,
 Impatient dashes o'er the dewy ground,
 With glowing eye, and undulating tail,
 Ranges the field, and snuffs the tainted gale;
 Yet, 'midst his ardor, still his master fears,
 And the restraining whistle careful hears.

See how exact they try the stubble o'er,
 Quarter the field, and every turn explore;
 Now sudden wheel, and now attentive feize,
 The known advantage of th' opposing breeze.—
 At once they stop!—yon careful dog descries
 Where close and near the lurking covey lies;
 His caution mark, lest e'en a breath betray
 Th' impending danger to his timid prey;
 In various attitudes around him stand,
 Silent and motionless, th' attending band.

Now by the glowing cheek, and heaving breast,
 Is Expectation's sanguine wish express'd.—
 Ah, curb your headlong ardor! nor refuse
 Patient to hear the precepts of the Muse.
 Sooner shall noisy heat, in rash dispute,
 The reasoning calm of placid sense confute;
 Sooner the headlong rout's misguided rage,
 With the firm Phalanx equal combat wage,
 Than the warm youth, whom anxious hopes inflame,
 Pursue the fleeting mark with steady aim.
 By temperate thought your glowing passions cool,
 And bow the swelling heart to Reason's rule;
 Else when the whirring pinion, as it flies,
 Alarms your startled ear, and dazzled eyes,

Unguided

Unguided by the cautious arm of care,
Your random bolts shall waste their force in air.

They rise!—they rise!—Ah yet your fire restrain,
Till the 'maz'd birds securer distance gain;
For, thrown too close, the shots your hopes elude,
Wide of your aim, and innocent of blood:
But mark with careful eye their lessening flight,
Your ready gun, obedient to your fight,
And at the length where frequent trials shew,
Your fatal weapon gives the surest blow;
Draw quick!—yet steady care with quickness join,
Lest the shock'd barrel deviate from the line;
So shall success your ardent wishes pay,
And sure destruction wait the flying prey.

As glory more than gain allures the brave
To dare the combat loud, and louder wave;
So the ambition of the Sportsman lies
More in the certain shot than bleeding prize.
While poachers, mindful of the festal hour,
Among the covey random slaughter pour;
And, as their numbers press the crimson'd ground,
Regardless reck not of the secret wound,
Which borne away, the wretched victims lie,
'Mid silent shades, to languish and to die.
O let your breast such selfish views disclaim,
And scorn the triumph of a casual aim:
Not urg'd by rapine, but of honour proud,
One object single from the scatt'ring crowd:
So, when you see the destin'd quarry down,
Shall just applause your skilful labour crown.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE LATE EARL OF ROSS,

OF THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND.

THE late Earl of Ross was, in character and disposition, like the humorous Earl of Rochester. He had an infinite fund of wit, great spirits, and a liberal heart; was fond of all the vices which the beau-monde call pleasures, and by those means first impaired his fortune as much as he possibly could do, and, finally, his health, beyond repair. A nobleman could not, in so censorious a place as Dublin, lead a life of rackets, brawls, and midnight confusion, without being a general topic of reproach, and having fifty thousand faults invented to compleat the number of those he had: Nay, some asserted that he dealt with the Devil; established a Hell-fire club at the Eagle tavern on Cork hill, and that one W—, a mighty innocent facetious painter, who was, indeed, only the agent of his gallantry, was a party concerned: But what wo'n't malicious folks say? Be it as it will, his Lordship's character was torn to pieces every where, except at the Groom Porters, where he was a man of honour; and at the taverns, where none surpassed him for generosity.

Having led this life till it brought him to Death's door, his neighbour, the Rev. Dean Madden, a man of exemplary piety and virtue, having heard his Lordship was given over, thought it his duty to write to him a very pathetic letter, to remind him of his past life; the particulars of which he mentioned, such as whoring, gaming, drinking, rioting, blaspheming his Maker, and, in short, all manner of wickedness; exhorting him, in the tenderest manner, to employ the few moments that remained to him in penitently confessing his manifold transgressions, and soliciting his pardon from an offended Deity, before whom he was shortly to appear.

It is necessary to acquaint the reader, that the late Earl of K——e was one of the most pious noblemen of the age, and, in every respect, a contrast, in character, to Lord Ross. When the latter, who retained his senses

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to the last moment, and died rather for want of breath than want of spirits, read over the Dean's letter (which came to him under cover), he ordered it to be put in another paper, sealed up, and directed to the Earl of K——e.—He likewise prevailed on the Dean's servant to carry it, and to say it came from his master, which he was encouraged to do by a couple of guineas, and his knowing nothing of its contents. Lord K——e was an effeminate, puny, little man, extremely formal and delicate, inasmuch, that when he was married to Lady M——y O——n, one of the most shining beauties then in the world, he would not take his wedding gloves off when he went to bed. From this single instance may be judged, with what surprize and indignation he read over the Dean's letter, containing so many accusations for crimes he knew himself entirely innocent of.—He first ran to his lady, and informed her that Dean Madden was actually mad; to prove which, he delivered her the epistle he had just received.—Her Ladyship was as much confounded and amazed at it, as he could possibly be, but, withal, observed that the letter was not written in the style of a madman, and advised him to go to the Archbishop of Dublin about it. Accordingly, his Lordship ordered his coach, and went to the episcopal palace, where he found his Grace at home, and immediately accosted him in this manner; "Pray, my Lord, did you ever hear that I was a blasphemer, a whoremonger, a rioter, and every thing that is base and infamous?" "You, my Lord!" said the Bishop, "every one knows you are the pattern of humility, godliness, and virtue." "Well, my Lord, what satisfaction can I have of a learned and Reverend Divine, who, under his own hand, lays all this to my charge?" "Surely," answered his Grace, "no man in his right senses, that knew your Lordship, would presume to do it; and, if any clergyman has been guilty of such an offence, your Lordship will have satisfaction from the Spiritual Court." Upon this, Lord K——e delivered to his Grace the letter, which he told him was that morning delivered by the Dean's servant; and which both the Archbishop and the Earl knew to be Dean Madden's hand-writing.

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The Archbishop immediately sent for the Dean, who, happening to be at home, instantly obeyed the summons. Before he entered the room, his Grace advised Lord K——e to walk into another apartment, while he discoursed the gentleman about it, which his Lordship accordingly did. When the Dean entered, his Grace, looking very sternly, demanded if he had wrote that letter: The Dean answered, “I did, my Lord.”—“Mr. Dean,” returned the prelate, “I always thought you a man of sense and prudence; but this unguarded action must lessen you in the esteem of all good men:—To throw out so many causeless invectives against the most unblemished nobleman in Europe, and accuse him of crimes to which he and his family have ever been strangers, must certainly be the effect of a distempered brain: Besides, Sir, you have, by this means, laid yourself open to a prosecution, which will either oblige you publicly to retract what you have said, or to suffer the consequence.” “My Lord,” answered the Dean, “I never think, act, or write any thing for which I am afraid to be called to an account before any tribunal upon earth; and, if I am to be prosecuted for discharging the duties of my function, I will suffer, patiently, the severest penalties in justification of it.” And so saying, the Dean retired with some emotion, and left the two Noblemen as much in the dark as ever.

Lord K——e went home, and sent for a Proctor, to whom he committed the Dean’s letter, and ordered a citation to be sent to him as soon as possible. In the mean time the Archbishop, who knew the Dean had a family to provide for, and foresaw that ruin must attend his entering into a suit with so powerful a person, went to his house, and recommended to him to ask my Lord’s pardon, before the matter became public. “Ask his pardon,” said the Dean, “why the man is dead.” “Lord K——e dead!” “No, Lord Rofs.” “Good God!” said the Archbishop, “did not you send a letter yesterday to Lord K——e?” “No, truly, my Lord, but I sent one to the unhappy Earl of Rofs, who was then given over; and I thought it my duty to write to him in the manner I did.” Upon examining the servant, the whole was rectified; and the Dean saw, with
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real regret, that Lord Ross died as he had lived; nor did he continue in this life above four hours after he sent off the letter. The footman lost his place by the jest, and was, indeed, the only sufferer for my Lord's last piece of humour.

THE AFFECTING HISTORY OF

LUCY MIRANDA.

IN the year 1539, Gabot, the Governor of the fort of the Holy Ghost, in Paraguay, having occasion to embark for Spain, appointed Nunez de Lara to succeed him in his absence; but left him no more than one hundred and twenty men, with a small quantity of provisions, in a place where the Spaniards had few certain friends, and an immense number of declared enemies.

Lara, on his side, seeing himself surrounded by nations, from whom he could expect no respect but in proportion as he could command it, thought the best thing he could do, would be to gain over those nearest to him, which were the Timbuez; and he succeeded pretty well in the attempt. But his success soon proved fatal to him, in a manner he little dreamed of. Mangora, Cacique of the Timbuez, happening, in one of the frequent visits he paid to Lara, to see Lucy Miranda, a Spanish lady, and wife of Sebastian Hurtado, one of the principal officers of the fort, became deeply enamoured with her. It was not long before she perceived it; and knowing what she had to fear from a barbarian, with whom it was so much the Commander's interest to live upon good terms, she did all that lay in her power not to be seen any more by him, and to guard against any violence or surprize. Mangora, on his side, thinking that if he could but get her to his habitation, he might dispose of her as he pleased, often invited Hurtado to come and see him, and bring his wife along with him. But Hurtado as often begged to be excused, alledging,
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that he could not absent himself from the fort, without the commander's leave; and that he was sure he should never be able to obtain it.

Such an answer as this was enough to let the Cacique see, that to succeed in his designs upon the wife, he must first get rid of the husband. While he was therefore considering ways and means to do it, he got intelligence, that the husband had been detached, with another officer called Ruiz Moschera, and fifty soldiers, to collect provisions. Looking upon this, therefore, as a favourable opportunity, since it not only removed the husband, but weakened the garrison, by which the wife might expect to be protected, he posted four thousand picked men in a marsh in the neighbourhood of the fort, and set out for it, with thirty others loaded with refreshments. On his arrival at the gates of it, he sent word to Lara, that, hearing how much he was in want of provisions, he was come with enough to serve him, till the return of the convoy. Lara received the treacherous Cacique with the greatest demonstrations of gratitude, and insisted upon entertaining him and his followers. This was what Mangora had expected; and he had accordingly given his men instructions how to behave, and appointed signals for those he had posted in the marsh.

The entertainment began with a great deal of cheerfulness on both sides, and lasted till night was far advanced; when, the Spaniards rising to break up, Mangora gave some of his attendants the signal for doing what he had before-hand directed; which was to set fire to the magazines of the fort, as soon as the Spaniards should be retired. This was accordingly done, without the Spaniards having the least suspicion of the matter. The officers were scarce composed to rest, when most of them being alarmed by the soldiers crying out fire! fire! and jumping out of bed to extinguish it, the Indians seized the opportunity of dispatching them. The rest were killed in their sleep; and the four thousand men posted in the marsh, having been at the same time let into the fort, it was immediately filled with slaughter and confusion. The Governor, though wounded, having espied the treacherous Cacique, made up to him, and ran him through the body; but being more intent upon satisfying his revenge, than consulting

sulting his safety, he continued so long venting his now useless fury on the dead body of his enemy, that the Indians had time to intercept his flight; and immediately dispatched him.

There now remained no living soul in the fort but the unfortunate Miranda, the innocent cause of so bloody a tragedy, four other women, and as many little children, who were all tied and brought before Siripa, brother and successor to the late Cacique. This barbarian, at the sight of Miranda, conceived the same passion for her, that had proved so fatal to his brother; and ordered her to be unbound, relinquishing to his attendants all the other prisoners. He then told her, that she must not consider herself as a slave in his house; and that it would even be her own fault, if she did not become the mistress of it; and that he hoped she had sense enough to prefer, to an indigent forlorn husband, the head of a powerful nation, who would take pleasure in submitting to her, himself and all his subjects. Miranda might well expect, that, by refusing his offers, she should expose herself, at best, to a perpetual and most cruel slavery; but her virtue got the better of every other consideration. She even gave Siripa the answer she thought was most likely to exasperate him, in hopes his love might change into fury, and a speedy death put her innocence and honour beyond the reach of his brutal inclinations.

But in this she was greatly mistaken. Her refusals served only to increase the esteem Siripa had conceived for her, and heighten his passion, which he still flattered himself he should be at last able to satisfy. He continued, therefore, to treat her with a great deal of lenity, and even shewed her more civility and respect than could be well expected from a barbarian. But his moderation and gentleness served only to make her more sensible of the danger she was exposed to.

In the mean time, Hurtado, being returned with his convoy, was greatly surprized to behold nothing but a heap of ashes, where he had left Gabot's tower. The first thing he did was to enquire what was become of his wife; and being informed she was with the Cacique of the Timbuez, he immediately set out to look for her, without considering what dangers he

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thereby

thereby fruitlessly exposed himself to. Siripa, at the sight of a man who was the sole object of all Miranda's affections, could no longer contain himself, but ordered him to be tied to a tree, and there shot to death with arrows.

His attendants were preparing to obey him, when Miranda, drowned in tears, threw herself at the tyrant's feet, to obtain the life of her husband; and, such is the power of a passionate affection, it calmed the violent storm, which it had but a little before excited in the heart of the barbarian. Hurtado was unbound; he was even sometimes permitted to see his wife: But the Cacique, at the same time he thus indulged them, gave them to understand, that they must not, on pain of death, attempt to go any further lengths. It is therefore probable, he only meant this indulgence as a snare to obtain a pretext for recalling the conditional reprieve he had granted Hurtado, who soon supplied him with one. A few days after, Siripa's wife came to inform him, that Miranda was lain down with her husband; the barbarian immediately ran to examine the truth of the report with his own eyes; and, in the first emotion of his passion, more to the satisfaction of his wife's jealousy than his own, he condemned Miranda to the flames, and Hurtado to the kind death he had but lately escaped. The sentence was immediately executed, and this faithful pair expired in sight of each other; full of sentiments worthy of their virtues.

ANECDOTE.

GARRICK and Hogarth sitting together at a tavern, mutually lamenting the want of a picture of Fielding. "I think (said Garrick) I could make his face;" which he did accordingly. "For Heaven's sake hold, David," said Hogarth; "remain as you are for a few minutes."—Garrick did so while Hogarth sketched the outlines, which were afterwards finished from their mutual recollection; and this drawing was the original

original of all the portraits we have at present of the admired author of Tom Jones: But Garrick and Hogarth did not always agree so well.—The latter intreated his friend David at one time to sit for his own picture, with which Garrick complied; but while the painter was proceeding with his task, he mischievously altered his face with gradual change, so as to render the portrait perfectly unlike. Hogarth blamed the unlucky effort of his art, and began a second time, but with the same success. After swearing a little, he began a third time, and did not discover the trick until after three or four repetitions. He then got into a violent passion, and would have thrown his palette, pencils, and pound brushes, at Garrick's head, if the wag had not made his escape from the variegated storm of colours that pursued him.

ROYAL ANECDOTE.

A Circumstance occurred some time ago, which, as it serves, however simple in itself, to put the private character of our amiable S——n in its true light, that of being the benevolent father of his people, ought on no account to be buried in oblivion.

In the course of his walks one morning with the H— A———t by his side, he met a farmer's servant travelling to W—— with a load of commodities for market. Unhappily, however, the cart was stuck fast in the mud; nor could the man himself extricate it with all his might.

Both the K—— and the P—— were dressed in a style of simplicity; and, as if with one impulse of humanity, they immediately rushed forward to the assistance of the embarrassed rustic: Having, through the dint of main strength, enabled him to set his cart to rights, the honest fellow, glowing with gratitude, asked them very cordially if they would accept of a cup of ale from him at the next house; adding, that in the mean time they were heartily welcome to take a seat upon the cart. Each of these offers

was of course declined, and they parted; the K—— having previously slipped into his hands a guinea, and the P—— two guineas.

The man was thunderstruck; nor could he help spreading about the particulars of his adventure the moment he reached W——. From these it appeared plainly, that it was to the K—— and the P—— he had been indebted so highly; and the only circumstance that seemed to puzzle the man himself, and make him doubt the fact, was, that the P—— should have given two pieces, while the K—— gave him but one.

Every thing, as here related, presently reached the ears of his M——; and happening, the week following, to meet the same man again, on his way to market, he stopped him and smiled.

“ Well, my friend, (said he) I find you were rather dissatisfied with the little present I made you when last we met: The son you thought more munificent than the father.—He was so I confess: but remember this, my good fellow, that I am obliged to be just before I can be generous. My son has, at present, nobody to care for but himself, and I (with an infinite deal of more anxiety in my bosom than you possibly experience) am bound to promote the happiness of millions, who look to me for that protection, which your children at home expect, and have a right to demand from you.

AN UNCOMMON

INSTANCE OF THE DIVINE INTERPOSITION.

DURING the government of Don Diego de Mendoza, in Paraguay, a dreadful famine raged at Buenos Ayres; yet Don Pedro, whose forces were very much weakened by mortality, and the attacks of the barbarous nations, being afraid of giving the Indians a habit of spilling Spanish blood, forbid the inhabitants, under pain of death, to go into the fields in search of relief. But, as hunger is one of those extremities which make
people

people blind to the greatest dangers, and deaf even to the most sacred injunctions, he placed soldiers at all the out-lets to the country, with orders to fire upon those who should endeavour to transgress his orders. A woman, however, called Maldonata, was lucky enough to elude the vigilance of the guards, and God twice preserved her by one of those exertions of his Providence, to which public notoriety alone can extort belief from the incredulous, apt to take offence at every thing beside the common course of things. This woman, having for a long time rambled about the country, took notice of a cavern, where she flattered herself she might at last find a sure retreat against all the dangers that threatened her: but she had scarce entered it, when she espied a lioness, the sight of which terrified her to the last degree. She was, however, soon quieted a little, by the caresses of this animal, at the same time that she perceived they were not disinterested. The lioness, it seems, was reduced to the last extremity, as, though her term for littering was expired, she could not get rid of her burthen. Maldonata upon this took courage, and gave the poor creature the assistance she seemed so earnestly to require. The lioness being happily delivered, not only immediately gave her benefactress the most sensible proofs of her gratitude; but never returned from searching her own daily subsistence, without laying at the feet of Maldonata enough for her's, till the whelps being strong enough to walk abroad, she at last took them out with her, and never returned, leaving Maldonata to shift for herself.

Maldonata soon after fell into the hands of some Indians, who made a slave of her, and kept her in captivity for a considerable time. Being at length retaken by some Spaniards, she was brought back to Buenos Ayres, where Don Francis Ruiz de Galan commanded for Don Pedro de Mendoza, who happened to be absent. Galan was a man whose severity often degenerated into cruelty. Therefore, as he knew that Maldonata had stolen out of the city, contrary to orders, and did not think her sufficiently punished by a very long and very cruel slavery, he condemned her to death, and to a kind of death which no man but a tyrant could have thought

thought of. He ordered some soldiers to take her into the country, and leave her tied to a tree, not doubting but some wild beast or other would soon come and tear her to pieces.

Two days after, the same soldiers being sent to see what was become of her, they were greatly surprized to find her alive, and unhurt, though surrounded by lions and tigers, whom a lioness, lying at her feet with her whelps, kept at a distance. As soon as the lioness perceived the soldiers, she retired a little, as it were to give them leave to unbind her benefactress, which they accordingly did. Maldonata then related to them the history of this lioness, whom she knew to be the same she had formerly assisted; and the soldiers remarked, that on their offering to carry away Maldonata, the lioness fawned greatly upon her, and seemed to express some concern at losing her. On the report the soldiers made to the Commander of what they had seen, he saw that he could not but pardon a woman whom Heaven had protected in so signal a manner, without appearing more inhuman than lions themselves.

The author of Argentina, the first author to relate this adventure, assures us, that he had heard it, not only from the public voice, but from the mouth of Maldonata herself; and Father del Techo says, that when he arrived at Paraguay, a great many persons spoke to him of it, as an event which had happened within their memory, and of which nobody doubted the truth.

A GENUINE ANECDOTE.

A Young Lady, from the North of England, being sent to the East-Indies, to marry a certain Governor, rather advanced in years, that Gentleman, soon after her arrival, was for performing his engagements immediately; but the fair traveller positively refused, and finally gave as a reason for her conduct, that she did not chuse to deceive him; that during her voyage she had betrothed herself to the Captain of the ship, who,

who, however, was base enough to retract his promise, although she feared that their connection had been productive of certain disagreeable consequences. The Governor repaid her frankness with the most generous conduct; and was not at all surprized that she should rather give her hand to a young fellow, who had besides the advantages of being on the spot, than wait with uncertainty for an elderly man, who was an absolute stranger to her. He therefore married her himself without hesitation, after having in vain endeavoured to persuade her false lover to take that step.

ANECDOTE OF HANDEL.

THIS celebrated composer, though of a very robust and uncouth external appearance, yet had such a remarkable irritation of nerves, that he could not bear to hear the tuning of instruments, and therefore this was always done before Handel arrived. A musical wag, who knew how to extract some mirth from his irascibility of temper, stole into the orchestra, on a night when the late Prince of Wales was to be present at the performance of a new Oratorio, and untuned all the instruments, some half a note, others a whole note lower than the organ. As soon as the Prince arrived, Handel gave the signal of beginning *con spirito*; but such was the horrible discord, that the enraged musician started up from his seat, and having overturned a double bass which stood in his way, he seized a kettle-drum, which he threw with such violence at the head of the leader of the band, that he lost his full-bottomed wig by the effort. Without waiting to replace it, he advanced bare headed to the front of the orchestra, breathing vengeance; but so much choaked with passion, that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude he stood staring and stamping for some moments, amidst a convulsion of laughter; nor could he be prevailed on to resume his seat, till the Prince went personally to appease his wrath, which he with great difficulty accomplished.

The

THE PRISONER.

A RECENT FACT.

THE tolling of the dreadful bell, summoning the miserable to pay their forfeited lives to the injured laws of their country, awoke Henry from the first sleep he had fallen into since he entered the walls of a dismal prison.

Henry had been a merchant, and married the beautiful Eliza in the midst of affluence; but the capture of our West India fleet, in the late unnatural American war, was the first stroke his house received. His creditors, from the nature of the loss, were for some time merciful; but to satisfy some partial demands, he entered into a dishonourable treaty, which being discovered, Henry was thrown into a loathsome gaol. He had offended against the laws, and was condemned to die.

Eliza possess'd Roman virtues. She would not quit his side, and with her infant son, she preferred chasing away his melancholy in a dungeon, to her father's house, which was still open to receive her. Their hopes of a reprieve from day to day, had fled; but not before the death-warrant arrived. Grief overpowering all other senses, Sleep, the balmy charmer of the woes of humanity, in pity to their miseries, extended her filken embraces over them, and beguiled the time they had appropriated for prayer, and Eliza, with the infant, still continued under her influence.

Father of Mercies, exclaimed Henry, lend thine ear to a penitent.—Give attention to my short prayer.—Grant me forgiveness—endue me with fortitude to appear before thee:—and, O God! extend thy mercies to this injured, this best of thy servants, whom I have entailed in endless miseries.—Chace not sleep from her, till I am dead.—

The Keeper interrupted his devotions by warning him to his fate.—If there be mercy in you, replied Henry, make no noise, for I would not have my wife awaked till I am no more.—

He

He wept—even he, who was inured to misery.—He, who with apathy had for ages looked on distress, shed tears at Henry's request.—Nature, for once, predominated in a gaoler.

At this instant the child cried!—O Heavens, said Henry, am I too guilty to have my prayer heard. He took up his infant, and fortunately hushed it again to rest, while the gaoler stood petrified with grief and astonishment. At last he thus broke out—this is too much—my heart bleeds for you—I would I had not seen this day.

What do I hear, replied Henry?—Is this an angel in the garb of my keeper?—Thou art indeed unfit for thy office.—This is more than I was prepared to hear. Hence, and let me be conducted to my fate.—

These words awoke the unhappy Eliza; who, with eagerness to atone for lost time, began to appropriate the few moments left, in supplicating for her husband's salvation.

Side by side the unhappy couple prayed as the Ordinary advanced to the cell. They were too intent on devotion to observe him. The holy man came with more comfort than what his function alone could administer. It was a reprieve, but with caution he communicated the glad tidings.

The effects it had on them was too affecting to be expressed.—Henry's senses were overpowered, while Eliza became frantic with joy—she ran to the man of God, then to her child, ere she perceived her husband apparently lifeless. He soon inhaled life from her kisses, while the humane gaoler freed him from his fetters.

HUMANITY.

REMARKABLE ANECDOTE OF DEAN SWIFT.

THE Dean was one morning standing at his study window, and from thence observed a decent elderly woman offering a paper to one of his

his servants, which the fellow at first refused, with an insolent and surly aspect. The woman, however, pressed her suit with all the energy of distress, and in the end prevailed. The Dean, whose soul was the seat of compassion, saw, felt, and was determined to alleviate her misery.—He every moment expected the servant with the paper; but, to his surprise and indignation, an hour elapsed, and the man did not present it. The day was cold and wet, and the wretched petitioner still retained her station, with many an eloquent and anxious look at the house. The benevolent Divine lost all patience, and was going to ring the bell, when he observed the servant cross the street, and return the paper with the utmost *sang froid* and indifference. Rightly judging the case, he threw up the sash, and demanded loudly what the paper contained. ‘It is a petition, please your Reverence,’ replied the woman. ‘Bring it up, rascal,’ cried the enraged Dean!—The surprized and petrified servant obeyed. With Swift, to know was to pity,—to pity to relieve.—The poor woman was instantly made happy,—and the servant almost as instantly turned out of doors, with the following written testimonial of his conduct:

“The bearer lived two years in my service, in which time he was frequently drunk and negligent of his duty; which, conceiving him to be honest, I excused; but at last detecting him in a flagrant instance of cruelty, I discharge him.” Such were the consequences of this paper, that for seven years the fellow was an itinerant beggar; after which the Dean forgave him; and, in consequence of another paper, equally singular, he was hired by Mr. Pope, with whom he lived till death removed him.

ANECDOTE OF JOHNSON.

WHEN little Crouch, the under-sized musician, was much run after, Boswell said that his mind would be ruined by the women flattering him, and his constitution destroyed by the girls gorging him with

with gingerbread and golden pippins. It is of very little consequence, replied Johnson, what he is fed with. I suppose he gets more money by these crotchets than he would by a better thing; and the world would probably go on, though a sucking fidler should eat himself to death.

ANECDOTE.

EDWARD Bone, of Ladlock, in Cornwall, was a servant to Mr. Courtney, of that county. He was deaf from his cradle, and consequently dumb, yet could learn and express any news to his master that was stirring in the country. If a sermon was preached within some miles distance, he would repair to the place, and sitting himself directly opposite to the preacher, would look him stedfastly in the face while his sermon lasted: To which religious zeal his honest life was also answerable. Assisted with a firm memory, he would not only know a person whom he had seen but once, but describe him so perfectly as to be known by any other.

ON LIFE.

OUR Life is like a Winter's day,
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed,
The oldest only sups, and goes to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

THE GENEROUS PEDLAR.

A TRUE STORY.

AN inhabitant of a village, in the circle of Suabia, was reduced to the most extreme poverty. For some days his family had subsisted only

on a little oatmeal; and this being exhausted, their misery was extreme. A baker, to whom the father owed nine crowns, refused, with unrelenting cruelty, to supply them with any more bread, till this sum was paid.—The cries of his wretched babes, almost expiring for want, and the tears of an affectionate wife, pierced him with unutterable anguish. ‘Dearest husband,’ said the distracted mother, ‘shall we suffer these miserable infants to perish? Have we given them birth only to behold them die of hunger? See these poor victims, the fruits of our love, their cheeks already covered with the paleness of death! For me—I expire with grief and misery. Alas! could I but yet preserve their lives at the expence of my own.—Run—fly to the next town—speak our distresses—let not a false shame conceal them!—Every moment you lose is a dagger to your dying family. Perhaps Heaven may yet be touched by our miseries—you may find some good heart who may yet relieve us.

The unhappy father, covered with rags, and more resembling a spectre than a man, hastened to the town. He entreated, he solicited, he described his wretched situation, with that affecting eloquence which the bitterness of anguish must inspire. In vain he implored compassion. Not one would hear him. Not one would assist him. Rendered desperate by such unexpected cruelty, he entered into a wood, determined to attack the first passenger. Dire necessity now appeared a law, and an opportunity soon occurred.—A Pedlar passing by, he stopped him. The Pedlar made not the least resistance, but gave up his purse, containing twenty crowns.—No sooner had the unfortunate man committed this robbery, than he felt the horrors of remorse, and returning to the pedlar, he threw himself, all in tears, at his feet. ‘Take back your money,’ said he. ‘Believe how much it has cost me before I could be resolved to commit this crime.—My heart has been unused to guilt. Come, I beseech you, to my cottage. You will there see the only motives that could lead me to this action, and when you view the deplorable condition of my family, you will forgive—you will pity me—you will be my benefactor, my preserver!’

The

The poor honest pedlar raised the unfortunate man, and comforted him. Unable to withstand his sollicitation, or rather yielding to the feelings of his own compassionate heart, he hesitated not to follow the peasant. But with what emotions did he enter his ruinous habitation! How moving every object! The children, almost naked, lying on straw, dying with hunger,—and the mother—what an object was the wretched mother!

The peasant relates the adventure to his wife. ‘You know,’ said he, ‘with what eagerness I went to the town, in the hope of finding some relief. But ah! I met only hard hearts, people busied in amassing riches, or in dissipating what they already have in luxury and idle expences.—Refused by all,—desperate,—furious,—I went into a neighbouring wood,—can you believe it? I have laid violent hands on this good man,—I have dared—Oh! I cannot tell you.’ ‘Pity my poor babes,’ exclaimed the distracted mother, looking with moving earnestness at the Pedlar; ‘consider our miserable situation. Alas! poverty hath not altered our sentiments. In all our misery we have yet preserved our honesty. I beseech your mercy for my husband;—I implore your compassion for these wretched infants.’

The good Pedlar, melted by this melancholy scene, mingled his tears with those of these poor people. ‘I am your friend,’ said he. ‘Take these twenty crowns—I insist upon it. Why is not my ability equal to my good wishes for you? I grieve that I cannot secure you a happier lot for the future.’ ‘What!’ answered the peasant, ‘instead of treating me as your enemy, are you so good as to be my protector? Would you be my preserver?—Alas! my crime renders me unworthy of this goodness. No! if I die with hunger, I will not take this money.’ The Pedlar, insisting still, compels him to take it. The whole family kiss the benevolent hand which had thus preserved them from death. Tears only on every face can speak their grateful hearts, and the Pedlar retires with that sweet delight which benevolent minds alone can taste.

Oh ye! on whom Fortune smiles, the gay, the proud, the affluent, the avaricious! after this example of benevolence in a poor Pedlar, can your hearts

hearts be ever inaccessible to pity? Can you henceforth behold unmoved the sufferings of your fellow-creatures? Will you never feel the delight of doing good? Oh! sleep not in the bosom of affluence. Fortune is inconstant; enjoy her present favours; but forget not this important truth, that your superfluities, at least, are the patrimony of the poor.

A ROYAL ANECDOTE.

THE late excellent Princess of Orange, eldest daughter to our late good King George the Second, in her earliest years assumed a pride of behaviour to the Court ladies, unsuitable to her Royal birth and high station. When a lady of the first quality happened one day to be in waiting, the Princess obliged her to stand in her presence so long, that the lady was ready to faint. She complained of this treatment to Queen Caroline; who assured the complainant, she would take care to reform this improper conduct in the Princess; to this end she sent for her, and desired her to read in a certain book, which she put into her hands. The Princess read, standing all the time for more than an hour, and then paused. The Queen commanded her to read on.—She obeyed for near an hour more, and being not permitted to sit down, she burst into tears: Upon this, the Queen said to her, “ Princess, I hope this lesson will teach you humanity. How could you so far forget yourself, as to oblige Lady — to wait on you so long, and not to ask her to sit down? She was a woman of the first quality, but had she been a nursery maid, you should have remembered she was a human creature, and like yourself.” The Princess thanked her Majesty for her admonition, and never gave her occasion for the like reprehension.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

IN one of the forced marches, the King rode beside his cavalry, and heard a trooper, at a very little distance, make a horrid noise with cursing and swearing. He immediately rode up to him; and heard him exclaim, among many other shocking oaths, "I wish this damned sort of life at an end." "You are very right, my boy," cried the King, "I wish the same—but what can we do!—We must have patience until it is peace." With such lenity did the King behave to his soldiers, although they deserved to be reproached,—nay, even punished. This accounts, in some measure, why the Prussian troops surmounted the greatest dangers, and gained the most glorious victories under such a leader as Frederick, justly called the Great.

 FOR THE KING.

STANZAS BY AN OLD CURATE OF DEDDINGTON,

IN OXFORDSHIRE, AGED EIGHTY.

O THOU, who art all ear to hear,
 Who art all eye to see,
 In our distress, where shall we fly,
 But, mighty God, to thee!

Thou se'st our hearts with sorrow fill'd,
 Our sins for mercy cry;
 Lord, if the sheep have gone astray,
 Let not the shepherd die.

Thou

Thou hear'st, when two or three their vows
 Into thy temple bring;
 O hear when thousands join their cry,
 Kind Heaven—O spare our King.

When Judah's Lord lay sick to death,
 Thou heard'st his mournful prayers;
 And gav'st that good and pious King
 A life of fifteen years:

Pity and see—a Nation sad
 Before thy altar prays,
 Let George still live to bless this land,
 Nor die—till full of days.

Then shall a joyful people pay
 To thee their vows sincere,
 And with united voices sing,
 Praise God, my God most dear.

ANECDOTE OF HOLBEIN,

A FAMOUS PAINTER IN HENRY THE EIGHTH'S REIGN.

A NOBLEMAN of the first quality came one day to see Holbein, when he was drawing a figure after the life. Holbein begged his Lordship to defer the honour of his visit to another day; which the Nobleman taking as an affront, broke open the door, and very rudely went up stairs. Holbein, hearing a noise, came out of his chamber, and meeting the Lord at his door, fell into a violent passion, and pushed him backwards

wards from the top of the stairs to the bottom. However, considering immediately what he had done, he escaped from the tumult he had raised, and made the best of his way to the King. The nobleman, who was much hurt, though not so much as he pretended, was there soon after him; and upon opening his grievance, the King ordered Holbein to ask pardon for his offence. But this only irritated the nobleman the more, who would not be satisfied with less than his life; upon which the King sternly replied, “ My Lord, you have not now to do with Holbein, but
 “ with me; whatever punishment you may contrive by way of revenge
 “ against him, shall assuredly be inflicted upon yourself: Remember, pray,
 “ my Lord, that I can, whenever I please, make seven Lords of seven
 “ Ploughmen, but I cannot make one Holbein of even seven Lords.”

STORY OF TWO SISTERS.

A Noble and ancient family, in one of the interior provinces of France, had a great number of children. The daughters, especially, were a heavy burthen on the family income; which, though very decent, was inadequate to any design of giving them each a portion sufficiently considerable to procure them a settlement fit for their birth.

The young ladies, as is too usual in France in these cases, were sent into convents, and only one reserved at home.

This was the eldest, for whom, it seems, they hoped to find a husband in a young Count, whose estate lay contiguous to theirs, and who was not only a near relation, but had often expressed a desire of being more nearly related.

He was very rich, and highly connected; one of his uncles had a considerable place at Court, and, having no children, had declared the young Count his heir.

H

These

These flattering prospects made him the idol of all the ambitious families where he was acquainted, and induced them, of course, to use all their endeavours to obtain him for a son-in-law.

One of the daughters above-mentioned, after a stay of some years in a convent, grew tired of her situation, and prevailed upon her parents to take her home.

She was an insinuating artful girl, and by her dexterity had gained an ascendancy over her mother, by whose persuasions the father consented that she should leave her confinement.

But the youngest was not so fortunate; she had often requested to be freed from the disagreeable abode she was in; but her letters, though full of the most pathetic entreaties, were always disregarded, and very seldom answered.

Worn out with impatience at such treatment, she ventured to utter some spirited complaints in a letter to one of her aunts; but this lady very injudiciously shewed it to her father, whom it exasperated much more than it could move.

He was a man of a morose and brutal disposition, intoxicated with ideas of his consequence, and that of his family, interested to the highest degree, and ready to sacrifice every consideration to its aggrandizement.

His wife was a woman of the same character, proud, haughty, unfeeling, and made up of ill-nature and vanity.

These were not persons from whom much was to be expected through pity and supplication. The poor young lady, accordingly, having continued to remonstrate in vain during a long space of time, lost her hopes and her health, and fell dangerously ill.

Louisa, that was her name, was, at this period, in the bloom of opening beauty; she was turned of sixteen, perfectly well made, and possessed an air of loveliness and dignity together, that made her the favourite of all her acquaintance. Several gentlewomen had interceded in her behalf for a total release from the convent, and an introduction into the world;
sure

ture as they were that so handsome and accomplished a young lady would never want admirers.

But the obstinacy of the father was proof against all petitions in her favour. In this he was joined by the mother, who, with equal hardness of heart, rejected all expostulations, and insisted that a nunnery should be her portion.

Her illness, however, and the imminent danger they were informed she was in, obliged them at last to remove her home, and to treat her with some appearance of kindness.

As she was a girl of excellent temper, full of sweetness and good-nature, this seeming return of parental affection, made so powerful an impression upon her, that she quickly recovered her health and spirits.

But the consequences of this recovery were far from being favourable to her. Determined, at all events, to sacrifice her to their ambitious views, her parents again prepared to remand her back to her imprisonment.—The first proposal they made to her on this subject, affected her so much, that she fainted away, and was with much difficulty brought to her senses.

Convinced that to force her to return to that odious spot would be instant death to her, they desisted from the attempt, and took the resolution to prevail upon her to comply by other means than those they had used hitherto.

Deceit was now called in to their assistance; they pretended that the addresses of the young Count to her eldest sister, would not continue long, if he once perceived that her fortune was less than they had at first apprized him; that it was therefore necessary they should feign she was destined to pass her life in a convent, otherwise her sister would miss of a splendid settlement; which she certainly must lose all hopes of, if three daughters were to divide the fortune which the Count had long been made to believe was only the property of one.

They promised most solemnly, at the same time, that as soon as the marriage had taken place, she should be at liberty to quit her retirement,

and should live at large, without any further restraint on her person, or her inclinations.

Won by these promises, and by a variety of presents, which they took care to make her on this occasion, she consented, at length, to repair to her former mansion. Both father and mother attended her thither, and behaved with so much outward tenderness at parting, that they left her fully convinced she might rely on all they had said.

In the mean time, Narcissa, that sister who had found means to deliver herself from her monastic fetters, began to appear a troublesome guest to her parents.

Whether the young Count grew cool in his attendance on the eldest, or whether her father and mother were apprehensive of such an event, they had already cast a disapproving eye on her presence in the family; and would willingly have dispatched her to the same confinement with Louisa; had they not apprehended, that being more knowing, she would have not only refused compliance herself, but induced her sister to join in the refusal.

After consulting in what manner to proceed with Narcissa, they determined to attempt a plot with her, of a deeper, as well as of a blacker die than that which had succeeded with her sister.

After loading her with caresses, and persuading her that she was the confidential possessor of all their secrets, they told her, as a proof of the high trust which they reposed in her, that they proposed to make her the instrument of the design which they had resolved to carry into execution respecting her sister Louisa.

They represented to Narcissa, that the invincible obstinacy of that sister made it requisite to assail her by artifice, and to draw her imperceptibly into those measures, which otherwise it was clear she would never embrace.

The stratagem they proposed, was, that Narcissa should repair to the convent on a visit, as it were, to Louisa; where, after two or three weeks or a month's stay, they would come down, on a pretence to bring her home; but that in the mean time she should make it her business to converse

verse as much as possible with Louisa on the Count's courtship to their eldest sister, and convince her, by every argument she could think of, that his avaricious disposition hindered him from concluding the business, while he saw both her younger sisters in a way to claim a share of that fortune which he had been given to understand was to have been entirely settled upon her alone.

In order to make the stronger impression on the mind of Louisa, Narcissa was to tell her, that in consequence of these considerations, she had taken the determination to absent herself from home, and to feign a liking to a monastic life, the sooner to bring her sister's marriage to a conclusion. That possibly, the Count, on seeing both the youngest sisters withdrawn from the world, would hesitate no longer, and terminate the business which the family wished so ardently to see completed.

Fraught with these instructions, and prepared to execute them by every promissory view, which both her father and mother industriously held out on this occasion, she hastened to the convent; where she found Louisa beginning to tire of her situation, and panting for that liberty, of which the little she had tasted at home, some months before, had given her a very great relish.

Narcissa did not fail, according to the injunctions she had received, to behave with all the artifice of which she was mistress, and to work upon the mind of her artless sister with so much dexterity, as to persuade her it was for their interest, as well as that of their eldest sister, to remain in the nunnery until she was actually married.

On the father and mother's coming to fetch her home, according to appointment, she acted the part agreed upon to admiration; and brought her sister Louisa into her measures so completely, that their parents returned home entirely satisfied with the success of their stratagem.

In the mean time, from whatever causes it might proceed, the marriage of the eldest sister was protracted from day to day, and the Count did not seem to betray the least impatience on that account.

But

But the young lady's parents began to lose all their patience, and were no longer able to refrain from carrying the design they had framed, relative to the two other daughters, into the speediest execution.

They went to the convent, and informed the two sisters, that it was absolutely necessary, for the acceleration of their sister's marriage with the Count, to act a still more explicit part than they had done hitherto, and to close the comedy they had begun, by taking the veil, and pretending to become nuns in good earnest.

This, you will readily conceive, was no agreeable message to either of them. Louisa opposed it at first with great spirit and vehemence, but Narcissa offering to lead the way in this disagreeable business, she with much difficulty consented to the proposal made to them, after having received the most positive assurances that this should be the last act of the deceitful performance imposed upon them.

The task they were now put upon must certainly have been highly mortifying to young ladies in the prime of youth and beauty, and no ways inclined to the life they were now about to lead for perhaps a twelvemonth, or even more.

Such is the usual space allotted to that trial; which, in convents, is called the noviciate. On its expiration, it is expected that they who have gone through it should either enter into a solemn engagement for life, or else depart from the convent.

It is usual, at the same time, for those who become novices, whether men or women, to cut off their hair. This, you well know, is a great sacrifice to a French woman; who takes uncommon pride in that appendage of comeliness, and parts with it, therefore, with infinite reluctance.

This loss must have been particularly felt by the two young ladies; had their real intentions been what they outwardly appeared, the deprivation of that ornament would have been of no consequence to them, in a place where they were to be hidden from the sight of men; but expecting to be delivered from the tribulations they were undergoing for the sake of their
sister,

sister, as soon as the Count had married her, the prospect of appearing in society without that necessary appurtenance to gaiety, must have very much affected them.

Narcissa, you see, had gone great lengths in her endeavours to circumvent Louisa. Every motive that her parents could frame was adduced on this occasion; they assured her that a few months should terminate her captivity, and that on her feigning a fit of illness, they would immediately recall her home.

Filled with these hopes, and with the expectation of that portion which was to go to Louisa, on her remaining a Nun, Narcissa cheerfully co-operated with the views of her parents on her poor sister.

But, exclusive of Narcissa, another person was to be won over, to assist in this affair. This was the lady Abbess of the monastery in which they now were novices. She was accordingly made participant of the ultimate resolutions adopted by the parents of the young ladies.

This abbess, on the first opening of the business, was by no means inclined to second the intentions of these hard-hearted people. The enormity of the treatment they inflicted on their children was too visible to meet with her immediate concurrence; and it was not till they had assured her in the strongest terms that they were not in circumstances to provide otherwise for them, that she consented to be accessory to their designs.

Near half the noviciate was expired, when Narcissa, vexed at seeing no end to the Count's courtship, petitioned for a release from confinement, and feigned an illness, as she had been allowed.

But this answered no other purpose than to bring her parents to the convent to visit her, and to make fresh assurances of their favourable intentions relative to her.

On the expiration of the eleventh, and entrance into the twelfth month of their noviciate, Louisa began to be alarmed at her situation, and exclaimed loudly against the barbarity of their treatment, threatening to endure it no longer, and to throw off the habit she had only assumed in compliance to her parents.

Narcissa

Narcissa herself was not pleased with these repeated delays; and could hardly contain her discontent within the bounds of the dissimulation she had hitherto preserved.

But the time was come that her parents had looked for to dissemble no longer themselves. They came to the convent, and told Louisa, that, after the maturest deliberation, they saw no other method of rendering the family happy, than by embracing the monastic state, and continuing to wear the habit she had assumed; that she had better do it with a good grace, than adhere to a refusal, which they gave her to understand would be unavailing; that by complying cheerfully with their request, she would gain and experience their good-will in a manner that would render her situation pleasing and comfortable in the highest degree; that every accommodation, suitable to her state, should be found her with the utmost kindness and liberality; and that, in short, every favour and indulgence should be shewn her, that she could ask or wish for.

Louisa was a girl of excellent sense, as well as of exquisite feelings.—She had not lived so long in a convent, without being perfectly acquainted with what sort of happiness and satisfaction is to be found in such places.

Nature had formed her for society and pleasure, and a monastery was the last thing in her thoughts. Her mind was full of that liveliness which keeps every passion on the wing, and her whole appearance shewed her born for every enjoyment of life.

To a young person of this frame, such a proposal was like a clap of thunder; it bereaved her, for a while, of sense and motion; she was carried to her cell, and confined to her bed several days.

This, however, had no effect on her parents; they left her to the care of Narcissa, fully resolved not to recede from their determinations.

As soon as they had heard that she was recovered, and somewhat composed, they returned, and insisted peremptorily on her compliance.

She threw herself at their feet, and implored their commiseration in the most moving terms; she offered, in case they would relent, to give up all expectation of fortune, and to make her portion over to her other sisters; she

she required no more than a bare maintenance, and to be suffered to live in the plainest manner; promising faithfully to act with all deference to their commands in domestic matters.

Instead of being softened by the prayers and tears of a lovely daughter submissively prostrate at his feet, the brutal father spurned her from him with the most shocking sternness: he threw himself into the most furious passion; and threatened, in case of further disobedience, to send her to a penitential house of confinement, at four or five hundred miles distance, where she should be shut up all her days.

You will, perhaps, think it strange, that any man should make such threats, or that having made, he should be able to execute them. But parental authority is sometimes, in France, and in other countries abroad, carried to great extremities. It is a remnant of that dreadful power which parents formerly possessed over their children, even in the freest states.

The youth of Greece and Rome were not free from this terrible bondage; much less were those of other countries, not so polite and civilized.

A menace of this nature silenced at once the unhappy Louisa, and left her no alternative between immediate obedience, and the worst of misery.

After having disposed of Louisa in this manner, it was now Narcissa's turn to learn her own destiny.

Her parents began, by expressing their regret at the behaviour of the Count, who, notwithstanding his seeming attachment to their eldest sister, was perpetually enquiring whether her two sisters had made their vows, and bound themselves formally to a continuance of the profession they had embraced. They saw that nothing short of this would induce him ever to marry her; that it was much against their inclination to part with so discreet and prudent a child; but they flattered themselves, from her moderation and good sense, that she would, as well as they, perceive the necessity of the measures they had planned for the general good of the family, and hoped, therefore, she would acquiesce, in conjunction with her sister Louisa, in the earnest desire and request of her parents, that they should both embrace a monastic life.

Such a speech struck Narcissa with the utmost astonishment; she remained some minutes confounded and speechless, and hardly mistress of her senses.

She now perceived how grossly she had been deceived; she saw the drift of all the pretended bounties and feigned caresses she had lately experienced; but what sunk deepest into her heart, she saw too plainly that she had entangled herself past all deliverance.

When she had recollected herself, finding that resistance would be vain, she promised implicit acquiescence; and only begged that she and her sister might be allowed a short space of time to compose their minds, and prepare themselves for the great and unexpected change they were now to undergo for the residue of their lives.

This was granted, and after making every promise of future indulgence and kindness consistent with the nature of a monastic life, their parents took leave of them, with every demonstration of tenderness they were able to feign.

As soon as they were gone, and the two unfortunate sisters retired to their cell, Narcissa fell on her knees before Louisa, and, with a flood of tears, acknowledged the part she had acted throughout the whole transaction, asking her forgiveness with every mark of the deepest contrition.

Louisa, whose soul was all tenderness and magnanimity, embraced Narcissa in the most affectionate manner, and gave her every assurance of an entire forgiveness and reconciliation.

Narcissa, though she had condescended to be an instrument of deceit, was not so far depraved, as to be insensible of her guilt. She now sincerely repented the baseness of her conduct; and took a resolution to exert herself to the utmost, in order, if possible, to extricate her sister as well as herself.

Louisa, whose tender disposition had sunk her into the most violent grief and affliction, gave herself up to weeping and lamentation; and was so wofully dejected, as to reject all consolation.

But Narcissa, who felt no less the indignity of the treatment they both suffered, did not submit to the like degree of despondency. As she was older,

older, and more conversant in the world, she had also acquired sagacity and resolution; and was determined to try all she could to defeat the purpose of her unnatural parents.

Instead of unavailingly deploring the severity of their fate, she advised her sister to collect her spirits, and prepare for an attempt to escape from the prison wherein they were so undeservedly confined.

Louisa was not backward in acceding to this proposal; and though not so fertile in expedients as her sister, shewed every readiness to concur in any scheme that might seem practicable.

After holding a variety of consultations in what manner to effect their escape, and whither to fly after effecting it, they agreed on the following:

Among the many intercessors in favour of Louisa's emancipation, there was a young cousin, the intimate friend and companion of her infancy, who had passed several years in that convent wherein she was now inclosed: that cousin had lately left it, in order to be married; her husband happened at this time to be absent with his regiment in Germany, in the army under the command of the Marshal Contayes; which, by the bye, fixes the epocha of this transaction to the year 1759.

In the absence of her husband, this young lady was settled in the family of an aunt, a woman of great good-nature and humanity, and who highly disapproved of the treatment of her other niece, Louisa.

Both these ladies had often hinted they would be happy in the company of Louisa, if she could prevail on her parents to permit her to live with them. The aunt, in particular, who was a widow, and had no children, had always professed a remarkable partiality for her.

To this aunt and cousin Louisa proposed to her sister they should fly for refuge; not doubting they would either keep or conceal them from the resentment and rage of their father, of which, they well knew, they should experience the most outrageous degree, on his hearing of their flight.

Having thus concerted a place of retreat, the next point was to contrive how to make their way out of the convent.

It was a strong and ancient building; it had been constructed at the time when civil dissensions were frequent in France; and had been formerly surrounded with a broad moat, now converted into orchards and gardens, beyond which there was an outer wall, beside that which inclosed the convent itself.

The sight of these difficulties did not, however, discourage them. The greatest obstacle to surmount was a large mastiff, chained in the day, but let out during the night, and whose vigilance in the garden rendered it impassable without immediate notice.

It was, therefore, thought advisable to make their attempt before the close of the day, after the last evening song was over, when the nuns would be all retired to their cells, and no person would be stirring in any part of the house.

After having thrown off their monastic habit, and put on a convenient dress, they sallied forth accordingly in the dusk of the evening, and proceeded to the chapel, where, it seems, they had observed the windows were low enough to let themselves into that garden which had formerly been the moat.

When arrived there, the next business was to find a ladder, which they had some days before perceived to be used for the purpose of gathering fruit from the trees.

In the mean time, an elderly nun, whose office it was to walk the round of the dormitory, as it is called, and to knock at the door of every cell, coming to that of the two sisters, and receiving no answer, immediately alarmed the lady Abbess, who repaired to their chamber.

No answer being returned to her, any more than to the other, the door was opened by the common key that is always in that lady's possession, and by which she lets herself into every person's apartment whenever she pleases.

On finding them gone, she ordered the alarm bell to be rung, and dispatched all the lay-sisters in quest of the fugitives.

These

These two unfortunate young ladies, after a long search, had at last found the ladder they had so much wanted; but several of the steps were missing, and they were obliged to make the best use of it they could in this imperfect condition, not however till they had lost time in seeking for them.

The delay occasioned by this search proved fatal: they were on the point of applying the ladder to the outer wall, when two of the most active of the lay sisters came up with them.

These immediately seized and detained them, till the others came up; they were then brought back into the convent; and, notwithstanding all their tears and lamentations, locked up in separate chambers during the ensuing night.

Next day the Abbess sent their parents word of what had happened.—It is impossible to describe the savage fury of the father on this occasion. Had they been the most abandoned of wretches, his usage of them could not have been worse: he loaded them with all manner of abuse; and, without deigning to explain his intentions, he left them, with a solemn menace they should never see his face again.

Had the abbess retained the least spark of religion or honesty, she must undoubtedly have insisted on the restoration of liberty to these innocent young women, who had done nothing but what they were fully warranted in by the laws of God and man.

But instead of hearkening to any suggestions of pity or duty, that worthless woman basely consented, from lucrative motives, as it afterwards appeared, to continue the vile instruments of barbarity which their inexorable parents had found in her.

In order to sanctify the farce she had projected, a solemn chapter was held of all the nuns in the convent; both mothers and sisters, that is to say, both old and young, were called together, and the two young ladies were produced before them like culprits, to receive their sentence.

Narcissa had courage enough to plead her cause before this assembly; she frankly acknowledged the duplicity of which she had been guilty, and
declared

declared that neither she nor Louisa had one moment entertained the least idea of becoming nuns; and that what they had done was in pure compliance with the injunctions of their parents.

But this justification availed nothing: she was told, that, notwithstanding her intentions to the contrary, her exterior conduct made her liable to be considered as a member of the community of which she had so long worn the dress; that, having scandalized it in the grossest manner, she was, according to the statutes in force upon such cases, amenable to punishment.

In pursuance of this declaration, the Abbess condemned them both to receive every morning a dozen of stripes with a discipline, to be daily repeated while they remained in the convent; telling them, at the same time, that they had rendered themselves unworthy of any mercy from their parents, who had delivered them up to her discretion, during the short stay they were to make in the convent; from whence they would soon be removed to a place of much severer confinement and harder living.

On the next morning, the execution of this inhuman sentence took place: two lay-sisters inflicted it upon them, in the most unfeeling manner.

These lay-sisters are exactly the counter-part of the lay-brothers in the monasteries of monks and friars: they are, generally, both men and women of low birth, low education, and consequently, of coarse ideas.

They are employed in the menial offices of the houses they belong to, and undergo all the drudgery of the meanest domestics, being, in fact, no better than servants and labourers.

Into such hands it was the lot of Narcissa and Louisa now to fall.—Three mornings did the delicate frames of these two young ladies endure the infliction of this torture; which, no doubt, was by the direction of their cruel parents: the Abbess durst never have proceeded to such extremities without their most positive injunctions: the father was a man of too much consequence for her to have adopted such measures without them.

The poor young ladies, however, not knowing where all this would end, and being debarred the use of pen, ink, and paper, as well as the
fight

fight of all visitors, began to view their condition with horror, and to entertain the most desperate ideas.

Narcissa, who was less patient than her sister, told the nun who presided at these executions, that if they did not cease speedily, she knew how to put an end to them herself.

This being reported to the Abbess, she desisted from scourging them: but ordered that they should still continue under lock and key, and no person whatever be admitted to speak to them.

In this wretched condition they remained some days, when the Abbess, thinking they were sufficiently prepared for what she proposed, sent an artful nun to converse with them, and sift their intentions, and to discover whether the sufferings they had gone through had disposed them to accept of any alternative, sooner than meet with a repetition.

This crafty woman found them just in the situation she could wish, drowned in tears, and bewailing themselves in the most piteous manner: affecting the sincerest sorrow for their misfortunes, she told them that a letter had that very day been remitted to the Abbess from their father; wherein he signified, that she should not abate in the least of the rigorous usage of his unworthy daughters, as he styled them; that he insisted they should be kept apart from each other, fed on bread and water, and locked up in dungeons, if there were any in the convent.

Such excess of cruelty threw the unfortunate young ladies into a greater agony of despair than ever: they flung themselves on the ground before this nun, and besought her to intercede with the abbess in their behalf, offering to do implicitly whatever she should order them.

The nun withdrew, and gave an account to the Abbess of the disposition she left them in, and of the facility there now was to mould them into any form she thought proper.

In truth, the two sisters were now convinced that it was in vain to contend any longer with their destiny: cruel as it was, they both agreed to yield to it with as good a grace as they were able.

They

They sent their humble request to the Abbess, that she would forgive what was past, and overlook a misdemeanor that was prompted by youth and folly, and which they would endeavour to atone for by a behaviour conformable to what should be required of them.

Thus did these unhappy young ladies bow themselves down before oppression, and make a seeming virtue of the dire necessity they were driven to, of either obeying the tyrannical mandates of their barbarous parents, or of being imprisoned like felons all the rest of their lives.

The Abbess now gloried in the victory she had obtained over these helpless young women: she informed their parents of the new turn things had taken: in consequence of which they desired her to inform their daughters, that when they had fulfilled their promises, then, but not before, they should be forgiven, and received again into favour.

The only remedy to the various evils they had been threatened with, was, therefore, adopted; they demanded re-admittance into the state they had quitted, with a solemn assurance of making the usual vows, and consecrating themselves to a monastic life.

They were re-admitted accordingly, and in a few days took the irrevocable oath, and made their profession with the usual formalities.

Narcissa was, at this time, little more than twenty years of age, and though less beautiful than Louisa, was allowed to be very handsome.

Whether they were ever visited, either by their father or their mother, after this dreadful sacrifice, I could never learn. Possibly, the shame and remorse of having treated their children with so much inhumanity, may, when too late, have operated upon their consciences, and made them averse to behold the innocent and unfortunate objects of their criminal inflexibility.

If, on the contrary, the wishes of this wicked couple went to a total discharge of all sort of incumbrance upon account of these unhappy children, they were very speedily gratified.

Soon after their profession, Narcissa, overcome with grief and repentance at having deceived her sister, lost all peace of mind, and fell into a decline that carried her off about a twelvemonth after.

She

She died in the arms of Louisa, imploring her forgiveness with her last breath.

The tender-hearted and noble-minded Louisa had not only forgiven her, but, convinced of the sincerity of her contrition, she loved her with the warmest affection: she clasped her to her bosom in her dying moments; called her by every endearing name, and told her in the most moving and pathetic terms, that she felt an inward assurance she should not long survive her.

Her prediction was very soon verified: she sickened a few days after the death of Narcissa, for the loss of whom she became inconsolable; while she was alive, they were a comfort to each other; the deprivation of her was a blow which her sensibility could not brook: there now remained no individual in whom she could repose any confidence: the treatment she had met with in that house rendered it odious; and the necessity of passing her life in it aggravated the horrors of such a situation; she shunned all society, and became a prey to silence and melancholy: her beautiful form wasted gradually to a skeleton; and she died at last six or seven months after Narcissa, and was, at her earnest desire, buried in the same grave.

POEM ON SHOOTING. *(compare poem p. 25)*

BY LORD DEERHURST.

HAIL! happy sports, which yellow Autumn chear,
 And crown the ripen'd honours of the year;
 The Muse to you her willing tribute pays,
 In artless numbers and incondite lays;
 Wou'd paint the pleasures which to you belong,
 And bid the partridge tale adorn her song.
 Thomson, whose bosom knew no vulgar fire,
 To your just praise attun'd his moral lyre;

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With

With rapture view'd the harvest-teeming plain,
 And hymn'd its beauties in no common strain;
 Yet, sometimes, by retirement led astray,
 Too oft, thro' Fancy's flow'ry paths wou'd stray:
 As cruel, blame what man with justice loves,
 And censure sports the polish'd mind approves.
 Others pretend to feel what Thomson felt;
 For the caught hare, or slaughter'd partridge melt,
 And while they read his gentle numbers o'er,
 Catch nicer feelings than they knew before.
 Say, ye refin'd, who would these sports upbraid,
 Say of what mould improv'd yourselves are made;
 Say, ye humane, who wou'd these pleasures blame,
 Inspir'd from whence these nicer feelings came?
 Deem not, while thus I speak, my bosom steel,
 The man thro' ev'ry thrilling nerve I feel.
 Yet, when I view the great primæval plan,
 I see each animal design'd for man;
 Since He who form'd Creation's vast design,
 To his own image said, "All these be thine."
 All who tremendous howl the forest's pride,
 Or range in harmless flocks the mountain's side;
 Each fish that cuts with fins yon wat'ry way,
 Each bird that flits thro' realms of liquid day.
 Instructed Man his line of duty knows,
 Nor hesitates to do what God allows.

Now to capacious barns the happy swain,
 On loaded teams bears home his golden grain;
 Or forms, in well-compacted heaps, his store,
 While frequent sheaves adorn the field no more.

Now

Now oft the choral harvest-home we hear,
 To none more grateful than the sportsman's ear;
 Those sounds, which pleasure to his breast convey,
 Announce destruction to the feather'd prey.
 Hence, partridges, approaching slaughter date,
 And fear in every passing gale their fate;
 Where now in safety shall the covey fly?
 In what recess unknown to Bouchier lie?
 Where shall it 'scape unhurt from threatening foes,
 Or how elude the dog's sagacious nose?
 Fond of the licens'd joys September yields,
 With early step I tread the spangl'd fields;
 With buskin'd foot I brush the morning dew,
 The flying game with ardor to pursue.
 Cautious I tread the stubble field around,
 While the staunch pointer beats it all around;
 See with the wind he ranges o'er the plain;
 Each furrow tries, and tries it o'er again;
 Mark him each scent solicitous inhale,
 Then sudden stop, and draw the tainted gale.
 Fix'd as a statue o'er his latent prey,
 Nothing can lure him from the spot away;
 And if too eager, he shou'd on proceed,
 He stands corrected by the "lo, take heed!"
 And waits till borne on flutt'ring wing they rise,
 And speed on sounding pinions thro' the skies;
 Then be it mine to mark their course on high,
 And point the level tube with squinted eye.
 The random shot I scorn! and doubtful aim,
 Nor wish by chance a hapless bird to maim;
 But from the rest I single one alone,
 Nor fail to bring the fated victim down.

Fond youths, unskill'd their ardor to contain,
 While the warm blood impetuous swells each vein,
 Too hot to think, too eager to debate,
 Too rash the proper moment to await,
 At rising coveys with impatience stare,
 And fire their useless guns in vacant air!
 Let care and quickness mark your better sport,
 Your judgment sound, deliberation short;
 So shall the baffl'd shot bring rare disgrace,
 And your swell'd bag bear home the frequent brace.
 Let the fierce huntsman, with his circling crew,
 Thro' many a maze the tim'rous hare pursue;
 Let others draw with care th' inclosing net,
 And catch whole coveys at a single set.—
 Yours be the joys which partridge shooting yields,
 Be mine with dog and gun to range the fields;
 And ever scornful of th' insidious snare,
 Wage with the flying game more open war!

ANECDOTE OF DEAN SWIFT.

AS Swift was fond of scenes in low life, he missed no opportunity of being present at them, when they fell in his way. Once when he was in the county, he received intelligence that there was to be a beggar's wedding in the neighbourhood. He was resolved not to miss the opportunity of seeing so curious a ceremony; and that he might see the whole completely, proposed to Dr. Sheridan, that he should go thither disguised as a blind fidler, with a bandage over his eyes, and he would attend him as his man to lead him. Thus accoutred, they reached the scene of action, when the blind fidler was received with shouts of joy. They had plenty
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of meat and drink, and plied the fidler and his man with more than was agreeable to them. They sung, they danced, told their stories, crack'd jokes, &c. in a vein of humour entertaining to the two guests. When they were about to depart, they pulled out their leather pouches, and rewarded the fidler very handsomely. The next day the Dean and the Doctor walked out in their usual dress, and found their companions of the preceding evening, scattered about on different parts of the road, and the neighbouring village, all begging their charity in doleful strains, and telling dismal stories of their distress. Among these, they found some upon crutches, who had danced very nimbly at the wedding; others stone blind, who were perfectly clear-sighted at the feast. The Doctor distributed among them the money which he had received as his pay; but the Dean, who mortally hated those sturdy vagrants, rated them soundly; told them in what manner he had been present at the wedding, and was let into their roguery, and assured them, if they did not immediately apply to honest labour, he would have them taken up and sent to gaol. Whereupon the lame once more recovered their legs, and the blind their eyes, so as to make a very precipitate retreat.

INTEMPERANCE.

CYRUS, when a youth, being at the Court of his grandfather Astyages, undertook one day to be the cup-bearer at table. It was the duty of this officer to taste the liquor before it was presented to the King. Cyrus, without performing this ceremony, delivered the cup in a very graceful manner to his grandfather. The King reminded him of the omission, which he imputed to forgetfulness. No, replied Cyrus, I was afraid to taste, because I apprehended there was poison in the liquor: For not long since, at an entertainment which you gave, I observed that
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the Lords of your Court, after drinking of it, became noisy, quarrelsome, and frantic. Even you, Sir, seemed to have forgotten that you were a King.

ANECDOTE

OF A FAT COUNTRY PARSON.

A Clergyman who had long dozed over sermons in the pulpit, and strong beer in his parlour, happened one Sunday, after a plentiful crop of tythes, to exert himself mightily; his text was, "The patience of Job." Deeply impressed with his own discourse, he, probably for the first time, acknowledged to his spouse at supper, that he was somewhat choleric, but that hereafter he was resolved to practise himself what he had preached to others. But, added he, let us refresh ourselves with a mug of the best beer: remember the favourite barrel, may not this be a proper time to give it vent? The obedient wife, pleased with his good humour, flew to the cellar, but, alas! the barrel was staved, and quite empty. What should she do? There was no hiding. My dear, said she, with despair in her eyes, what a sad accident has happened! I am sorry, replied the parson, gravely, if any one has met with a misfortune; for my part, if it relates to me, I am resolved to bear it with Christian patience; but where is the beer all this while? A-lack-a-day, that is the very thing; how it has happened I cannot understand, but it is all running on the ground. The parson fell into a violent passion. My life, says she, do but reflect upon your sermon, think of the patience of Job. Job, said he, don't talk to me of Job's patience. Job never had a barrel of such beer in his life!

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ANECDOTE OF AN IRISHMAN.

WHEN the British and American armies were near each other, in the neighbourhood of German-town, five Hessian soldiers, who had straggled into the woods, and lost their way, were met by an Irishman, who was a private in Washington's army: He immediately presented his piece, and desired them to surrender: they, supposing that he was supported by a party of the enemy, did as he directed, and threw down their arms. He then marched them before him to the American lines, and brought them to head quarters. General Washington wondered at the spirit and achievement of the fellow, asked him, how he, a single man, could capture five? "Why," says the Irishman, "please your Excellency, by Jafus, I surrounded them!" The General, who was seldom known even to smile, laughed heartily at the bull, and gave him a sum of money, and promoted him to a halbert.

REFLECTIONS

ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

ANOTHER year is ended, and I have got one year less to live, one year more to account for at the bar of the Almighty, and am one year nearer to an eternal world: What do these thoughts suggest to me? Surely nothing less, nothing more seasonable, and nothing of greater importance, than the necessity, the absolute necessity, of numbering my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom; of earnestly seeking to know the things which belong unto my peace, before they are for ever hidden from my eyes. .

How few among the sons and daughters of mortality are mindful of their latter end! how few even of those who make a profession of religion are truly concerned to improve their time in preparing for their last
great

great change! Well might the prophet say, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" Men live as if they never were to die, and too many die utterly regardless of the life which is to come; such is man's infatuation and stupidity, that he will not see, though it is daily before his eyes, that he is on the brink of eternity, and liable to drop into it every moment. Many are called off the stage of life suddenly and unexpectedly every revolving year; some in the bloom of youth, others just as they arrive to mature age. Melancholy accidents frequently terminate the lives of some, while dread diseases daily hasten the deaths of others. Alas! how many have fallen the past year! how many began the year with as sanguine expectations of ending it as myself, but ere the half of it was past, were summoned into another world! And wherefore am I still spared? Whence is it I am still a probationer upon earth? Why am I permitted to see the close of another year, while many younger than myself are numbered with the silent dead, and gone to the house appointed for all living? Surely these questions demand our most serious regard, and should be the matter of our constant meditation.

Dr. Young, in his Night Thoughts, very justly observes, 'time wasted is existence—used is life;' and then, as if considering the importance and necessity of improving it aright, adds,

"Buy no moment but in purchase of its worth,

"And what its worth, ask death-beds, they can tell." x

Yes, fellow mortal, whoever thou art, whether young or old, rich or poor, be assured time is precious, and soon will be no more: death is at hand, and eternity awaits thee:—an awful eternity of bliss or woe will, ere long, open on the whole human race, which shall be the everlasting portion of thee, of me, of all: then let it be our constant study and pursuit, according to the poet's admonition,

"To make each year a critic on the past,

"And live each year as though it was our last."

x Edward Young: Night Thoughts, Night i. line 50.

CARDINAL

CARDINAL Wolsey was first minister of state to Henry the Eighth, and in great favour with him. He was a proud, insolent, and vicious prelate, and falling under disgrace, he was sent for by the King; but dying on his journey between York and London, he left this testimony behind him, to the honour of religion and virtue, viz. "Had I served my God as zealously as I have served my prince, he would not have forsaken me in my old age. (misquoted from Shakspeare: King Henry VIII. iii. 2.)

ODE TO SPRING.

YOUTH of the year, delightful Spring!
 Thy blest return on genial wing,
 Inspires my languid lays;
 No more I sleep in sloth supine,
 When all creation at thy shrine
 Its annual tribute pays.

Escap'd from winter's freezing pow'r,
 Each blossom greets thee, and each flow'r;
 And, foremost of the train,
 By Nature (artless handmaid) drest,
 The snow-drop comes, in lilies vest,
 Prophetic of thy reign.

The lark now strains her tuneful throat,
 And ev'ry loud and sprightly note
 Calls echo from her cell;
 Be warn'd, ye maids, that listen round,
 A beauteous nymph became a found;
 The nymph who lov'd too well.

L

The

The bright-hair'd sun, with warmth benign,
Bids tree and shrub, and swelling vine,

Their infant buds display:
Again the streams refresh the plains,
Which winter bound in icy chains,
And sparkling blefs his ray.

Life-giving zephyrs breathe around,
And instant glows th' enamell'd ground

With nature's varied hues;
Not so returns our youth decay'd,
Alas! nor air, nor sun, nor shade,
The spring of life renews.

The sun's too quick revolving beam
Apace diffolves the human dream,
And brings th' appointed hour;
Too late we catch his parting ray,
And mourn the idly wasted day,
No longer in our pow'r.

Then happiest he, whose lengthen'd fight
Pursues by Virtue's constant light
A hope beyond the skies;
Where frowning winter ne'er shall come,
But rosy spring for ever bloom,
And suns eternal rise.

AN ANECDOTE OF PHILIP THE SECOND. (1527, 1555-98).

PHILIP, walking alone one day in one of the cloisters belonging to the convent of Escorial, a tradesman seeing the door open, went in:—Transported with admiration of the fine paintings with which the house is adorned, he addressed himself to the King, whom he took for one of the servants of the convent, and desired him to shew the paintings, and describe the subjects of them. Philip, with all the humility and condescension of a lay brother, conducted him through all the apartments, and gave him every satisfaction he could desire. At parting the stranger took him by the hand, and squeezing it very affectionately, said, ‘I am much obliged to you, friend; I live at St. Martin’s, and my name is Michael Bambis; if you should come my way, and call on me, you will find a glass of good wine at your service.’ ‘And my name (said the pretended servant) is Philip the Second, and if you will call on me at Madrid, I will give you a glass of as good.’

ADDISON, after a long and manly, but vain struggle with his distemper, dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life. But with his hopes of life, he dismissed not his concerns for the living; but sent for a youth nearly related, and finely accomplished, but not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend. He came, but life now glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent; after a decent and proper pause, the youth said, “Dear Sir! you sent for me, I believe, and I hope you have some commands; if you have, I shall hold them most sacred.” May distant ages not only hear, but feel the reply!—Forcibly grasping the youth’s hand, he softly said, “See in what peace a Christian can die.” He spoke with difficulty, and soon expired.

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ANECDOTE

His stepson, Lord Warwick. Cf. Macaulay's essay on Addison for the authenticity of this anecdote.

ANECDOTE

OF A YOUNG FRENCH LAWYER.

A Farmer-General, who had acquired immense riches, as most of them usually do, had a son, whom he was very desirous to bring up for the same business.

The young man, who had, during his residence at College, formed different connexions with other young men of opulent families, as soon as he was introduced into the world, launched into a variety of expence and extravagance, quite inconsistent with the plodding and circumspectful profession for which his father intended him.

Finding him incorrigible, and yet wishing to reclaim him, the father was advised to purchase for him the place of a Counsellor in Parliament, as the French stile it; that is to say, a seat on the bench in one of their courts of judicature.

In this he did no more than many opulent fathers do every day for their children in France, where the purchase of such places is as usual as of any post or employment whatever.

His son, though wild and dissipated, neither wanted sense nor learning; it was not indeed of that sort which would have qualified him for the post he held; but it was liberal, and precisely of that nature which enables young men to shine in gay and fashionable companies.

Among other qualities, he had a peculiar turn for the laughable and ludicrous; and never missed an opportunity of exercising it whenever it offered.

This of course made him very acceptable to those of the same cast; who form a large party among the young gentlemen in France.

As he added to this a humane and compassionate disposition, he was quickly noted by those who relied more upon that, than upon the goodness of the causes that brought them before the tribunal of which he was a member.

Being

Being handsome as well as tender-hearted, and extremely devoted to the fair sex, no young gentleman of the long robe had more frequent visits from the ladies, in the way of his profession.

His partiality to any cause that had a fair pleader to enforce it, was conspicuous to all his brethren; and he was emphatically stiled the patron and advocate of beauty.

Among the many female solicitors that attended his levees, there came one on whom the hands of the Graces had lavished all they could bestow, in such profusion, that she struck him at once with that admiration and wonder which so completely captivate and enslave the hearts of amorous young men.

I need not say that her requests were so many commands, which it was impossible for him to disobey, and her looks so many darts, which pierced him to the very soul.

He espoused her cause with so much warmth, that in a short time she came triumphantly out of her suit, which was a very important one, no less than a considerable annuity settled upon her by a man of high rank.

She had, it seems, been his mistress: but his parents, desirous of marrying him to a rich heiress, had prevailed upon him to forsake her; which he did very reluctantly, after making a handsome provision for her.

But his parents, who did not approve of this alienation, instituted a law suit, in order to recover it; and would have succeeded, but for the zeal and activity of our young magistrate.

So important a service merited undoubtedly some returns: he became in his turn a solicitor, and was not refused.

But as, previous to the winning of her suit, her circumstances were very narrow, and, as the fees of lawyers and attornies were a continual drain upon her purse, she was fain to replenish it by the only means that were left, the sale of her charms to a secret admirer; who supplied her with what was necessary to defray the charges of the law.

This friend was a very debauched man: his riches enabled him to revel
among

among the women that were venal; and his taste led him to seek them indiscriminately every where.

As people of this disposition are liable to an infinity of dangers, he did not escape them; he contracted a violent distemper, and communicated it to his fair companion.

She was ignorant of her situation, when the loving instrument of her success had been favoured with her embraces; he consequently became a sharer in her misfortunes.

On the discovery of what had befallen him, instead of expressing any anger or ill-will to the damsel, he conceived the design of turning the matter to a jest, and of making it a subject of public pleasantry.

In order to compass this end the more effectually, he merrily proposed to her to assist him in the scheme he had in view, as without her co-operation, it could not possibly take effect.

This scheme was to bring into the same situation with himself two or three more young gentlemen of the law of his own degree, who had equally befriended her, by strengthening his decision in her favour with the addition of their own.

As they had done this through his intercession, and chiefly to oblige him, he jocosely argued that they had an equal right to the same recompence with himself.

But what was his astonishment, when the damsel told him, that though gratitude would have prevented her from coinciding with a proposal which she doubted not he made in mere jest, yet he needed not bemoan himself for want of companions in adversity: that the friends whom he wished to participate in the donation she had made him, had already received it as unintentionally and innocently on her part as he had himself.

Our young judge was wonderfully elated with this news; he sent his compliments to his fellow sufferers, assuring them that he felt a particular satisfaction to hear that the rewards due by the lady, for their exertions in her favour, had been distributed so impartially.

HENRY

× **H**ENRY the Third of France asking those about him, one day, what it was the Duke of Guise did to charm and allure every one's heart? he received this answer: Sir, the Duke of Guise does good to all the world without exception, either directly by himself, or indirectly by his recommendations. He is civil, courteous, liberal; has always some good to say of every body, but never speaks ill of any: and this is the reason he reigns on men's hearts as absolutely as your Majesty does in your kingdom.

LORD Bacon, towards the latter end of his life, said, that a little smattering in philosophy would lead a man to atheism; but a thorough insight into it will lead a man back again to a first cause; and that the first principle of right reason is religion; and seriously professed, that, after all his studies and inquiries, he durst not die with any other thoughts than those of religion taught, as it is professed among the Christians.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. ROBERT LEVET.

CONDEMN'D to Hope's delusive mine,
 As on we toil from day to day,
 By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
 Our social comforts drop away.

Well try'd through many a varying year,
 See Levet to the grave descend,
 Officious, innocent, sincere,
 Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
 Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;

Nor

Nor letter'd arrogance deny
Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hovering death prepar'd the blow,
His vigorous remedy display'd
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void,
And sure th' eternal master found
The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day—the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Tho' now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery, throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And forc'd his soul the nearest way.

AN ANECDOTE.

WHEN the late Prince of Wales condescended to honour Mr. Pope with a visit, Pope met the Prince at the water-side, and expressing his sense of the honour done him in very proper terms, joined with the most dutiful expressions of attachment. On which the Prince said, "it is very well, but how shall we reconcile your love to a Prince with your professed indisposition to Kings, since Princes will be Kings, in time." "Sir," replied Mr. Pope, "I consider royalty under that noble and authorised type of the lion; while he is young, and before his nails are grown, he may be approached and caressed with safety and pleasure."

AN ANECDOTE.

A Late Archbishop having promised one of his chaplains, who was a favourite, the first good living in his gift, that he should like, and think worthy his acceptance: Soon after, hearing of the death of an old rector, whose parsonage was worth about two hundred pounds a year, sent his chaplain to the place to see how he should like it. The Doctor, when he came back again, thanked his Grace for the offer he had made him; but said, he met with such an account of the country, and the neighbourhood, as was not at all agreeable to him, and therefore should be glad, if his Grace pleased, to wait till something else fell. Another vacancy not long after happening, the Archbishop sent him to view that; but he returned as before, not satisfied with it, which did not much please his Grace. A third living, much better than either of the others, became vacant, as he was told;—the chaplain was again sent to take a view of that; and when he came back, "Well, now," said my Lord, "how do you like this living? What objection can you have to this?" "I like the
M country

country very well, my Lord," answered he, " and the house, the income, and the neighbourhood, but"—" But! replied the Archbishop, what But can there be then?" " But, my Lord," said he, " the old incumbent is not dead; I found him smoking his pipe at the gate of his house."

HONEST POVERTY.

A CHINESE STORY.

A Man in the district of Sinkien, in China, had a long while suffered the hardship of pinching poverty, and found himself at length reduced to a very trifle of money, without knowing where to find subsistence after it was gone, so that he and his wife, in despair, bought a little rice and arsenick, determining to mix them together, and put an end to their misery: the rice was almost baked, and the arsenick was mixed therewith, when, on a sudden, an inspector of the Canton entered their house, who had come a great way, and was very hungry, and being in haste to go elsewhere, speedily demanded a little rice. As they told him there was none, he looked into the oven, and saw that it was almost ready, upon which he made bitter complaints that they should tell him a falsehood for the sake of such a trifle; when the master of the house, moving gently his hand, I was not willing, said he to him, to give you any of this rice, and then, falling into tears, added the reason. At these words the overseer took the dish, threw the rice out of it, and buried it, then comforted the poor people; follow me, said he to the husband, I can give you fifty pounds of grain; this will serve you for some days, and perhaps in that time you may get a supply for the future. The poor man followed the inspector; and thanking him for his charity, brought the grain home in a sack. At his return he opened the sack, and found, besides grain, fifty ounces of fine silver; he was greatly astonished at it, and when

when recovered from his surprize, It is doubtless, said he to himself, the Emperor's silver that this man has collected according to his commission, and has forgot that he left it in the sack; if he should be a debtor for this sum to the Emperor, it would be a troublesome business for him; he has had compassion upon me, and I am determined not to injure him; upon which, he returned speedily to the inspector, to restore him the silver:—
 “As for me,” said the inspector, “I have had no commission to gather money for the Emperor, nor did I put the money in the sack, for where should I have it, being so poor as I am? It must needs be a particular favour of Heaven.” It was to no purpose for the inspector that he said the silver did not belong to him, for the other having found it in the sack with the grain, would not keep it: in short, the conclusion was, that they divided it between them, which proved a seasonable assistance to them both.

ANECDOTE OF EPAMINONDAS.

EPAMINONDAS, the Theban General, was at first but in low circumstances, yet the greatness of his soul never suffered him to stoop to gain:—An agent from Xerxes, mentioning to him a vast sum of money, he calmly answered, “Money, Sir, is a thing which must have nothing to do betwixt you and ~~K~~^{me} If the King, your master, is inclined to do good, as an ally to Thebes, my friendship shall cost him nothing; but if his design has any other views, all the gold and silver he possesses will never purchase one who suffers not the whole riches of the world so much as to enter into competition with the love of his country.” So Thebes, by his merit only, was raised to the highest pitch of glory, as Athens was kept from destruction solely by Demosthenes.

A TURKISH ANECDOTE.

THE favourite of a Sultan threw a stone at a poor Dervise, who had requested an alms. The insulted Santon dared not to complain, but carefully searched for and preserved the pebble, promising himself he should find an opportunity, sooner or later, to throw it, in his turn, at this imperious and pitiless wretch. Some time after, he was told, the favourite was disgraced, and, by order of the Sultan, led through the streets on a camel, exposed to the insults of the populace. On hearing this, the dervise ran to fetch his pebble; but, after a moment's reflection, cast it into a well. 'I now perceive,' said he, 'that we ought never to seek revenge when our enemy is powerful, for then it is imprudent; nor when he is involved in calamity, for then it is mean and cruel.'

 ORIGIN

OF THE GREY MARE'S BEING THE BETTER HORSE.

A Gentleman of a certain county in England having married a young lady of considerable fortune, and with many other charms, yet finding, in a very short time, that she was of a high domineering spirit, and always contending to be mistress of him and his family, he was resolved to part with her. Accordingly, he went to her father, and told him, he found his daughter of such a temper, and was so heartily tired of her, that if he would take her home again, he would return every penny of her fortune.

The old gentleman having enquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him, "why he should be more disquieted at it than any other married man, since it was the common case with them all, and consequently

no

no more than he ought to have expected when he entered into the married state?" The young gentleman desired to be excused, if he said he was so far from giving his assent to this assertion, that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled; and as most certainly no man, who had a sense of right and wrong, could ever submit to be governed by his wife." "Son (said the old man) you are but little acquainted with the world, if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all, indeed, by the same method: however, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said on this proof, if you are willing to try it: I have five horses in my stable; you shall harness these to a cart, in which I shall put a basket containing one hundred eggs; and if, in passing through the county, and making a strict enquiry into the truth or falsehood of my assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his family himself, and an egg only where the wife governs, you will find your eggs gone before your horses; I hope you will then think your own case not uncommon, but will be contented to go home, and look upon your own wife as no worse than her neighbours. If, on the other hand, your horses are gone first, I will take my daughter home again, and you shall keep her fortune."

This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected; our young married man, therefore, set out with great eagerness to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and his wife.

At the first house he came to, he heard a woman, with a shrill and angry voice, call to her husband to go to the door. Here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making any further enquiry; at the next he met with something of the same kind; and at every house, in short, until his eggs were almost gone, when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the county: he knocked at the door, and enquiring for the master of the house, was told, by a servant, that his master was not yet stirring, but, if he pleased to walk in, his lady was in the parlour. The lady, with great complaisance, desired him to seat himself, and said, if his business was very urgent, she would wake her husband to let him
know

know it, but had much rather not disturb him. “Why, really, Madam, (said he) my business is only to ask a question, which you can resolve as well as your husband, if you will be ingenuous with me: you will, doubtless, think it odd, and it may be deemed impolite for any one, much more a stranger, to ask such a question; but as a very considerable wager depends upon it, and it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse.—It is, Madam, to desire to be informed, whether you govern your husband, or he rules over you?” “Indeed, Sir, (replied the lady) this question is somewhat odd; but, as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing their duty, I shall make no scruple to say, that I have been always proud to obey my husband in all things; but, if a woman’s own word is to be suspected, in such a case, let him answer for me; for here he comes.

The gentleman at that moment entering the room, and, after some apologies, being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his obedient wife had reported in her own favour; upon which he was invited to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept of it as a present.

A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman most; but the lady desired he would choose the grey mare, which, she thought, would be very fit for her side-saddle; her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be most useful to them; but Madam still persisted in her claim to the grey mare. “What (said she) and will you not take her then? But I say you shall; for I am sure the grey mare is much the better horse.” “Well, my dear, (replied the husband) if it must be so”—“You must take an egg (replied the gentleman carter) and I must take all my horses back again, and endeavour to live happy with my wife.”

AN

AN ANECDOTE.

DURING the Emperor's voyage in Italy, one of the wheels of his coach broke down on the road. With much difficulty he reached a poor village. On his arrival there, his Majesty got out at the door of a blacksmith, and desired him to repair the damaged wheel without delay. "That I would very willingly, (replied the smith) but it being holiday, all my men are at church: my very apprentice, who blows the bellows, is not at home."—"An excellent method then presents of warming one's self," replied the Emperor, still preserving the incognito; and the great Joseph set about blowing the bellows, while the blacksmith forged the iron. The wheel being repaired, six sols were demanded for the job; but the Emperor, instead of them, put into his hands six ducats. The blacksmith, on seeing them, returned them to the traveller, saying, "Sir, you have undoubtedly made a mistake, owing to the darkness; instead of six sols, you have given me six pieces of gold, which nobody in this village can change." "Change them where you can, (replied the Emperor) the overplus is for the pleasure of blowing the bellows." His Majesty then continued his journey without waiting for an answer.

AN ANECDOTE.

A Dean of Canterbury, remarkable for holding a great number of church preferments, travelling slowly in his chariot to that city, was overtaken by a poor parson, who had some how procured the loan of a good horse. The parson, *en passant*, bowed most respectfully to the Dean, who desired him to stop, begged he would call at the Mermaid, at Rochester, and order him a dinner, to be ready at a certain hour. The parson accordingly called on the host, told him he would be honoured with

with a visit at such a time, and must provide a good dinner." "For how many, an please your honour?" says Boniface. "Why," replies the parson, "I can't well say how many persons the whole company will consist of, for I only saw the Dean of Canterbury, the Canon of Winchester, the Provost of Lichfield, the Rector of Orpington, the Vicar of Romney, and one of the King's Chaplains. The parson then proceeded to his own home, which was within a few miles; and the landlord began to make ample provision for the numerous guests he expected to entertain. Accordingly, when the Dean arrived, a large table was set out, and the cloth laid; "How's this," cries his reverence, "you have shewn me the wrong room; this surely is intended for a large company." "An please your honour," replied the landlord, "Parson Singlechurch called about an hour and a half ago, and told me I must provide for your honour, and the Canon of Winchester, and the Provost of Lichfield, and the Rector of Orpington, and one of the King's chaplains too, and I don't know how many more; and so I thought, an please your honour, I'd get enough."—"Oh, very well," coolly answered the Dean, who now recollected himself, "I ought to have asked Mr. Singlechurch to have staid and dined with me."

A SINGULAR CATASTROPHE

OF A GENOESE NOBLEMAN AND HIS LADY.

THERE lived not long since, in Genoa, a young Nobleman, named Marini, who had a large estate in the island of Corsica, whither he went every five or six years, to regulate his affairs. At the age of five and twenty he was married to a beautiful lady, the daughter of a Venetian Senator, called Monimia, who had refused the greatest matches in Italy, to prefer the fortunate Marini. As their marriage was founded upon a mutual

mutual esteem, their passion increased instead of diminishing by enjoyment, till they became an example of conjugal duty to all that knew them. They had lived many years in this uninterrupted state of felicity, when Marini was obliged to make a voyage to Corsica, which was then disturbed by a rebellious insurrection, in order to secure his patrimony, by encouraging his dependants to stand firm in defence of their country.— But the greatest affliction, and which absorbed all the rest, was his being necessitated to part, for a while, from Monimia, who being then very big with child, was incapacitated to go with him as usual. When the fatal time of parting was come, they embraced with the utmost grief, and the warmest prayers to Heaven for one another's safety. As soon as this affecting scene was over, Marini embarked, and having a fair wind, arrived safe at Bastia in a few hours.

The success of the rebels being stopped, and the affairs of the island a little settled again, our lover began to prepare for his return to Genoa; but as he was walking one day by the harbour where the ships of burden lay, he heard two sailors, who were just arrived, talking of the death of a Genoese nobleman's wife, then absent from the Republic. This casual circumstance greatly alarmed him, and excited his curiosity to listen farther to their conversation; when, after a little pause, he heard one of them mention the name of his dear Monimia. At these words his surprize and affliction was so great, that he had not power to follow the mariners to satisfy his doubt, but instantly swooned away, and when he recovered, found himself surrounded by his own servants lamenting over him. At the same time that this happened to Marini, something of the same nature equally distressed Monimia; for an imperfect account came to Genoa, by the Captain of a Venetian vessel, that a gentleman named Marini had been surprized, near Bastia, by a remaining party of rebels, and that he and all his attendants were killed by them. These two accounts involved our unfortunate pair in the greatest distress. They immediately took shipping, in order to be convinced of what they so much dreaded to know, the one for Corsica, the other for Genoa. They were
N both

both failed, when a violent storm arose, which drove their vessels upon a little island in the Mediterranean. Marini's ship landed first, where, whilst the rest of the crew were refreshing themselves, the inconsolable widower, as he thought himself, wandered, with one servant only, into a little wood that was near the sea shore, to give a loose to his immoderate grief. Soon after, the Genoese ship landed too, and the same motive led Monimia, with one of her maids, into the wood where her husband was, lamenting his unfortunate condition. They had not been there long, before they heard each other's complaint, and drew nearer, mutually, to see if there was any wretch living equally miserable with themselves. But how great was the astonishment of both, when they met in a little path, and saw each other! The immoderate joy was such, and the transition from one extreme to the other so instantaneous, that all the power they had was to fall into each other's arms, where they expired in a few minutes after! Their bodies were conveyed to Italy, and were interred with all the solemnity and magnificence due to their quality and eminent virtues.

× VIRTUE THE SOLE FOUNDATION OF HAPPINESS.

K NOW then this truth (enough for man to know)
 Virtue alone is happiness below.
 The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
 Where only Merit constant pay receives,
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
 The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,
 And if it lose, attended with no pain:
 Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest'd,
 And but more relish'd as the most distress'd:

× Alex: Pope: Essay on Man. Epistle II., line 1. & seq.

The

The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears :
 Good from each object, from each place acquir'd;
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd ;
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd ;
 Never dejected, while another's blest'd ;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
 Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow !
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know :
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find ;
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks through Nature up to Nature's God ;
 Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
 Joins Heav'n and Earth, and mortal and divine ;
 Sees, that no Being any bliss can know,
 But touches some above, and some below ;
 Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
 And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
 All end in love of God, and love of Man.
 For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on the soul ;
 'Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfined,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
 He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone
 Hope of known bliss, and Faith in bliss unknown :
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)
 Wise is her present ; she connects in this
 His greatest Virtue with his greatest bliss ;

At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessings thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,
In one close system of Benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next, and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

DISCONTENT.

IN the humble and seemingly quiet shade of private life, as well as among the great and mighty, Discontent broods over its imaginary sorrows; preys upon the citizen no less than the courtier, and often nourishes passions equally malignant in the cottage and in the palace. Having once seized the mind, it spreads its own gloom over every surrounding object;

object; it every where searches out materials for itself, and in no direction more frequently employs its unhappy activity, than in creating divisions among mankind, and in magnifying slight provocations into mortal injuries.

In situations where much comfort might be enjoyed, this man's superiority, and that man's neglect, our jealousy of a friend, our hatred of a rival, an imagined affront, or a mistaken point of honour, allow us no repose. Hence discord in families, animosities among friends, and wars among nations! Look round us! every where we find a busy multitude. Restless and uneasy in their present situation, they are incessantly employed in accomplishing a change of it; and as soon as their wish is fulfilled, we discern by their behaviour, that they are as dissatisfied as they were before. Where they expected to have found a paradise, they find a desert.

The man of business pines for leisure; the leisure for which he had longed, proves an irksome gloom, and through want of employment, he languishes, sickens, and dies.

The man of retirement fancies no state so happy as that of active life; but he has not long engaged in the tumults and contests of the world, until he finds cause to look back with regret on the calm hours of his privacy and retreat.

Beauty, wit, eloquence, and fame, are eagerly desired by persons of every rank of life. They are the parent's fondest wish for his child; the ambition of the young, and the admiration of the old; and yet in what numberless instances have they proved, to those who possessed them, no other than shining snares, seductions to vice, instigations to folly, and, in the end, sources of misery.

GRATITUDE.

GRATITUDE.

THERE is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind than Gratitude. It is accompanied with such an inward satisfaction, that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure, that were there no positive command which enjoined, nor any recompence laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge it for the natural gratification that accompanies it. If Gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker. The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties, which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, is the gift of him who is the great Author of Good, and Father of Mercies.

THE FOLLY OF ANTICIPATING MISFORTUNES.

THERE is nothing recommended with greater frequency among the gayer poets of antiquity, than the secure possession of the present hour, and the dismissal of all the cares which intrude upon our quiet, or hinder, by importunate perturbations, the enjoyment of those delights which our condition happens to set before us.

The ancient poets are, indeed, by no means unexceptionable teachers of morality; their precepts are to be always considered as the fallies of a genius, intent rather upon giving pleasure than instruction, eager to take every advantage of insinuation, and, provided the passions can be engaged on its side, very little solicitous about the suffrage of reason.

The darkness and uncertainty through which the heathens were compelled

pelled to wander in the pursuit of happiness, may, indeed, be alledged as an excuse for many of their seducing invitations to immediate enjoyment, which the moderns, by whom they have been imitated, have not to plead. It is no wonder that such as had no promise of another state should eagerly turn their thoughts upon the improvement of that which was before them; but surely those who are acquainted with the hopes and fears of eternity, might think it necessary to put some restraint upon their imagination, and reflect, that by echoing the songs of the ancient bacchanals, and transmitting the maxims of past debauchery, they not only prove that they want invention, but virtue, and submit to the fervility of imitation only to copy that of which the writer, if he was to live now, would often be ashamed.

Yet as the errors and follies of a great genius are seldom without some radiations of understanding, by which meaner minds may be enlightened, the incitements to pleasure are, in those authors, generally mingled with such reflections upon life, as well deserve to be considered distinctly from the purposes for which they are produced, and to be treasured up as the settled conclusions of extensive observation, acute sagacity, and mature experience.

It is not without true judgment that on these occasions they often warn their readers against enquiries into futurity, and solicitude about events which lie hid in causes yet unactive, and which time has not brought forward into the view of reason. An idle and thoughtless resignation to chance, without any struggle against calamity, or endeavour after advantage, is indeed below the dignity of a reasonable being, in whose power Providence has put a great part even of his present happiness; but it shews an equal ignorance of our proper sphere, to harass our thoughts with conjectures about things not yet in being. How can we regulate events, of which we yet know not whether they will ever happen? And why should we think, with painful anxiety, about that on which our thoughts can have no influence?

It

It is a maxim commonly received, that a wise man is never surprized; and, perhaps, this exemption from astonishment may be imagined to proceed from such a prospect into futurity, as gave previous intimation of those evils which often fall unexpected upon others that have less foresight. But the truth is, that things to come, except when they approach very nearly, are equally hidden from men of all degrees of understanding; and if a wise man is not amazed at sudden occurrences, it is not that he has thought more, but less upon futurity. He never considered things not yet existing as the proper objects of his attention; he never indulged dreams till he was deceived by their phantoms, nor ever realized non-entities to his mind. He is not surprized, because he is not disappointed; and he escapes disappointment, because he never forms any expectations.

The concern about things to come, that is so justly censured, is not the result of those general reflections on the variableness of fortune, the uncertainty of life, and the universal insecurity of all human acquisitions, which must always be suggested by the view of the world; but such a desponding anticipation of misfortunes, as fixes the mind upon scenes of gloom and melancholy, and makes fear predominate in every imagination.

Anxiety of this kind is nearly of the same nature with jealousy in love, and suspicion in the general commerce of life; a temper which keeps the man always in alarms, disposes him to judge of every thing in a manner that least favours his own quiet, fills him with perpetual stratagems of counteraction, wears him out in schemes to obviate evils which never threatened him, and at length, perhaps, contributes to the production of those mischiefs of which it had raised such dreadful apprehensions.

It has been usual, in all ages, for moralists to repress the swellings of vain hope by representations of the innumerable casualties to which life is subject, and by instances of the unexpected defeat of the wisest schemes of policy, and sudden subversions of the highest eminences of greatness. It has, perhaps, not been equally observed, that all these examples afford the proper antidote to fear as well as to hope, and may be applied with no less efficacy as consolations to the timorous, than as restraints to the proud.

Evil

Evil is uncertain in the same degree as good, and for the reason that we ought not to hope too securely, we ought not to fear with too much dejection. The state of the world is continually changing, and none can tell the result of the next vicissitude. Whatever is afloat in the stream of time, may, when it is very near us, be driven away by an accidental blast, which shall happen to cross the general course of the current. The sudden accidents by which the powerful are depressed, may fall upon those whose malice we fear; and the greatness by which we expect to be overborne, may become another proof of the false flatteries of fortune. Our enemies may become weak, or we grow strong, before our encounter, or we may advance against each other without ever meeting. There are, indeed, natural evils which we can flatter ourselves with no hopes of escaping, and with little of delaying; but of the ills which are apprehended from human malignity, or the opposition of rival interests, we may always alleviate the terror by considering that our persecutors are weak and ignorant, and mortal like ourselves.

The misfortunes which arise from the concurrence of unhappy incidents, should never be suffered to disturb us before they happen; because, if the breast be once laid open to the dread of mere possibilities of misery, life must be given a prey to dismal solicitude, and quiet must be lost for ever.

It is remarked by old Cornaro, that it is absurd to be afraid of the natural dissolution of the body, because it must certainly happen, and can, by no caution or artifice, be avoided. Whether this sentiment be entirely just, I shall not examine; but certainly if it be improper to fear events which must happen, it is yet more evidently contrary to right reason to fear those which may never happen, and which, if they should come upon us, we cannot resist.

As we ought not to give way to fear, any more than indulgence to hope, because the objects both of fear and hope are yet uncertain, so we ought not to trust the representation of one more than of the other, because they are both equally fallacious; as hope enlarges happiness, fear aggravates calamity.

calamity. It is generally allowed, that no man ever found the happiness of possession proportionate to that expectation which incited his desire, and invigorated his pursuit; nor has any man found the evils of life so formidable in reality, as they were described to him by his own imagination; every species of distress brings with it some peculiar supports, some unforeseen means of resisting, or power of enduring. Taylor justly blames some pious persons, who indulge their fancies too much, set themselves, by the force of imagination, in the place of the ancient martyrs and confessors, and question the validity of their own faith, because they shrink at the thoughts of flames and tortures. It is, says he, sufficient that you are able to encounter the temptations which now assault you; when God sends trials, he may send strength.

All fear is in itself painful, and when it conduces not to safety is painful without use. Every consideration, therefore, by which groundless terrors may be removed, adds something to human happiness. It is likewise not unworthy of remark, that in proportion as our cares are employed upon the future, they are abstracted from the present, from the only time which we can call our own, and of which, if we neglect the duties, to make provision against visionary attacks, we shall certainly counteract our own purpose; for he, doubtless, mistakes his true interest, who thinks that he can increase his safety when he impairs his virtue.

ON SCANDAL.

A GAINST slander there is no defence. Hell cannot boast so foul a fiend; nor man deplore so fell a foe. It stabs with a word—with a nod—with a shrug—with a look—with a smile. It is the pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion far and wide, which the most wary traveller cannot avoid;—it is the heart-searching dagger of the assassin;

assassin;—it is the poisoned arrow whose wound is incurable;—it is the mortal sting of the deadly adder. Murder is its employment—innocence its prey—and ruin its sport.—MARIA was a fatal instance. Her head was a little raised from the pillow, supported by her hand, and her countenance was exceedingly sorrowful—the glowing blush of eighteen vanished from her cheeks, and fever raged in luxury upon her damask skin.—It is even so;—a bursting sigh laboured from her bosom;—virtue is no protection while detraction breathes malignity—while envy searches for faults and tortures truth. I might have been happy!—but oh! ye busy thoughts, recall not to my memory those joyful hours!—she struggled—but in vain. The invisible power of darkness closed her eyes, and her heaving breast panted with the last throbbings of a broken heart.—She is now no more. Scandal triumphed over the lovely maid. Superior qualifications made her the dupe of envy, and a fever followed.—She fell a sacrifice to exquisite feelings!

ODE TO DEATH.

THOU, whose remorseless rage
 Nor vows nor tears assuage,
 TRIUMPHANT DEATH!—to thee I raise
 The bursting notes of dauntless praise!
 Methinks on yonder murky cloud
 Thou sit'st, in majesty severe!
 Thy regal robe a ghastly shroud!
 Thy right arm lifts th' insatiate spear!
 Such was thy glance, when, erst as o'er the plain
 Where Indus rolls his burning sand,
 Young Ammon led the victor train,
 In glowing lust of fierce command:

O 2

As,

As, vain he cried with thundering voice,
 " The world is mine ! Rejoice, rejoice !
 " The world I've won !—Thou gav'st the withering nod,
 Thy *fiat* smote his heart,—he sunk,—a senseless clod !
 " And art thou great ?" Mankind replies,
 With sad assent of mingling sighs !
 Sighs that swell the biting gales
 Which sweep o'er Lapland's frozen vales !
 And the red Tropics' whirlwind heat
 Is with the sad assent replete !
 How fierce yon tyrant's plumed crest !
 A blaze of gold illumines his breast ;
 In pomp of threat'ning pow'r elate,
 He madly dares to spurn at fate !
 But—when Night with shadowy robe
 Hangs upon the darken'd globe,
 In his chamber,—sad,—alone,
 By starts, he pours the fearful groan !
 From flatt'ring crowds retir'd—he bows the knee !
 And mutters forth a pray'r—because *he thinks of thee* !
 Gayly smiles the nuptial bow'r,
 Bedeck'd with many an od'rous flow'r ;
 While the spousal pair advance,
 Mixing oft the melting gaze,
 In fondest extacy of praise.
 Ah ! short delusive trance !
 What tho' the festival be there ;—
 The rapt Bard's warblings fill the air ;
 And joy and harmony combine !
 Touch but the talisman, and all is thine !
 Th' insensate lovers fix in icy fold,
 And on his throbbing lyre the Minstrel's hand is cold !

'Tis

'Tis Thou can'st quench the eagle's sight,
 That stems the cataract of light!
 Forbid the vernal buds to blow—
 Bend th' obedient forest low—
 And tame the monsters of the main,
 Such is thy potent reign!
 O'er earth, and air, and sea!
 Yet, art thou still *disdain'd by me*.
 And I have reason for my scorn;—
 Do I not hate the rising morn;
 The garish noon; the eve serene;
 The fresh'ning breeze; the sportive green;
 The painted pleasures throng'd resort;
 And all the splendors of the court?
 And has not *sorrow* chose to dwell
 Within my hot-heart's central cell?
 And are not hope's weak visions o'er,
 Can love or rapture reach me more?
 Then tho' I scorn thy stroke—I call *thee friend*,
 For in thy calm embrace my weary woes shall end.

ON THE COMFORTABLE
DOCTRINE OF FUTURITY.

IT would be a very needless undertaking to prove, "That man is born to sorrow, as the sparks fly upward." Every day bears its testimony to this melancholy truth; and sooner or later will make every man a convert to it. The nature of this world and all its occurrences, the constitution of the human mind, and the frame of our bodies, subject us to various

various and innumerable afflictions. Our hopes often terminate in disappointment; or, if they meet with gratification, the objects seldom answer our wishes, and hardly ever fail to lose their relish during a length of possession. Our fears are often vain, and always productive of bitter inquietude. They frequently import distant evils by anticipation—evils which never may arrive. They multiply, likewise, and enlarge future ills beyond their just number and real magnitude. And, indeed, with regard to what are usually styled pleasures, they are generally purchased with difficulty, or accompanied with some uneasiness, or end in remorse and vexation of spirit.

But let us attend the couches of the sick, and what mortifying lessons may we learn from those who, in the severity of their sufferings, appropriate to themselves the language of Job! “I am made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed to me. When I lie down, I say, when shall I arise, and the night be gone? and I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day.” These are very pitiable scenes of distress! which one day or other may become the portion of every one of us. Shall we take a view of the most piercing of all afflictions? then let us enter the houses of mourning, where death hath made irreparable breaches into family connections and comforts; where we shall hear the cries of parents bereaved of their children, or of children bewailing their departed parents. Now, is there any doctrine, or if there be, what is that doctrine, which can sustain the human mind amidst all the manifold difficulties, disappointments, and pressures of human life? What is that doctrine which can inspire fortitude, patience, and resignation under sickness, pain, and dissolution? Whence are we to fetch those principles that can support us under the agonizing solemnity of parting with our expiring relatives and friends?—Yes; the glorious discovery of a resurrection to everlasting happiness. This blessed doctrine, duly believed, ever uppermost in our thoughts, and actuating all our behaviour, will lead us to regard the funeral removal of all that are near and dear to us, as only a tem-

a temporary separation, which never, *never* shall prevail any more, because "Death shall then be swallowed up in victory."

But this exquisite happiness is reserved for those only who lead virtuous and holy lives: "for without holiness no man can see the Lord." It is therefore highly necessary that this consideration should sink deep into our breasts, and influence every part of our conduct. If this doctrine be conscientiously observed by us, we may reasonably hope to die comfortably, and after death to rise gloriously.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

TO be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition; the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known, by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or felicity, for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for shew in painted honour, and fictitious benevolence.

VOLTAIRE.

M. Tronchin, Voltaire's physician, told some friends of his, that on his last attendance upon this celebrated writer, a few hours before his death, he heard him cry out in great agitation, "I die abandoned by God and man." "I wished, from my heart," added M. Tronchin, "that all those persons who had been seduced by reading Voltaire's writings had been witnesses of his death."

SIR

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

SIR Isaac set out in life as a clamorous infidel, but that on a nice examination of the evidences for Christianity, he had found reason to change his opinion. When the celebrated Dr. Edmund Halley was talking infidelity before him, Sir Isaac said, "Man, you had better hold your tongue, you are talking about what you do not understand." So patient was this admirable man, not only of thinking but of pain, that when in his last illness,—that of the stone,—his agony was so great, that drops of sweat forced themselves through a double night cap, which he wore, he never complained, or cried out.

ALEXANDER demanded of a pirate, whom he had taken, by what right he infested the seas? By the same right, replied he boldly, that you enslave the world. But I am called a robber, because I have only one small vessel; and you are stiled a conqueror, because you command great fleets and armies.

ANECDOTE OF THE GREAT FREDERIC.

DURING the life of the late King of Prussia, a wealthy Jew, who was tired of living at Berlin, and had made frequent applications for leave to quit that place, which he dared not otherwise to attempt, at last sent a letter to his Majesty, imploring permission to travel for the benefit of his health. The King sent the following answer immediately to the Israelite, in his own hand:

"Dear Ephraim,

"Nothing but Death shall part us.

"FREDERIC."

ANECDOTES OF BISHOP Warburton.

A Fantastical Preacher, in one of our new built London chapels, who belonged to the Bishop's diocese, one day wrote to him for leave of non-residence upon his living. "You had better," replied the Bishop, "do your duty in your parish, than play your monkey tricks at the chapel in — street."

On the admission of a certain modest Divine to be the Bishop's chaplain, a lively inmate of the house observed, "what an excellent salad they should now have, the Chaplain's oil coalescing so well with the Bishop's vinegar."

ON THE CHARACTER OF A SLANDERER.

OF all the characters in life, none can be more despicable, none more pernicious to society, than that of a Slanderer. He seems to possess a genius only, fit for mischief and dark designs. He seizes every opportunity to heighten his own importance, whilst he takes every advantage of weakness or misfortune to depress that of others. He envies those whom he sees united, and waits for a convenient opportunity to dissolve the union. If adversity is our lot, how alleviating is the solace of a friend; should success smile on our endeavours, still his conversation is one of the most satisfactory pleasures we can enjoy. What ideas, then, can be sufficient, or expressions severe enough, to characterise a being who would destroy that comfort which a friend can afford us in distress! or, when we are prosperous, that delight which arises from his participation! But, how much worse, and more unpardonably cruel, is it, if he slanders us to those

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who

who have it in their power to resent, nay, perhaps, to ruin us, by withdrawing their favours, to our disadvantage. It is not in the power of imagination to paint, in its true colours, villainy like this. Mr. Addison asserts, and on his authority I presume, "that every honest man sets as high a value upon a good name as upon life itself; and I cannot," says he, "but think that those who privately assault the one, would destroy the other, might they do it with secrecy and impunity." If this, then, be so, those who are detected in slander ought to be looked upon as assassins in their hearts, and meet with that contempt and abhorrence which so base a crime excites and deserves.

A DARING ROBBERY.

THREE men, appearing as graziers, called at a respectable farmer's, and enquired if he was at home. The girl told them her master was only in the field, and that she would call him. When the farmer came, he enquired their business. One of them immediately answered, he was the person that wanted him, and that he would wish to ask him a question in private. The farmer desired him to walk into the parlour; and the other two seated themselves in the kitchen. As soon as the door was shut, the sharper told him, his question was a very simple one, and he hoped he would not take a long time to answer it; it was either to choose to give him fifty pounds, or to have a brace of bullets in his body; he was determined to be satisfied, and if he did not comply, he should first have the bullets, and his men were ready to plunder the house. The farmer told him he had no such money in the house, but would give him all he had, which was twenty pounds; but this would not satisfy the villain, who told him he saw him receive 100*l.* at Cliffe fair, on Saturday, and intended to have paid him a visit that night, but was prevented. The farmer was at length

length obliged to comply; and though the villain saw more than what he demanded in the desk, when the farmer was giving him the money, he did not require it; but when he received his booty, he said, I am much obliged to you. I shall not trouble you again these three years; but if fortunate till that time, may again pay you a visit. He opened the door, and told one of the men to fetch their horses; and when mounted, rode off full speed.

ANECDOTE OF HIS MAJESTY. ✕

HIS Majesty, during the two nights of the riots, sat up with several general Officers in the Queen's Riding-House, from whence messengers were constantly dispatched to observe the motions of the mob.—Between three and four thousand troops were in the Queen's Gardens, and surrounded Buckingham-House. During the first night the alarm was so sudden, that no straw could be got for the troops to rest themselves on; which being told his Majesty, he, accompanied with one or two officers, went throughout the ranks, telling them, “My lads, my crown cannot purchase you straw to night, but depend on it, I have given orders that a sufficiency shall be here to-morrow forenoon; as a substitute for the straw, my servants will instantly serve you with a good allowance of wine and spirits, to make your situation as comfortable as possible; and I shall keep you company myself till morning.” The King did so, walking mostly in the garden, sometimes visiting the Queen and the Children in the palace, and receiving all messages in the Riding-House, it being in a manner head-quarters. When he was told that part of the mob was attempting to get into St. James's, and to the Park, he forbade the soldiers to fire, but ordered them to keep off the rioters with their bayonets; the mob, in consequence of that, were so daring as to take hold of the bayonets and shake them, defying the soldiers to fire or hurt them; however, nothing further was attempted on the part of the rioters in that quarter.

Probably George III. during the ^{P²} “No Popery” riots in 1780. ODE

(George III.)
ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY. (June 4, 1738)

I.

WHAT native Genius taught the Britons bold
To guard their sea-girt cliffs of old?
'Twas Liberty: she taught disdain
Of Death, of Rome's Imperial chain:
She bade the Druid harp to battle sound,
In tones prophetic, through the gloom profound
Of forests hoar, with holy foliage hung;
From grove to grove the pealing prelude rung;
Belinus call'd his painted tribes around,
And, rough with many a veteran scar,
Swept the pale legions with scythed car:
While baffled Cæsars fled, to gain
An easier triumph on Pharsalia's plain;
And left the stubborn isle to stand elate
Amidst a conquer'd world, in lone majestic state.

II.

A kindred spirit soon to Britain's shore
The sons of Saxon Elva bore;
Fraught with th' unconquerable soul,
Who died, to drain the warrior-bowl,
In that bright Hall, where Odin's Gothic throne
With the broad blaze of brandish'd falchion shone;
Where the long roofs rebounded to the din
Of spectre chiefs, who feasted far within:
Yet, not intent on deathful deeds alone,

They

They felt the fires of social zeal,
The peaceful wisdom of the public weal;
Though nurs'd in arms and hardy strife,
They knew to frame the plans of temper'd life;
The King's the people's balanc'd claims to found
On one eternal base, indissolubly bound.

III.

Sudden, to shake the Saxon's mild domain,
Rush'd in rude swarms the robber Dane,
From frozen wastes, and caverns wild,
To genial England's scenes beguil'd;
And in his clamorous van exulting came
The Dæmons foul of famine and of flame:
Witness the sheep-clod summits, roughly crown'd
With many a frowning fofs, and airy mound,
Which yet his defultory march proclaim!
Nor ceas'd the tide of gore to flow,
'Till Alfred's laws allur'd th' intestine foe;
And Harold calm'd his headlong rage
To brave atchievement, and to counsel sage;
For oft in savage breasts the buried seeds
Of brooding Virtue live, and Freedom's fairest deeds!

IV.

But see, triumphant o'er the Southern wave
The Norman sweeps!—Though first he gave
New grace to Britain's naked plain,
With arts and manners in his train;
And many a fane he rear'd, that still sublime
In massy pomp, has mock'd the stealth of time;

And

And castle fair, that stript of half its towers,
 From some broad steep in shatter'd glory lowrs;
 Yet brought he slavery from a softer clime:

Each eve, the curfew's note severe,
 (That now but soothes the musing poet's ear)

At the new tyrant's stern command,
 Warn'd to unwelcome rest a wakeful land;
 While proud oppression o'er the ravish'd field
 High rais'd his armed hand, and shook the feudal shield.

V.

Stoop'd then that freedom to despotic sway,
 For which, in many a fierce affray,
 The Briton's bold, the Saxon's bled,
 His Danish javelins Lefwin led,

O'er Hastings's plain, to stay the Norman yoke?
 She felt, but to resist, the sudden stroke:

The Tyrant-Baron grasp'd the Patriot's steel,
 And taught the Tyrant-King its force to feel;
 And quick revenge the regal bondage broke,

And still, unchang'd and uncontroul'd,
 Its rescued rights shall the dread empire hold;

For lo, revering Britain's cause,
 A King new lustre lends to native laws!

The sacred Sovereign of this festal day
 On Albion's old renown reflects a kindred ray!

THE HISTORY OF A YOUNG WOMAN

THAT CAME TO LONDON FOR A SERVICE.

I Am the daughter of a country gentleman, whose family is numerous, and whose estate, not at first sufficient to supply us with affluence, has been lately so much impaired by an unsuccessful law-suit, that all the younger children are obliged to try such means as their education affords them, for procuring the necessaries of life. Distress and curiosity concurred to bring me to London, where I was received by a relation with the coldness which misfortune generally finds. A week, a long week, I lived with my cousin, before the most vigilant enquiry could procure us the least hopes of a place, in which time I was much better qualified to bear all the vexations of servitude. The first two days she was content to pity me; and only wished I had not been quite so well bred; but people must comply with their circumstances. This lenity, however, was soon at an end; and, for the remaining part of the week, I heard every hour of the pride of my family, the obstinacy of my father, and of people better born than myself that were common servants.

At last, on Saturday noon, she told me, with very visible satisfaction, that Mrs. Bombazine, the great silk mercer's lady, wanted a maid, and a fine place it would be; for there would be nothing to do but to clean my mistress's room, get up her linen, dress the young ladies, wait at tea in the morning, take care of a little Miss just come from nurse, and then sit down to my needle. But Madam was a woman of great spirit, and would not be contradicted, and therefore I should take care, for good places were not easily to be got.

With these cautions I waited on Madam Bombazine, of whom the first sight gave me no ravishing ideas. She was two yards round the waist, her voice was at once loud and squeaking, and her face brought to my mind the picture of the full moon. Are you the young woman, says she,
that

that are come to offer yourself? It is strange when people of substance want a servant, how soon it is the town-talk. But they know they shall have a belly-full that live with me. Not like people at the other end of the town, we dine at one o'clock. But I never take any body without a character; what friends do you come of? I then told her my father was a gentleman, and that we had been unfortunate.—A great misfortune, indeed, to come to me, and have three meals a day!—So your father was a gentleman, and you are a gentlewoman I suppose—such gentlewomen! Madam, I did not mean to claim any exemptions, I only answered your enquiry.—Such gentlewomen! people should set their children to good trades, and keep them off the parish. Pray go to the other end of the town, there are gentlewomen, if they would pay their debts: I am sure we have lost enough by gentlewomen. Upon this, her broad face grew broader with triumph, and I was afraid she would have taken me for the pleasure of continuing her insult; but happily the next word was, pray, Mrs. Gentlewoman, troop down stairs. You may believe I obeyed her.

I returned, and met with a better reception from my cousin than I expected; for while I was out, she had heard that Mrs. Standish, whose husband had lately been raised from a clerk in an office, to be Commissioner of the Excise, had taken a fine house, and wanted a maid.

To Mrs. Standish I went, and, after having waited six hours, was at last admitted to the top of the stairs, when she came out of her room, with two of her company. There was a smell of punch. So, young woman, you want a place, whence do you come? From the country, Madam.—Yes, they are all come out of the country. And what brought you to town, a bastard? Where do you lodge? At the Seven Dials? What, you never heard of the Foundling-House! Upon this they all laughed so obstreperously, that I took the opportunity of sneaking off in the tumult.

I then heard of a place at an elderly lady's. She was at cards; but, in two hours, I was told, she would speak to me. She asked me if I could keep an account, and ordered me to write. I wrote two lines out of some book that lay by her. She wondered what poor people meant, to breed

up

up poor girls to write at that rate. I suppose, Mrs. Flirt, if I was to see your work, it would be fine stuff!—You may walk. I will not have love-letters written from my house to every young fellow in the street.

Two days after, I went on the same pursuit to Lady Lofty, dressed, as I was directed, in what little ornaments I had, because she had lately got a place at Court. Upon the first sight of me, she turns to the woman that showed me in—Is this the lady that wants a place? Pray what place would you have, Miss? a maid of honour's place? Servants now-a-days!—Madam, I heard you wanted—Wanted what? Somebody finer than myself! A pretty servant indeed.—I should be afraid to speak to her.—I suppose, Mrs. Minx, these fine hands cannot bear wetting.—A servant indeed! Pray move off—I am resolved to be the head person in this house—You are ready dress'd, the taverns will be open.

I went to enquire for the next place in a clean linen gown, and heard the servant tell his lady, there was a young woman, but he saw she would not do. I was brought up, however. Are you the trollop that has the impudence to come for my place? What, you have hired that nasty gown, and are come to steal a better.—Madam, I have another, but being obliged to walk—Then these are your manners, with your blushes, and your courtesies, to come to me in your worst gown. Madam, give me leave to wait upon you in my other. Wait on me, you saucy slut! Then you are sure of coming—I could not let such a drab come near me—Here, you girl, that came up with her, have you touched her? If you have, wash your hands before you dress me—Such trollops! Get you down.—What, whimpering? pray walk.

I went away with tears; for my cousin had lost all patience. However, she told me, that having a respect for my relations, she was willing to keep me out of the street, and would let me have another week.

The first day of this week I saw two places. At one I was asked where I had lived? And upon my answer, was told by the lady, that people should qualify themselves in ordinary places, for she should never have done if she was to follow girls about. At the other house I was a smirking

ing huffey, and that sweet face I might make money of.—For her part, it was a rule with her never to take any creature that thought herself handsome.

The three next days were spent in Lady Bluff's entry, where I waited six hours every day for the pleasure of seeing the servants peep at me, and go away laughing—Madam will stretch her small thanks in the entry; she will know the house again.—At sun-set, the two first days, I was told, that my lady would see me to-morrow, and on the third, that her woman staid.

My week was now near its end, and I had no hopes of a place. My relation, who always laid upon me the blame of every miscarriage, told me that I must learn to humble myself, and that all great ladies had particular ways; that if I went on in that manner, she could not tell who would keep me; she had known many that had refused places, sell their clothes, and beg in the streets.

It was to no purpose that the refusal was declared by me to be never on my side; I was reasoning against interest, and against stupidity; and therefore I comforted myself with the hope of succeeding better in my next attempt, and went to Mrs. Courtly, a very fine lady, who had routes at her house, and saw the best of company in town.

I had not waited two hours before I was called up, and found Mr. Courtly and his lady at piquet, in the height of good humour. This I looked on as a favourable sign, and stood at the lower end of the room in expectation of the common questions. At last Mr. Courtly called out, after a whisper, stand facing the light, that one may see you. I changed my place, and blushed. They frequently turned their eyes upon me, and seemed to discover many subjects of merriment; for at every look they whispered, and laughed with the most violent agitations of delight. At last Mr. Courtly cried out, is that colour your own, child? Yes, says the lady, if she has not robbed the kitchen hearth. This was so happy a conceit, that it renewed the storm of laughter, and they threw down their cards in hopes of better sport. The lady then called me to her, and began
with

with an affected gravity to enquire what I could do? But first turn about, and let us see your fine shape. Well, what are you fit for, Mrs. Mum? You would find your tongue, I suppose, in the kitchen. No, no, says Mr. Courtly, the girl's a good girl yet, but I am afraid a brisk young fellow, with fine tags on his shoulders—Come, child, hold up your head; what! have you stole nothing?—Not yet, says the lady, but she hopes to steal your heart quickly. Here was a laugh of happiness and triumph, prolonged by the confusion which I could no longer repress. At last the lady recollected herself: Stole! no—but if I had her, I should watch her; for that downcast eye—Why cannot you look people in the face? Steal! says her husband, she would steal nothing but perhaps a few ribbands before they were left off by her lady. Sir, answered I, why should you, by supposing me a thief, insult one from whom you have received no injury? Insult, says the lady; are you come here to be a servant, you saucy baggage, and talk of insulting? What will this world come to, if a gentleman may not jest with a servant? Well, such servants! pray be gone, and see when you will have the honour to be so insulted again. Servants insulted!—a fine time—Insulted! Get down stairs, you slut, or the footman shall insult you.

The last day of the last week was now coming; and my kind cousin talked of sending me down in the waggon to preserve me from bad courses. But in the morning she came and told me that she had one more trial for me; Euphemia wanted a maid, and perhaps I might do for her; for, like me, she must fall her crest, being forced to lay down her chariot upon the loss of half her fortune by bad securities, and with her way of giving her money to every body that pretended to want it, she could have little before hand; therefore I might serve her; for, with all her fine sense, she must not pretend to be nice.

I went immediately, and met at the door a young gentlewoman, who told me she had herself been hired that morning, but that she was ordered to bring any that offered up stairs. I was accordingly introduced to Euphemia, who, when I came in, laid down her book, and told me, that

she sent for me not to gratify an idle curiosity, but lest my disappointment might be made still more grating by incivility; that she was in pain to deny any thing, much more what was no favour; that she saw nothing in my appearance which did not make her wish for my company; but that another, whose claims might perhaps be equal, had come before me.—The thought of being so near to such a place, and missing it, brought tears into my eyes, and my sobs hindered me from returning my acknowledgments. She rose up confused, and supposing, by my concern, that I was distressed, placed me by her, and made me tell her my story; which when she had heard, she put two guineas in my hand, ordering me to lodge near her, and make use of her table till she could provide for me.

A CURIOUS METHOD OF OBTAINING JUSTICE

FROM ONE OF THE

EASTERN CALIPHS.

IT is recorded of Hakham, the son and successor of Abdoulrahman III. who, wanting to enlarge his palace, proposed to purchase of a poor woman a piece of ground that lay contiguous to it. However, she could not be prevailed upon to part with the inheritance of her ancestors, and Hakham's officers took by force what they could not otherwise obtain.—The poor woman applied to Ibn-bechir, the chief magistrate of Corduba, for justice. The case was delicate and dangerous. Bechir concluded that the ordinary methods of proceeding would be ineffectual, if not fatal. He mounted his ass, and taking a large sack with him, rode to the palace of the Caliph. The Prince happened to be sitting in a pavilion that had been erected in the poor woman's garden. Hakham shewed some surprize at his appearance and request, but allowed him to fill his sack. When this was done, the magistrate intreated the Prince to assist him in laying the burden

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burden on the afs. This extraordinary request surprized Hakham still more; but he only told the Judge that it was too heavy; he could not bear it. Yet this sack, replied Bechir, with a noble assurance, this sack, which you think too heavy to bear, contains but a small portion of that ground which you took by violence from the right owner. How then will you be able, at the day of judgment, to support the weight of the whole? The remonstrance was effectual, and Hakham, without delay, restored the ground, with the buildings upon it, to the former proprietor.

BANISHMENT.

CONSOLATION UNDER IT. *

ALL places that the eye of Heaven visits,
 Are, to a wise man, ports and happy havens.
 Teach thy necessity to reason thus:
 There is no virtue like necessity,
 And think not, that the King did banish thee;
 But thou the King. Woe doth the heavier sit
 Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
 Go say, I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
 And not the King exil'd thee. Or suppose,
 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
 Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
 To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
 Suppose the singing birds, musicians;
 The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence floor;
 The flow'rs, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
 Than a delightful measure, or a dance.
 For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
 The man that mocks at it, and sets it light,

* Shak.: King Richard II., Act i., scene 3.

ENGLAND.

THIS royal throne of Kings, this scepter'd isle,
 This earth of Majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-Paradise,
 This fortress built by Nature for herself,
 Against infection, and the hand of war;
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or of a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands.

HINTS FOR A YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN.

IT has often been thought, that the first year after marriage is the happiest of a woman's life. We must first suppose that she marries from motives of affection, or what the world calls love; and even in this case the rule admits of many exceptions, and she encounters many difficulties. She has her husband's temper to study, his family to please, household cares to attend, and, what is worse than all, she must cease to command, and learn to obey. She must learn to submit, without repining, where she has been used to have even her looks studied.

Would the tender lover treat his adored mistress like a rational being, rather than a goddess, a woman's task would be rendered much easier, and her life much happier. Would the flatterer pay his devoirs to her understanding, rather than her person, he would soon find his account in it.— Would he consult her on his affairs, converse with her freely on all subjects, and make her his companion and friend, instead of flattering her beauty,
 admiring

admiring her dress, and exalting her beyond what human nature merits, for what can at best be only called fashionable accomplishments, he would find himself less disappointed, and she would rattle the marriage chains with less impatience and difficulty. Now, can a sensible man expect, that the poor vain trifler, to whom he pays so much court, should make an intelligent, agreeable companion, an assiduous and careful wife, a fond and anxious mother? When a man pays court only to a woman's vanity, he can expect nothing but a fashionable wife, who may shine as a fine lady, but never in the softer intercourse of domestic endearments. How often is it owing to these lords of the creation, that the poor women become in reality, what their ridiculous partiality made them suppose themselves? A pretty method truly is this of improving the temper, informing the mind, engaging the affections, and exciting our esteem for those objects that we entrust with our future happiness.

I will now give my fair friends a few hints with regard to their conduct in the most respectable of all characters, a wife, a mother, and a friend. But first let me assert, that I do it with confidence, that nothing can be more false than the idea, that *a reformed rake makes the best husband!* This is a common opinion, but, it is not mine, at least. There are too many chances against it.

A libertine, by the time he can bear to think of matrimony, has little left to boast, but a shattered constitution, empty pockets, tradesmen's bills, bad habits, and a taste for dress, public places, and vices of every description. The poor wife's fortune will supply the rake with these fashionable follies a little longer. When money, the last resource, fails, he becomes peevish, sour, and discontented. Angry she can indulge him no longer, and ungrateful and regardless of her past favours. Disease, with all her miserable attendants, next steps in! Ill is he prepared, either in mind or body, to cope with pain, sickness, poverty, and wretchedness. The poor wife has spent all in supporting his extravagancies. She may now pine for want, with a helpless infant crying for bread. Shunned and despised by her friends, and neglected by all her acquaintance.

This,

This, my beloved fair, is too often the case with many of our sex.—The task of reforming a rake is much above a woman's capacity. If a young woman marries an amiable and virtuous young man, she has nothing to fear, she may even glory in giving up her own wishes to his! Never marry a man whose understanding will not excite your esteem, and whose virtues will not engage your affections. If a woman once thinks herself superior to her husband, all authority ceases, and she cannot be brought to *obey*, where she thinks she is so well enabled to *command*.

Sweetness and gentleness are all a woman's eloquence; and sometimes they are too powerful to be resisted, especially when accompanied with youth and beauty. They are then incitements to virtue, preventatives from vice, and affection's security.

Never let your brow be clouded with resentment! Never triumph in revenge! Who is it that you afflict? the man upon earth that should be dearest to you! upon whom all your future hopes of happiness must depend.—Poor the conquest, when our dearest friend must suffer,—and ungenerous must be the heart that can rejoice in such a victory.

Let your tears persuade: these speak the most irresistible language with which you can assail the heart of man. But even these sweet fountains of sensibility must not flow too often, lest they degenerate into weakness, and we lose our husband's esteem and affection by the very methods which were given us to insure them.

Study every little attention in your person, manner, and dress, that you find please. Never be negligent in your appearance, because you expect nobody but your husband. He is the first person to oblige. Always make your home agreeable to him: receive him with ease, good humour, and cheerfulness. Betray neither suspicion nor jealousy.—Appear always gay and happy in his presence. Be particularly attentive to his favourite friends, even if they intrude upon you. A welcome reception will, at all times, counterbalance indifferent fare. Treat his relations with respect and affection, which will be the most powerful means of securing you a general good name.

Treat

Treat your husband with the most unreserved confidence in every thing that regards yourself, but never betray your friends letters or secrets to him. This he cannot, and, indeed, ought not to expect. If you do not use him to it, he will never desire it. Be careful never to intrude upon his studies or his pleasures: be always glad to see him. Confine your endearments to your own fire side. Do not let the young envy you, nor the old abuse you for a weakness, which, upon reflection, you must yourselves condemn.

These hints will, I hope, be of some service to my fair countrywomen. They will perhaps have more weight when they know that the author of them has been married about a year, and has often, with success, practised those rules herself which she now recommends to others.

OBSERVATION.

IT is owing to Observation that our mind is furnished with the first, simple, and complex ideas. This lays the ground-work and foundation of all knowledge, and makes us capable of using any of the other methods for improving the mind: for if we did not attain a variety of sensible and intellectual ideas, by the sensation of outward objects, by the consciousness of our own appetites and passions, pleasures and pains, and by inward experience of the actions of our own spirits, it would be impossible either for men or books to teach us any thing. It is observation that must give us our first ideas of things, as it includes in it sense and consciousness.

All our knowledge derived from observation, whether it be of single ideas or of propositions, is knowledge gotten at first hand. Hereby we see and know things as they are, or as they appear to us; we take the impressions of them on our minds from the original objects themselves,

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which give a clearer and stronger conception of things. These ideas are more lively, and the propositions (at least in many cases) are much more evident. Whereas what knowledge we derive from lectures, reading and conversation, is but the copy of other men's ideas; that is, the picture of a picture; and 'tis one remove farther from the original.

Another advantage of observation is, that we may gain knowledge all the day long, and every moment of our lives, and every moment of our existence, we may be adding to our intellectual treasures thereby, except only while we are asleep; and even then the remembrance of our dreamings will teach us some truths, and lay a foundation for a better acquaintance with human nature, both in the powers and frailties of it.

ANECDOTE OF A NOBLE DUKE.

WHEN his M——, about five years since, gave orders for St. George's Hall to be newly decorated, it was determined that the grand window should be enriched with the armorial bearings of the existing Knights of the Garter, on painted glass; and that towards defraying the expence, each Knight Companion should be called upon for the sum of fifty pounds.—This, it was expected, would meet general compliance; it happened, however, otherwise;—when the proposal was imparted to a certain Duke, his Grace, addressing Mr. L——, by whom the communication was made, said, “it was a matter that required serious consideration, —fifty pounds was a great sum for a little painted glass—very brittle security—he would turn the question in his mind. His Grace being waited upon repeatedly,—at length agreed to pay fifty pounds into the hands of Messrs. Drummond, from whence it was not to be drawn till the window was completed, and his approbation given to the work. A condition was offered to Drummond, respecting the probable growing interest of fifty pounds, on which that spirited and benevolent Banker desired that he might not be troubled on so paltry a business.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE OF A CAPTAIN.

A Certain Captain, who had made a greater figure than his fortune could well bear, and the regiment not being paid as was expected, was forced to put off his equipage. A few days after, as he was walking by the road side, he saw one of his soldiers sitting on the ground, and lousing himself under an hedge: "What are you doing there, Tom?" said the officer. "Why, faith, answered the soldier, I am following your example, getting rid of a part of my retinue."

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

SEE the leaves around ye falling,
 Dry and wither'd, to the ground,
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
 In a sad and solemn sound:

"Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
 "When like us, he blighted fell,
 "Hear the lecture we are reading,
 "'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.

"Virgins, much, too much presuming,
 "On your boasted white and red,
 "View us, late in beauty blooming,
 "Number'd now among the dead.

" Griping misers, nightly waking,
 " See the end of all your care;
 " Fled on wings of our own making,
 " We have left our owners bare.

" Sons of honour, fed on praises,
 " Flutt'ring high in fancied worth,
 " Lo! the fickle air that raises,
 " Brings us down to parent earth.

" Learned fires, in system jaded,
 " Who for new ones daily call,
 " Cease at length, by us persuaded;
 " Every leaf must have a fall.

" Youth, tho' yet no losses grieve you,
 " Gay in health and many a grace,
 " Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
 " Summer gives to Autumn place."

On the tree of life eternal,
 Man let all thy hopes be stay'd;
 Which alone, for ever vernal,
 Bears the leaves that never fade.

RELAX-

RELAXATION AFTER THE FATIGUES OF WAR;

OR THE PHILOSOPHY OF AN HERO.

WRITTEN BY THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

BY cherub Hope the bosom fir'd,
 Supports a lover's ardent pains;
 Zeal is by recompence inspir'd,
 And pow'r authority maintains.
 The weak by prudence strength o'erthrows,
 Credit by probity is gain'd,
 While Heav'n-born health from temp'rance flows,
 And wit is by content sustain'd:
 By ease the blessings of content we gain,
 And ease by fair œconomy obtain.
 An even soul, and gentle mind,
 A soft, bewitching, nameless grace,
 I value more in woman-kind,
 Than all the beauties of the face.
 I love the author who declares
 The honest truth, in humble style,
 Before the man who artful dares,
 With specious words our ears beguile.
 Wouldst thou be happy, then this truth believe,
 Virtue will joys impart when science will deceive.
 Health before riches I admire,
 And friendship more than weak-ey'd pity;
 Repose than profit more desire,
 And prudence more than to be witty.

A snug

A snug estate, from mortgage free,
 A little garden to improve,
 A table small but neat to see,
 A little lass who well can love:
 These are the things can real joy impart,
 And fill with soft content the human heart.
 Give me, when winter snows descend,
 And storms confine me to my home,
 From colds and illness to defend,
 A blazing fire in little room;
 In little glasses good old wine,
 Wherewith my chosen friends to treat;
 And epicures love well to dine
 Off little plates of richest meat:
 And thus, with all my reason am I taught,
 Too much of any thing is good for nought.
 Too much rest our genius dulls,
 Too much love disturbs the brain,
 Too much learning makes us fools,
 Too much bus'ness gives us pain.
 Too much physic makes us worse,
 From too much cunning cheating grows,
 Too much vigour is a curse,
 From too much saving av'rice flows.
 Too much courage makes us rash,
 From too much riches trouble springs,
 Too great honours are but trash,
 Too much pleasure sickness brings.
 By too much confidence we lose;
 From too much wit what mischiefs rise;
 Too much freedom's an abuse,
 Too much good-nature is not wise.

Too

Too much politeness is a thrall;
 Yet all these things we blessings call.
 But if we rightly will attend,
 On *Nothing* all our acts depend.
 Nothing holds aloft the scales,
 And o'er ev'ry thing prevails;
 Nothing makes us dangers dare,
 Nothing makes us oft despair;
 On nothing all our efforts turn,
 For nothing oft our bosoms burn;
 War from nothing springs; and love,
 All thy joys a nothing prove.

DEGENERACY OF HUMAN NATURE.

LET us farther suppose, what is sufficiently evident to our daily observation and experience, that all mankind are now a degenerate, feeble, and unhappy race of beings; that we are become sinners in the sight of God, and exposed to his anger: it is manifest enough, this whole world is a fallen, sinful, and rebellious province of God's dominion, and under the actual displeasure of its righteous Creator and Governor. The over-spreading deluge of folly and error, iniquity and misery, that covers the face of the earth, gives abundant ground for such a supposition. The experience of every man on earth affords a strong and melancholy proof, that our reasoning powers are easily led away into mistake and falshood, wretchedly bribed and biased by prejudices, and daily overpowered by some corrupt appetites or passions, and our wills led astray to choose the evil instead of good. The best of us sometimes break the laws of our Maker, by contradicting the rules of piety and virtue which our own
 reason

reason and consciences suggest to us. "There is none righteous" perfectly; "no not one." Nor is there one person upon earth free from troubles and difficulties, and pains and sorrows, such as testify some resentments of our Maker.

Even from our infancy, our diseases, pains, and sorrows begin, and it is very remarkably evident in some families, that these pains and diseases are propagated to the offspring, as they were contracted by the vices of the parents: and particular vicious inclinations, as well as particular distempers, are conveyed from parents to children sometimes through several generations. The best of us are not free from irregular propensities and passions, even in the younger parts of life, and as our years advance, our sins break out, and continue more or less through all our lives. Our whole race then is plainly degenerate, sinful and guilty before God, and are under some tokens of his anger.

ALLEGORY

ON THE ABUSE OF RICHES.

CHREMYLUS, who was an old and a good man, and withal exceedingly poor, being desirous to leave some riches to his son, consults the oracle of Apollo upon the subject. The oracle bids him follow the first man he should see upon his going out of the temple. The person he chanced to see was to appearance an old, fordid, blind man; but upon his following him from place to place, he at last found by his own confession, that he was Plutus, the God of riches, and that he was just come out of the house of a miser. Plutus further told him, that when he was a boy, he used to declare, that as soon as he came to age, he would distribute wealth to none but virtuous and just men; upon which Jupiter, considering the pernicious consequence of such a resolution, took his flight away

away from him, and left him to stroll about the world in the blind condition wherein Chremylus beheld him. With much ado Chremylus prevailed upon him to go to his house, where he met an old woman in a tattered raiment, who had been his guest for many years, and whose name was Poverty. The old woman refusing to turn out so easily as he would have her, he threatened to banish her not only from his own house, but out of the kingdom, if she made any more words upon the matter. Poverty, on this occasion, pleads her cause very notably, and represents to her old landlord, that should she be driven out of the country, all their trades, arts, and sciences, would be driven out with her; and that if every one was rich, they would never be supplied with those pomps, ornaments, and conveniences of life, which made riches desirable. She likewise represented to him the several advantages which she bestowed upon her votaries, in regard to their shape, their health, and their activity, by preserving them from gout, dropsies, unwieldiness, and intemperance.— But whatever she had to say for herself, she was at last forced to troop off. Chremylus immediately considered how he might restore Plutus to his sight; and, in order to it, conveyed him to the temple of Æsculapius, who was famous for cures and miracles of this nature. By this means the Deity recovered his eyes, and began to make a right use of them, by enriching every one that was distinguished by piety towards the Gods, and justice towards men; and at the same time by taking away his gifts from the impious and undeserving. This produced several merry incidents, till at last Mercury descended with great complaints from the Gods, that since the good men were grown rich, they had received no sacrifices, which is confirmed by the priest of Jupiter, who remonstrates that since the late innovation he was reduced to a starving condition, and could not live upon his office. Chremylus, who in the beginning was religious in his poverty, at last makes a proposal, which was relished by all the good men, who were now grown rich as well as himself, that they should carry Plutus in a solemn procession to the temple, and install him in the place of Jupiter.

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This allegory may instruct mankind in two points, first, as it vindicates the conduct of Providence in its ordinary distribution of wealth; and in the next place, as it shews the great tendency of riches to corrupt the morals of those who possess them.

ESSAY

ON DELICACY OF SENTIMENT.

THE character of delicacy of sentiment, so esteemed at present, seems to have been unknown to the ancients. It is certainly a great refinement on humanity. Refinements were never attended to in the earlier ages, when the occupations of war, and the wants of unimproved life, left little opportunity, and less inclination, for fanciful enjoyments. Dangers and distress require strength of mind, and necessarily exclude an attention to those delicacies, which, while they please, infallibly enervate.

That tenderness which is amiable in a state of perfect civilization, is despised as a weakness among unpolished nations. Shocked at the smallest circumstances which are disagreeable, it cannot support the idea of danger and alarm. Likewise, from exercising the cruelties which are sometimes politically necessary in a rude state, it starts with horror from the sight, and at the description of them. It delights in the calm occupations of rural life, and would gladly resign the spear and the shield for the shepherd's crook, and the lover's garland. But in an uninformed community, where constant dangers require constant defence, those dispositions which delight in retirement and ease will be treated with general contempt; and no temper of mind which is despised will be long epidemical.

The ancient Greeks and Romans were the most civilized people on the earth. They, however, were unacquainted with that extreme delicacy of sentiment which is become so universally prevalent in modern times.—

Perhaps

Perhaps some reasonable causes may be assigned. The Stoic philosophy endeavoured to introduce a total apathy, and though it was not embraced in all its rigidity by the vulgar, yet it had a sufficient number of votaries to diffuse a general taste for an insensibility. It perhaps originally meant no more than to teach men to govern their affections by the dictates of reason; but as a natural want of feeling produced the same effects as a rational regulation of the passions, it soon passed among the vulgar for what it could lay no claim to,—a philosophical indifference.

That respectful attention to women, which in modern times is called gallantry, was not to be found amongst the ancients. Women were looked upon as inferior beings, whose only duty was to contribute to pleasure, and superintend domestic œconomy. It was not till the days of chivalry that men shewed the desire of pleasing the softer sex, which seems to allow them a superiority. This deference to women refines the manners, and softens the temper; and it is no wonder that the ancients, who admitted no women to their social conversations, should acquire a roughness of manners incompatible with delicacy of sentiment.

Men who acted, thought, and spoke, like the ancients, were unquestionably furnished by nature with every feeling in great perfection. But their mode of education contributed rather to harden than mollify their hearts. Politics and war were the sole general objects. Ambition, it is well known, renders all other passions subservient to itself: and the youth who had been accustomed to military discipline, and had endured the hardships of a campaign, though he might yield to the allurements of pleasure, would not have time to attend to the refinements of delicacy. But the modern soldier, in the present mode of conducting war, is not compelled to undergo many personal hardships, either in the preparation for his profession, or in the exercise of it. Commerce, but little known to many ancient nations, gives the moderns an opportunity of acquiring opulence without much difficulty or danger; and the infinite numbers who inherit this opulence, in order to pass away life with ease, have recourse to the various arts of exciting pleasure. The professions of divi-

nity and law leave sufficient time, opportunity, and inclination to most of their professors, to pursue every amusement and gratification. The general plan of modern education, which, among the liberal, consists of the study of the poets and sentimental writers, contributes, perhaps more than all other causes, to humanize the heart, and refine the sentiments: for at the period when education is commenced, the heart is most susceptible of impression.

Whatever disposition tends to soften, without weakening the mind, must be cherished; and it must be allowed, that delicacy of sentiment, on this side the extreme, adds greatly to the happiness of mankind, by diffusing an universal benevolence. It teaches men to feel for others as for themselves; it disposes us to rejoice with the happy, and, by partaking, to increase their pleasure. It frequently excludes the malignant passions, which are the sources of the greatest miseries in life. It excites a pleasing sensation in our own breast, which, if its duration be considered, may be placed among the highest gratifications of sense. The only ill consequence that can be apprehended from it is, an effeminacy of mind, which may disqualify us for vigorous pursuits and manly exertions.

In the most successful course of life, obstacles will impede, and disagreeable circumstances disgust. To bear these without feeling them, is sometimes necessary in the right conduct of life; but he who is tremblingly alive all over, and whose sensibility approaches to foreness, avoids the contest on which he knows he must be hurt. He feels injuries never committed; and resents affronts never intended. Disgusted with men and manners, he either seeks retirement to indulge his melancholy, or, weakened by continual chagrin, he conducts himself with folly and imprudence.

How then shall we avoid the extreme of a disposition, which, in the due medium, is productive of the most salutary consequences? In this excess, as well as all others, reason must be called in to moderate. Sensibility must not be permitted to sink us into that state of indolence which effectually represents those manly sentiments that may very well consist with the most delicate. The greatest mildness is commonly united with
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the greatest fortitude in the true hero. Tendernefs, joined with refolution, form, indeed, a finished character.

The affectation of great fenfibility is extremely common. It is, however, as odious as the reality is amiable. It renders a man contemptible, and a woman ridiculous. Instead of relieving the afflicted, which is the neceffary effect of genuine fympathy, a character of this fort flies from mifery, to fhew that it is too delicate to fupport the fight of diftreff.—The appearance of a toad, or the jolting of a carriage, will caufe a paroxysm of fear. But it is remarkable, that this delicacy and tendernefs often difappear in folitude, and the pretender to uncommon fenfibility is frequently found, in the abfence of witneffes, to be uncommonly unfeeling.

To have received a tender heart from the hand of Nature, is to have received the means of the greatest bleffings. To have guided it by the dictates of reafon, is to have acted up to the dignity of human nature, and to have obtained that happinefs of which the heart was conftituted fufceptible. May a temper, thus laudable in itfelf, never be rendered contemptible by affectation, or ufelefs by neglect!

ODE TO DESPAIR.

THOU fpectre of terrific mien,
 Lord of the hopelefs heart and hollow eye;
 In whose fierce train each form is feen
 That drives fick reafon to infanity!
 I woo thee with unusual prayer,
 “Grim-vifag’d, comfortlefs Defpair:”
 Approach; in me a willing victim find,
 Who feeks thine iron fway—and calls thee kind!

Ah!

Ah! hide for ever from my sight
The faithless flatterer Hope—whose pencil, gay,
Portrays some vision of delight,
Then bids the fairy tablet fade away;
While in dire contrast, to mine eyes
Thy phantoms, yet more hideous rise,
And memory draws, from pleasure's wither'd flower,
Corrosive for the heart—of fatal power!

I bid the traitor Love adieu!
Who to this fond, believing bosom came,
A guest infiduous, and untrue,
With pity's soothing voice—in friendship's name.
The wounds *he* gave, nor time shall cure,
Nor reason teach me to endure,
And to that breast mild patience pleads in vain,
Which feels the curse—of meriting its pain.

Yet not to me, tremendous power!
Thy worst of spirit-wounding pangs impart,
With which, in dark conviction's hour,
Thou strik'st the guilty unrepentant heart!
But, of illusion long the sport,
That dreary, tranquil gloom I court,
Where my past errors I may still deplore,
And dream of long-lost happiness no more!

To thee I give this tortur'd breast,
Where hope arises but to soften pain;
Ah! lull its agonies to rest!
Ah! let me never be deceiv'd again!

But

But callous, in thy deep repose
Behold, in long array, the woes
Of the dread future, calm and undismay'd,
Till I may claim the hope—that shall not fade!

ACCOUNT OF
A SINGULAR CHARACTER.

THE village of Threlkeld, in Cumberland, a curacy, was once in the possession of a clergyman remarkable for the oddity of his character. This gentleman, by name Alexander Naughley, was a native of Scotland.

The cure in his time was very poor, only eight pounds sixteen shillings yearly; but, as he lived the life of a Diogenes, it was enough. His dress was mean and even beggarly: he lived alone, without a servant to do the meanest drudgery for him: his victuals he cooked himself, not very elegantly we may suppose: his bed was straw, with only two blankets.—But with all these outward marks of a sloven, no man possessed a greater genius; his wit was ready, his satire keen and undaunted, and his learning extensive; add to this, that he was a facetious and agreeable companion; and though generally fond of the deepest retirement, would unbend among company, and become the chief promoter of mirth. He had an excellent library, and at his death, left behind him several manuscripts, on various subjects, and of very great merit. These consisted of, a Treatise on Algebra, Conic Sections, Spherical Trigonometry, and other mathematical pieces. He had written some poetry, but most of this he destroyed before his death. His other productions would have shared the same fate, had they not been kept from him by a person to whom he had entrusted them. The state they were found in is scarcely less extraordinary than his other oddities; being written upon sixty loose sheets tied together with a shoemaker's waxed thread.

Mr.

Mr. Naughley never was married; but having once some thoughts of entering into that state, he was rejected by the fair one to whom he paid his addresses. Enraged at this disappointment, and to prevent the fair sex from having any further influence over him, he castrated himself, giving for his reason, "If thy right eye offend thee, &c." In consequence of this operation he grew prodigiously fat, and his voice, which was naturally good, improved very much, and continued during his life. He died April 30th, 1756, at the age of 76, having served this curacy forty-seven years.

Among the extraordinary anecdotes related of him, the Dean, in the course of his peregrination, visiting Mr. Naughley, upon entering into his house, found great fault with every article of his dress, furniture, and all parts of his dwelling. The Dean being about to depart, Mr. Naughley stopped him, saying, "Dean, you have not seen the most valuable part of my furniture." The Dean looked, but could not perceive any thing even decent. "Ah," said Mr. Naughley, "there is contentment peeping out of every corner of my cot, and you cannot see her. I suppose you are not acquainted with her? Upon the walls of your lordly mansion, and in your bedchamber, is written, Dean and Chapter; after that Bishop. No thought of these here; nor ladies, nor equipage. Contentment keeps them off." Mr. Naughley then repeated to him the passage in Horace—*Hoc erat in votis, modus agri non ita magnus, &c.* A little farm, and a pleasant clear spring, a garden, and a grove—were the utmost of my wish. Heaven, in its bounty, has exceeded my hopes; it has given me contentment.

ANECDOTE

OF MRS. PRITCHARD AND A FIDDLER.

THE celebrated actress Mrs. Pritchard, having retired with her family, during the summer, into a country village, took a fancy to see a play acted in a barn. She and her company engaged one of the best and most conspicuous seats in the little theatre. The scenes were made of pasteboard, and the clothes such as the Manager could borrow or purchase. The orchestra was filled with one single crowdero. The actors were uncelebrated, it is true, but did their best. Mrs. Pritchard, instead of taking up with such fare as the country afforded, laughed so loudly and incessantly at the business of the scene, that the country audience were offended. Somebody present happened to know the great actress, and the fiddler asking her name, was told that she was the great Mrs. Pritchard, of the Theatre-Royal, in London—"I will give her a hint presently" (said Crowdero), and immediately played the first tune in the Beggar's Opera:

"Through all the employments of life,

"Each neighbour abuses his brother, &c."

"Come, let's be gone, (said Mrs. Pritchard) we are discovered; that fiddler is clever;" and as she crossed over the stage to the entrance, she dropped Crowdero a curtesy, and thanked him for his admonition.

TRUE MEEKNESS.

MEEKNESS, like most other virtues, has certain limits, which it no sooner exceeds than it becomes criminal. She who hears innocence maligned, without vindicating it; falsehood asserted, without contradicting it; or religion prophaned, without resenting it, is not gentle, but wicked.

T

Meekness

Meekness is imperfect if it be not both active and passive; if it will not enable us to subdue our own passions and resentments, as well as qualify us to bear patiently the passions and resentment of others. If it were only for mere human reasons, it would turn to a profitable account to be patient; nothing defeats the malice of an enemy like the spirit of forbearance; the return of rage for rage cannot be so effectually provoking.

True gentleness, like an impenetrable armour, repels the most pointed shafts of malice: they cannot pierce through this invulnerable shield, but fall hurtless to the ground, or return to wound the hand that shot them.

A meek spirit will not look out of itself for happiness, because it finds a constant banquet at home; yet, by a sort of divine alchemy, it will convert all external events to its own profit, and be able to deduce some good even from the most unpromising: it will extract comfort and satisfaction from the most barren circumstances: "It will suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock."

Meekness may be called the pioneer of all the other virtues, which levels every obstruction, and smooths every difficulty that might impede their entrance, or retard their progress. Honours and dignities are transient; beauty and riches frail and fugacious; but this amiable virtue is permanent. And surely the truly wise would wish to have some one possession which they may call their own in the severest exigencies. This can only be accomplished by acquiring and maintaining that calm and absolute self-possession, which as the world had no hand in giving, so it cannot, by the most malicious exertion of its power, take away.

THE TOILET LOOKING-GLASS.

IT is my earnest wish to make a strong impression on the minds of my fair readers, because men have always found the influence of their conduct great and irresistible.

Frail

Frail daughter of Eve! that vice which renders the most beautiful among you disgusting, which debases the most exalted, is

GAMING.

It is this vice that poisons your minds, and makes you forget all the amiable obligations of wife, mother, daughter, sister, and friend.

It is this vice obliterates the gratitude you owe the Deity.

It is this vice destroys your taste for intellectual elegance.

This vice is the source of continual unhappiness.

Read the following example:

THE STORY OF MISS BRADDOCK.

Miss Frances Braddock was the admiration of every polite circle.—Her person was elegant, her face beautiful, and her mind accomplished.

She unhappily spent a season at Bath. The whole *beau monde* courted her acquaintance.—She gave the *ton* not only to the fashion but to the sentiments of every assembly. Her taste was admirable, her wit was brilliant.

Her father, at his death, bequeathed twelve thousand pounds between her and her sister, besides a considerable sum to her brother, the late General Braddock, who was cut off with a whole party, on an American expedition against the Cherokee Indians.

Four years after the death of her father, she lost her sister, by which her fortune was doubled,—but alas! in the course of a month, by a constant application to cards, she lost the whole.

She fell under the infatuation of her own opinion—She conceived that judgment was sufficient, being totally ignorant of *unfair practice*.

Her misfortune preyed upon her mind, nor did she communicate the cause even to her most confidential friends for a considerable time, till at last her mind being unequal to struggle with accumulating adversity, she declared to an intimate female, that the world should never be sensible of her necessities, however extreme they might be.

Notwithstanding her caution, her poverty became known, and her sensibility was daily injured by the real and fictitious condolence of her

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acquaintance,

Edmund Braddock, born about 1715; defeated and killed near
Pittsburg, United States, 1755.

acquaintance, which stimulated her to the rash resolve of terminating her anxiety, by putting an end to her existence.

On the night of perpetrating the act of suicide, she retired to her chamber in apparent good health, and in full possession of her senses.—Her attendants left her in bed with a candle lighted, as was usual, and having locked the door, put the key under it.

Miss Braddock always opened her chamber-door in the morning to admit her attendants, but the next morning the maid coming as usual, and not hearing her mistress stir, retired till near two o'clock in the afternoon, when being alarmed at receiving no answer to her calling, she employed a man to climb in at the window, when the horrid catastrophe of her mistress was discovered; and the following fact appeared in the evidence upon the view of the Coroner's inquest.

After the departure of the maid on this night, she got out of bed again, and, it is supposed, employed some time in reading, as a book was discovered lying open upon her dressing-table. She put on a white nightgown, and pinned it over her breast; tied a gold and silver girdle together, and hanged herself on a closet door in the following manner:—at one end of the girdle she tied three knots, each about an inch asunder, that if one slipped, another might hold; opening the door, she put the knotty end over, and then locked it, to secure the girdle, at the other end of which she made a noose, put it about her neck, and dropping herself off a chair, accomplished her fatal purpose. She hung with her back to the door, and had hold of the key with one of her hands. She bit her tongue through, and had a bruise on her forehead, supposed to have been occasioned by the breaking of a red girdle, on which she had tried the first experiment, and which was afterwards found in her pocket, with a noose upon it. The Coroner's inquest being called, they returned their verdict *non compos mentis*. On the day after she was decently buried in the abbey church, by the side of her brave old father, who happily did not live to weep over the misfortunes of his children.

In

In her window were found written the following lines:

O Death! thou pleasing end to human woe!
Thou cure for life! thou greatest good below!
Still may'st thou fly the coward and the slave,
And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave.

Thus, by an act of *self-murder*, or of *madness*, a young lady, in the 23d year of her age, in the full possession of personal charms, sensibility, and virtue, lost her life, by an unhappy infatuation to a fashionable vice.

O cards! ye vain diverters of our woe!
Ye waste of life! ye greatest curse below!
May beauty never fall again your slave,
Nor your delusion thus destroy the brave.

ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT,

LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

IN his last illness, the King endured many restless nights: it was his custom to converse with the servant who sat up with him, by way of entertainment. He said, one night, "I cannot enjoy the least repose—do relate something to me." The poor servant, an honest young Pomeranian, was doubtless at a loss how to amuse the King, wherefore he kindly furnished him with a subject, by asking, "From whence do you come?" "From a little village in Lower Pomerania." "Are your parents living?" "An aged mother." "How does she maintain herself?" "By spinning." "How much does she gain daily by it?"—"Sixpence." "But she cannot live well on that?" "In Pomerania it is cheap living." "Did you never send her any thing?" "O yes! I have sent

sent her at different times a few dollars." "That was bravely done, you are a good boy. You have a deal of trouble with me—have patience—I shall endeavour to lay something by for you, if you behave well." Thus the conversation ended. A few nights after, it being again the Pomeranian's turn to sit up with the King, he called him to his bed-side, and said, "Look in that window, and you will find something which I have laid by for you." The lad seeing many pieces of gold, was doubtful whether to take them all: at last he went to the King, with two in his hand, and said, "Am I to have these?" "Yes," replied the good monarch, "all of them, and your mother has received some likewise." The boy on enquiry heard, to his great joy and surprize, she had 100 rix dollars settled on her for life.

THE IGNORANCE OF MAN,^x

WITH REGARD TO THE GENERAL LAWS OF THE UNIVERSE, A REASON WHY HE SHOULD BE CONTENTED WITH HIS PRESENT STATE.

SAY first, of God above, or man below,
 What can we reason, but from what we know!
 Of man, what see we but his station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer?
 Thro' worlds unnumber'd, tho' the God be known,
 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
 He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
 Observe how system into system runs,
 What other planets circle other suns,
 What varied being peoples ev'ry star,
 May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.

^x Alex. Pope: Essay on Man, Epistle i., line 17 et seq.

But

But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd thro' ? or can a part contain the whole ?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God or thee ?

Prefumptuous man ! the reason would'st thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind ?
First, if thou can'st, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less ?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade ?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove ?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confess'd
That wisdom infinite must form the best.
Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree ;
Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There must be somewhere, such a rank as man :
And all the question, (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has placed him wrong ?

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain ;
In God's, one single can its end produce ;
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal ;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains,
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
 When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
 Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's god:
 Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
 His actions, passions, being, use and end;
 Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
 This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not man's imperfect; Heav'n in fault;
 Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought:
 His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;
 His time a moment, and a point his space.
 If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
 What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
 The blest to-day is as completely so,
 As who began a thousand years ago.

THE ANGEL AND THE HERMIT.

A Certain person had embraced the life of a hermit from his earliest years. It often happens that alone, in a wood, one may enjoy more happiness than in the society of a convent, or even than in that of the wide world. This hermit, for a long course of years, had mortified himself and fasted, to purify his soul. Watching and labour, heat and cold, all extremes were grown familiar to him; but after so long a penitence, he began at last to think that he had not been sufficiently recompensed by God, and to murmur that he had not been raised to one of those enviable conditions to which he was often a witness when gathering his food. "What!" said he, "does the Almighty load with blessings such persons as neglect him, and leave another that serves him faithfully in wretchedness

wretchedness and want? Why did he not create the world an equal benefit to all mankind? why so unequal a partition of good and evil? so strange a distribution confounds me!

As the good man, in the course of his reclusive life, had acquired but little experience, this consideration gave him much embarrassment. He was indeed so much puzzled by it, that he resolved at last to visit the world, and to seek for a solution of his doubts. He accordingly took a staff and set forward on his journey.

He had proceeded but a little way from his cell, when he was met by a young man, of a very agreeable mien and well-proportioned figure, holding a javelin in his hand. His dress was that of a serjeant at arms, and he seemed to belong to the train of some rich Lord. It was an Angel, who had concealed himself in that disguise, in order to pass undiscovered. They saluted each other and entered into conversation. "Who is your master," said the Hermit? "Sir, it is he who is Master of the whole world." "For a certainty, you could not have a better. And where are you going thus equipped?" "I have in this quarter a great variety of acquaintance, and I am going to visit them. But it is disagreeable to travel alone, and I wish to have some person to accompany me. You will confer a lasting obligation on me, if you will do me that favour." The hermit, whose project would be greatly facilitated by such visits, readily agreed to the proposal; and they proceeded together.

The night overtook them, before they could get clear of the wood.—Fortunately they descried a hermitage, whither they went to beg a lodging. The hermit gave them as good a reception as his hut could afford; he spread great plenty of his frugal fare before them; but when they came to say grace, the travellers remarked, that instead of praying like them, the hermit was busy in wiping and rubbing a cup made of curious wood, which he kept by him, and drank out of during the repast.

The angel observed where he laid it up; and rising softly in the night, took and hid it: and the next morning, on setting off, without saying a word, carried it along with him. On the road he mentioned the circum-

stance to his companion, who was quite indignant at his behaviour, and wanted to go back and return the cup to the hermit. "Hold," said the angel; "I have my reasons for acting in this manner; and you shall in due time be made acquainted with them. Perhaps you may have further motives hereafter for wondering at my conduct; but know that whatever you see me do, it is not without sufficient cause, and remember that you be not scandalized at it." The hermit on this reproof was silent: he bowed and pursued his journey.

A prodigious fall of rain, which continued the whole day, wet them entirely through their cloaths, they not being able to obtain any shelter. Night being come, fatigued and half dead with cold, they entered a town; and as neither of them had money, they were obliged to go from house to house, asking in the name of God for an asylum. Every where they met with a refusal, for as we observe people in general love money still better than they do God, the case was much the same at that time. The rain still pouring down, they thought it best to go and take their seat upon the ground, under a flight of stone steps.

These steps formed part of a tolerably handsome house belonging to an old usurer, a very rich man, but one who would not part with a farthing to get his father into Paradise. The avaricious landlord shewed his head for a moment at the window; when our travellers representing to him the sad condition they were in, supplicated him through charity to grant them a place to lie in. He made them no answer; but shut the window and retired.

"Brother," said the Angel, "let us remain here, since we can procure no better accommodation; this pent-house will at least protect us from the rain." But a female servant, who overheard their complaints and came to examine the cause, admitted them into the house. She gave them a little straw, and they lay down upon it, under the staircase. A few minutes afterwards, she brought them a small dish of pease, the remains of the miser's supper; and in this manner they passed the night, without fire, without light, and almost perishing with cold and moisture.

On

On the dawn of day, the hermit wanted to depart." "No," said the angel; "I will not go away, till I have taken leave of my host and thanked him for his hospitality." He went immediately to find him, and, as a mark of his gratitude, begged his acceptance of a small present; which was no other than the cup which he had stolen the day before from the hermit. The usurer did not hesitate to accept it. He wished them a good journey, and assured them that if, on their return, they brought him some other trifling boon, they should be provided with the same lodging.

When they were clear of the town, the hermit could not help declaring his astonishment to his companion: "You want to put me to the proof, I imagine," said he, "when you behave in this strange manner! you steal from that good old man who entertained us so hospitably, merely to give to that blood-sucker who denied us shelter. Is it your maxim to act in opposition to the practice of other men?"—"I have already warned you to be circumspect in your conclusions," answered the angel; "consider you have passed all your life in woods, and that you have had no experience of the world. Once more I desire you to follow me, and be surprized at nothing."

The third night they went to take up their lodging in a rich monastery. They were received charitably, and served with abundance; but the next morning, the angel before his departure set fire to the straw of his bed, and took off his companion along with him. As they were ascending a hill, at some distance, he desired the hermit to turn his head and look behind them. By this time the flames had reached the battlements of the monastery; all was on fire. The hermit, at the sight, threw out a loud cry, "Wretch that I am! behold me now an incendiary! whither shall I fly? where hide myself?" In saying which he rolled himself upon the earth, struck his breast, and cursed the hour when he fell in with a man so abominable. "It is in vain that I warn you," said the angel; "you again relapse into your former error: but for the last time I caution you to be attentive and follow me peaceably."

He was at no loss for a lodging that night, but took up his abode, with the hermit, at the house of a reputable tradesman. This was a respectable old man, grown grey with years; he lived in a pious manner with his wife, whom he loved tenderly, and a child of ten years, the only product of his marriage, and the consolation of his age. He prepared an entertainment for his guests, himself washed their feet, insisted on their eating with him at table; and the next day at parting, embraced them, and bade them a kind adieu.

To gain the high road it was necessary for them to pass through the whole town, and to cross a river by which it was bounded on one side.—The Angel pretended that he was not well acquainted with the streets, prevailed on the good man to permit his son to accompany them as far as the bridge, and put them in the right road. The zealous host went immediately and awakened the boy; who got up with alacrity to attend the two travellers. But when they came upon the bridge, and the boy was taking leave of them, the Angel, giving him a sudden push, plunged the youth headlong into the river, where he was swallowed up and disappeared. “I am satisfied with what I have done; are you also contented?” said he to the hermit. This last, at hearing his words, seized with dismay and terror, began to run with all his might, and never stopped till he had got a considerable way into the country. There he sat down to fetch breath, and to lament his fate. What have I been doing? unhappy, miserable mortal! I abandoned my cell, where I might have served God all my life in peace; and he has, as a punishment for my folly, delivered me over to a *dæmon*, and made me an accomplice of his hellish crimes!”

He was about to proceed in his lamentation, when the Angel, who had followed him to set him right, instantly appeared, and addressed him as follows: “Friend, listen to me. The mysterious plans of the Almighty on earth gave you offence in your cell. You dared to call in question his wisdom, and to prepare yourself to consult earthly beings, and to endeavour founding the impenetrable abyss of his councils. You had perished that moment, if his justice had given you up. But he was disposed to employ

employ an angel to enlighten you; and it is I who have been charged with that duty. In vain have I endeavoured to shew you that world which you fought without knowing it: my lessons have not been understood; and I must explain myself more clearly."

He then entered into the particulars of his conduct, and the explanation of his motives for acting in the manner he had done. He spoke of the puerile attachment of the hermit for his cup. "You saw," said he, "that vile object occupy his heart, and make him forget the holy obligation of prayer. Henceforward, now that he is deprived of it, his mind, free from all other affections, may be entirely devoted to God. I gave the usurer the cup, as a return for the reception he was obliged to give us at his house; because God leaves no good action unrewarded; but it is the only recompence that man will receive: his avarice will one day be punished. The Monks, whose convent I reduced to ashes, were at first poor and laborious, and consequently led an exemplary life. Enriched by the indiscreet liberalities of believers, they have been corrupted; for it is a misfortune in Monks to be rich. In that palace which they had erected for their abode, their whole time was occupied in schemes for extending their possessions, or in intrigues to supplant each other in the offices of the monastery. If they appeared in their hall, it was only to hear tales, or to pass their time in trifling amusements. Institutions, rules, church regulations, duties, all were neglected. God, to correct them, thought proper to reduce them to their former poverty. They will rebuild a monastery that will be less magnificent; this work will afford subsistence to many labourers and poor artists; and they themselves, being obliged as in their first state to cultivate the earth, will become possessed of more humility and goodness."

"You force my approbation of your conduct," answered the hermit; "but why did you destroy that innocent child, who seemed so eager to render us a service? why deprive of its only comfort the old age of that respectable man, whose benevolence we experienced?" "That old man, by whom we were received only because I took the shape of one whom he knew,

knew, had for thirty years been employed in acts of charity. Never did the poor present themselves in vain at his door; he even stinted himself to supply them. But since he has had a son, and particularly since that son had begun to grow up, his blind fondness urging him to amass a large patrimony for the youth to inherit, he has become austere and avaricious. Day and night his thoughts have been engaged on profit; and soon he would have laid aside all sense of shame, and turned usurer. The child, dying in innocence, has been received in heaven; the father having no longer any motive for avarice, will recur to his old praiseworthy maxims; both will be saved; and without what you called an atrocious crime both of them had perished. Such are the secret designs of God, since you wish to know them. But remember that you called them in question; repair to your cell and repent. For my part I must return to heaven."

In saying these last words, the Angel threw off his earthly disguise, and disappeared. The hermit, prostrating his face upon the earth, thanked the Almighty for his paternal reprimand. He then returned to his hermitage; where he passed the remainder of his days in so much sanctity, that he merited not only forgiveness of his error, but also the recompence promised to a virtuous life.

ODE TO REFLECTION.

'TWAS when Nature's darling child,
 Flora, fann'd by zephyrs mild,
 The gorgeous canopy outspread
 O'er the sun's declining head,
 Winding from the buzz of day,
 Thus a bard attun'd his lay:
 Noblest gifts to mortals given,
 Bright reflexion! child of Heav'n,

Goddes

Goddess of the speaking eye,
 Glancing thro' eternity,
 Rob'd in intellectual light,
 Come, with all thy charms bedight :
 Tho' nor fame nor splendid worth
 Mark thy humble vot'ry's birth,
 Snatch'd by thee from cank'ring care,
 I defy the fiend Despair ;
 All the joys that Bacchus loves,
 All inglorious pleasure proves ;
 All the fleeting modish toys
 Buoy'd by Folly's frantic noise,
 All, except the sacred lore,
 Flowing from thy boundless store !
 For when thy bright form appears,
 Even wild confusion hears ;
 Chaos glows, impervious Night
 Shrinks from thy all-piercing sight :
 Yet ! alas ! what vain extremes
 Mortals prove in Error's schemes,
 Sunk profound in torpor's trance,
 Or with levity they dance ;
 Or in murmurs deep, the soul
 Thinks it's bliss beyond the pole,
 Bounding swift o'er time and place,
 Vacant still thro' boundless space,
 Leaving happiness at home ;
 Thus the mental vagrants roam.
 But when thou, with sober mien
 Deign'st to bless this wayward scene,
 Like Aurora shining clear,
 O'er th' ideal hemisphere ;

Who

Who but hears a soothing strain
 Warbling "Heav'n's ways are plain?"
 Who but hears the charmer say,
 "These obscure the living ray?"
 Self-love, the foulest imp of night,
 That ever stain'd the virgin light;
 Coward wretch, who shuns to share,
 Or soothe the woes which others bear;
 Envy, with an eagle's eye,
 Scandal's tales that never die;
 Int'rest vile with countless tongues,
 Trembling for ideal wrongs;
 Flatt'ry base, with supple knee,
 Cringing low servility;
 Prejudice, with eyes askew,
 Still suspecting aught that's new;
 Would but men from these refrain,
 Eden's bowers would bloom again;
 Doubts in embryo melt away,
 Truth's eternal sun-beams play.

WHAT HAVE YE DONE?

WHEN the Philosophers of the last age were first congregated into the Royal Society, great expectations were raised of the sudden progress of useful arts; the time was supposed to be near when engines should turn by a perpetual motion, and health be secured by the universal medicine; when learning should be facilitated by a real character, and commerce extended by ships which could reach their ports in defiance of the tempest.

But

But improvement is naturally slow. The Society met and parted without any visible diminution of the miseries of life. The gout and stone were still painful, the ground that was not ploughed brought no harvest, and neither oranges nor grapes would grow upon the hawthorn. At last, those who were disappointed began to be angry; those likewise who hated innovation were glad to gain an opportunity of ridiculing men who had depreciated, perhaps with too much arrogance, the knowledge of antiquity. And it appears, from some of their earliest apologies, that the Philosophers felt, with great sensibility, the unwelcome importunities of those who were daily asking "What have ye done?"

The truth is, that little had been done compared with what fame had been suffered to promise; and the question could only be answered by general apologies, and by new hopes, which, when they were frustrated, gave a new occasion to the same vexatious enquiry.

This fatal question has disturbed the quiet of many other minds. He that in the latter part of his life too strictly enquires what he has done, can very seldom receive from his own heart such an account as will give him satisfaction.

We do not indeed so often disappoint others as ourselves. We not only think more highly than others of our own abilities, but allow ourselves to form hopes which we never communicate, and please our thoughts with employments which none ever will allot us, and with elevations to which we are never expected to rise; and when our days and years are passed away in common business or common amusements, and we find at last that we have suffered our purposes to sleep till the time of action is past, we are reproached only by our own reflections; neither our friends nor our enemies wonder that we live and die like the rest of mankind; that we live without notice, and die without memorial: they know not what task we had proposed, and therefore cannot discern whether it is finished.

He that compares what he has done with what he has left undone, will feel the effect which must always follow the comparison of imagination

with reality; he will look with contempt on his own unimportance, and wonder to what purpose he came into the world; he will repine that he shall leave behind him no evidence of his having been, that he has added nothing to the system of life, but has glided from youth to age among the crowd, without any effort for distinction.

Man is seldom willing to let fall the opinion of his own dignity, or to believe that he does little only because every individual is a very little being. He is better content to want diligence than power, and sooner confesses the depravity of his will than the imbecility of his nature.

From this mistaken notion of human greatness it proceeds, that many who pretend to have made great advances in wisdom so loudly declare that they despise themselves. If I had ever found any of the self-contemnners much irritated or pained by the consciousness of their meanness, I should have given them consolation by observing, that a little more than nothing is as much as can be expected from a being, who, with respect to the multitudes about him, is himself little more than nothing. Every man is obliged, by the supreme Master of the Universe, to improve all the opportunities of good which are afforded him, and to keep in continual activity such abilities as are bestowed upon him. But he has no reason to repine, though his abilities are small, and his opportunities few. He that has improved the virtue or advanced the happiness of one fellow-creature, he that has ascertained a single moral proposition, or added one useful experiment to natural knowledge, may be contented with his own performance, and, with respect to mortals like himself, may demand, like *Augustus*, to be dismissed at his departure with applause.

ANECDOTE.

WHEN Field-Marshal FRETAG was taken prisoner at Rexpoede, the French Hussar who seized him, perceiving that he had a valuable watch, said, "Give me your watch:" The Marshal instantly complied with

with the demand of his captor. A short time after, when he was liberated by General WALMODEN, and the French Hussar had become a prisoner in his turn, the latter, with great unconcern, pulled the Marshal's watch out of his pocket, and presenting it to him, said, "Since fate has turned against me, take back this watch, it belonged to you, and it would not be so well to let others strip me of it."

Marshal FRETAG, admiring this principled conduct of the *Sans Culotte*, who did not know him, took back the watch, and immediately after presented it to the Frenchman, saying, "Keep the watch; it shall not be mine, for I have been your prisoner."

TO THE NOBILITY, GENTRY, &c.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF

WANT AND MISERY.

WHILE thro' the drear of frost and snow,
Shiv'ring and starving now we go,

O cast a tender eye!

For this good end your wealth was giv'n;

You are the delegates of Heav'n,

To stop the heart-felt sigh!

While cloth'd in fur you stand elate,

You cannot feel our wretched state,

You cannot form our woe;

Yet must each sympathetic breast,

When once it hears how we're distress'd,

And how forlorn we go,

When cold and hunger both prevail,

And both with equal force assail

To wound a mortal frame,

Bring to each mind a horrid view,
 A scene as horrid as 'tis true,
 And almost wants a name.
 The parent hears his offspring cry,
 The children watch the parent's eye,
 And catch the falling tear;
 They echo back each dismal groan,
 'Till soon one universal moan
 And sorrow rends the air.
 Tho' worthless objects may be found,
 Who justly feel the piercing wound,
 Yet be their faults their own;
 Leave them to Heav'n while you dispense
 Those blessings you've receiv'd from thence,
 And gain th' immortal crown.
 How many pray'rs you'll then obtain!
 How many blessings not in vain,
 Unworthily bestow'd!
 From morn to night, from night to day,
 Poor Want and Misery will pray,
 To bless the great and good.

SPIRITUAL FELICITY.

WITH regard to Spiritual Felicity, we are not confined to humble views.—Clear and determinate objects are proposed to our pursuits, and full scope is given to our most ardent desires. The forgiveness of our sins, and God's holy grace to guide our life; the protection and favour of the great Father of all, of the blessed Redeemer of mankind, and of the spirit of sanctification and comfort; these are objects in the pursuit of which there is no room for hesitation and distrust.

Had

Had Providence spread an equal obscurity over happiness of every kind, we might have had some reason to complain of the vanity of our condition. But we are not left to so hard a fate. The Son of God hath removed that veil which covered true bliss from the search of wandering mortals, and hath taught them the way which leads to eternal life.

AN ESSAY
ON THE
OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT.

HAIL sacred pages! Oracles divine,
Here law and gospel in coalition join,
To teach the world of nature (this short plan),
Man's duty to his God, God's love to man.
Moses, the prophet, was of old inspir'd,
To write the law as God the Lord requir'd;
To be observ'd by all the Jewish train;
Bulls, rams and goats, were on their altars slain;
Kids, lambs, and heifers, thus resign'd their breath,
And shew'd by faith, Messiah's wond'rous death.
By faith the patr'archs gain'd their blest abode,
(With saints and angels they enjoy'd their God;)
Trusting in the Redeemer yet to come,
T' appear in flesh from the blest virgin's womb;
To save rebellious man from wrath below,
And crown immortal on their heads bestow.
Hark!—Hark! what joys serene accosts my ear?
The night's far spent, I think the dawn appear;
Peep out my soul of thy bewilder'd state,
And catch the heav'n-born news ere it grows late.

Spring

Spring from my breast in raptures! oh the thought!
 Behold good tidings of great joy is brought;
 Which shall be to all people their reward,
 A Saviour's born, no less than Christ the Lord.
 The glorious heav'nly host, on rapid wing,
 Sang praises to the God of Israel's King,
 Who dwells on high; peace ever be on earth,
 Good-will to men summ'd up their godly mirth.
 Then swift as thought fled to the realms above,
 With tidings of salvation, peace and love,
 Thus good old Simeon did the child embrace,
 Now let thy servant, Lord, depart in peace;
 My lifted eyes hath thy salvation seen,
 A light prepared to light the Gentiles in.
 With heavenly raptures! lo, his soul was fill'd,
 And to Death's cold embraces then did yield.
 Jesus in wisdom daily did increase,
 Esteem'd by God and man, great Prince of Peace;
 His precepts far excell'd all human thought,
 Which he affirm'd by th' miracles he wrought,
 Casting out devils; by his pow'rful might,
 He rais'd the dead, restor'd the blind to sight.
 Whilst impious Jews, who, with malignant strife,
 Disown'd their King, enrag'd, they fought his life,
 Christ in the agonizing garden pray'd,
 To have this bitter cup remov'd, then said;
 O Father, not my will, but thine be done,
 Whilst drops of blood from his blest cheeks did run.
 While thus he spake, a multitude appear'd,
 With swords and staves these caitiffs were prepar'd,
 Then perjurd Judas in their front drew nigh,
 And with a kiss betray'd his Lord most high.

Into

Into the hands of sinners, lo, he's hurl'd,
 As if the greatest sinner in the world;
 Beat and insulted by this rabble crowd,
 Accus'd with blasphemy, and mock'd aloud;
 Dress'd in a purple robe which Herod found,
 With thorns his glorious sacred head was crown'd.
 When at the bar of men Christ was arraign'd,
 Their witness prov'd absurd, and counsel feign'd;
 Thrice Pilate did his innocence declare,
 In this just man no fault at all appear.
 Whilst Jews like Dæmons vent their cruel rage,
 Cry'd out for blood, their brutish thirst t' assuage.
 Pilate, through fear a tumult would arise,
 Join'd with these miscreants, and receiv'd their lies;
 A murd'ring robber by him was set free,
 That Christ might die on the accursed tree.
 (View, O my soul! thy Saviour thus abus'd,
 Make no reply tho' impiously accus'd!
 He's lowly, meek, and calm on ev'ry side,
 Learn thou from hence to mortify thy pride.)
 Behold him on the cross resign his breath,
 And bow his glorious sacred head to death.
 Stupendous condescension! love and grace,
 That God the Son did thus himself abase!
 He left his father's bosom to assume
 Our mortal rags, and suffer'd in our room;
 He shed his precious blood to satisfy
 His father's justice, and bring sinners nigh
 To God the Father; in, and through the Son,
 We're justified by faith in him alone.
 Within the silent tomb awhile he lay,
 Conceal'd by death, 'till the third glorious day;

On which he rose triumphant from below,
 Wreath'd with a crown immortal on his brow.
 He burst the bonds of death, the grave, and hell;
 Beneath his pow'r their mightiest efforts fell.
 The mighty Conqu'ror up the ætherial sky
 Ascended, to the blissful realms on high;
 Upon a throne of grace, at God's right hand,
 He ever lives; there pleads for sinful man,
 Till the dissolving heav'ns with fire abound,
 And clashing elements their noise resound;
 The sun be darken'd, and the earth be burn'd,
 The moon to blood oblit'rately be turn'd;
 He'll then descend from Heav'n in glorious state,
 And summons all t'appear both small and great.
 Their scatter'd dust, which hath for ages lain,
 Shall then be join'd and rais'd to life again,
 To hear their final everlasting doom,
 From him who knows all things, past, present, and to come.
 Happy! thrice happy they who serv'd the Lord,
 But sinners will receive their just reward.

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.

WHEN Dr. Johnson had an audience of the King, by appointment, in the Queen's library, in the course of conversation his Majesty asked him, "why he did not continue writing?" "Why, Sire," says Johnson, "I thought I had written enough!" "So should I have thought too, Doctor," replied the King, "if you had not written so well."

A PRAYER of the late EMPEROR of GERMANY.

O THOU eternal, incomprehensible Being, who art the fountain of mercy, and the source of love; thy sun lights equally the Christian and the Atheist; thy showers equally nourish the fields of the believers and the infidels: the seed of virtue is sown even in the heart of the impious and the heretic. From Thee, I learn, therefore, that diversity of opinions does not prevent Thee from being a beneficent Father to all mankind. Shall I, then, thy feeble creature, be less indulgent? Shall I not permit my subjects to adore Thee in whatever manner they please? Shall I persecute those who differ from me in point of thinking? Shall I spread my religion with the point of my sword? O Thou! whose mighty power and ineffable love embrace the universe, grant that such erroneous principles may never harbour in my breast! I will try to be like Thee as far as human efforts can approach infinite perfection; I will be as indulgent as Thou to all men whose tenets differ from mine, and all unnatural compulsions in point of conscience shall be banished for ever from my kingdom. Where is the religion that does not instruct us to love virtue, and to detest vice? Let all religions, therefore, be tolerated. Let all mankind pay their worship to Thee, Thou Eternal Being! in the manner they think best. Does an error in the judgment deserve expulsion from society? and is force the proper way to win the heart, or bring the swerving mind to a proper sense of religion? Let the shameful chains of religious tyranny be parted asunder, and the sweet bonds of fraternal amity unite all my subjects for ever. I am sensible that many difficulties will occur to me in this bold attempt; and that most of them will be thrown in my way by those very persons who style themselves thy ministers: But may thy almighty power never forsake me! O Thou eternal and incomprehensible Being! fortify my holy resolutions with thy love, that I may surmount every obstacle; and let that law of our Divine Master, which inculcates charity and patience, be always impressed upon my heart. *Amen.*

An ANECDOTE

RELATING EDUCATION IN THE DAYS OF ALFRED AND CHARLEMAGNE.

BOTH Alfred and Charlemagne provided masters for their sons, as soon as ever their tender age would allow it; and had them carefully trained up in the equal discipline of arms and hunting, and while these were the principal objects of their active life, Charlemagne was never taught to write, nor Alfred to read till he was thirty-eight, and the former continued unable to write as long as he lived.

The FOLLY of FREE-THINKING:

AN ANECDOTE.

× **T**HE late Mr. Mallet was a great Freethinker, and a very free speaker of his free thoughts. He made no scruple to disseminate his opinions whenever he could introduce them. At his own table, the lady of the house (who was a staunch advocate for her husband's opinions) would often, in the warmth of argument, say, 'Sir, we Deists.' The lecture upon the non-credence of the Freethinkers was repeated so often, and urged with so much earnestness, that the inferior domestics became soon as able disputants as the heads of the family. The fellow who waited at table, being thoroughly convinced that for any of his misdeeds he should have no after-account to make, was resolved to profit by the doctrine, and made off with many things of value, particularly the plate. Luckily he was so closely pursued, that he was brought back with his prey to his master's house, who examined him before some select friends. At first the man was sullen, and would answer no questions; but, being urged to give a reason for his infamous behaviour, he resolutely said, 'Sir, I had heard you so often talk of the impossibility of a future state, and that

after

× David Mallet (or Malloch), 1698-1765.

after death there was no reward for virtue, or punishment for vice, that I was tempted to commit the robbery.' "Well; but you rascal," replied Mallet, "had you no fear of the gallows?" 'Sir,' said the fellow, looking sternly at his master, 'what is that to you, if I had a mind to venture that? You had removed my greatest terror; why should I fear the least?'

ANECDOTE.

DURING the election in 1780, a clergyman near Chichester, having hired a servant, a very simple fellow, as a footman, &c. and having a certain noble Duke as a visitor, the Clergyman prepared his man, (unaccustomed as he was to polite address) by telling him, that whenever the nobleman came he was to say, "His Grace." The nobleman calling a few days afterwards, the servant abovementioned came out, and when asked, if his master was at home, the rustic said, "Sanctify, O Lord, we beseech thee, these thy good creatures, &c." At which the nobleman admiring, and guessing that the fellow was either drunk or mad, got out of his carriage, giving the fellow a present, who received it, saying, "For what we have received, the Lord make us truly thankful."

ANECDOTE of BOYCE. (*Samuel?*)

WHEN Boyce, author of some very elegant verses, was almost perishing with hunger, being relieved by Dr. Johnson, who gave him a guinea to buy a piece of beef, and procure other necessaries, he could not eat it without ketchup, and laid out the last half guinea he possessed in truffles and mushrooms, eating them in bed too, for want of cloaths, or even a shirt to sit up in.

Singular and laughable Instance of IGNORANCE.

DOctor Johnson, whilst he was a teacher of youth, had two very good classick scholars, yet, it was thought necessary that something more familiar should be known, and he bid them read the History of England. After a few months had elapsed, he asked them, "if they could recollect who first destroyed the monasteries in our island? One modestly replied, that he did not know; the other said, Jesus Christ.

A HYMN to the MORNING.

DAughter of Heav'n! Aurora, rise,
Thy cheering course to run,
With lustre crimson o'er the skies,
And usher in the sun.

Thy balmy breath's refreshing pow'r
Shall soon revive the plain;
Awake the sweets of ev'ry flow'r,
And gladden ev'ry strain.

The virgin, yet untaught to sigh,
Shall lightly tread the vale;
And raise with joy the tearless eye,
To bid thy presence hail.

Come, modest maid, with blushes speak,
In all thy roses drest;
Diffusing health to ev'ry cheek,
And peace on ev'ry breast.

Come,

Come, Morning! come, which heav'n design'd
 Its choicest gifts to bear;
 And kindly teach the human mind
 To worship and revere.

In wonder wrapt let nature stand,
 To think how much she owes;
 And learn to praise the gracious hand,
 From whence the blessing flows.

An ESSAY on LIGHT.

WHEN God had spoken into being that illustrious globe of Light, the Sun, every dark orb in the new-created system was so illuminated, as to exhibit to its future inhabitants the vast variety of entertaining wonders, with which the creation was to be replenished.

Light, indeed, according to the Mosaic account, existed antecedent to the creation of the sun, and the yet imperfect world, without that bright luminary, enjoyed an alternate succession of day and night.—God himself enlightened it, his spirit moved upon the surface of the chaotic mass, and divided the light from the darkness.

When these divine beams were suspended, the same almighty power was pleased to supply their want by fixing the sun in the mighty void to give light upon the earth; whereas, if the world had been left in its original state, our very eyes would have been but a useless ornament, and all the beauties about us for ever buried in eternal night.

But in obedience to God's command, the solar rays stream swiftly from their blazing fountain, and, by a regular and constant flow, always illuminate one half of the rolling world: their motion is so swift, and their
 quantity

quantity of matter so minute, that when they come within the sphere, they are out of the force of the earth's attraction; otherwise they would actually move about her with a compound motion, and make a perpetual sunshine.

Many of these rambling effluvia, in their passage from the sun, unavoidably miss our world, travel on from system to system, and lose themselves in the pathless regions of empty space; but here they never stream in vain; like so many ready obsequious servants they visit every object, fly to us unasked, and pleasantly entertain us every moment with the endearing beauties of the gay creation.

A Certain astronomer was contemplating the moon through his telescope, and tracing the extent of the seas, the height of the mountains, and the number of habitable territories which she contains. Let him spy what he pleases, said a clown to his companions; he is not nearer to the moon than we are.

ANECDOTE.

1759. / **W**HEN George the Second proposed giving the command of the expedition against Quebec to General Wolfe, great objections were raised; and the Duke of N——, in particular, begged his Majesty to consider, that the man was actually mad. "If he be mad, so much the better," replied the King, "as in that case, I hope to God he'll bite some of my Generals."

MR.

MR. Morlan, first physician to the Dukes of Burgundy, going one day to the Prince's with a sword, was jocose upon his adjustment, and said, "Monseigneur, do not you think I resemble Captain Spezzaferro of the Italian comedy?" "It is impossible to resemble himself," answered the Prince, "Spezzaferro never killed any body."

The following melancholy Accident shews that a TYGER is not always deterred from approaching FIRE.

A Small vessel from Ganjam to Calcutta, being longer on her passage than was expected, ran out of provisions and water: Being near the Sugar Island, the Europeans, six in number, went on shore in search of refreshments, there being some cocoa nuts on the island, in quest of which they strayed a considerable way inland. Night coming on, and the vessel being at a distance, it was thought more safe to take up their night's lodging in the ruins of an old pagoda, than to return to the vessel. A large fire was lighted, and an agreement made, that two of the number should keep watch by turns, to alarm the rest in case of danger, which they had reason to apprehend from the wild appearance of the place. It happened to fall to the lot of one Dawson, late a silversmith and engraver in Calcutta, to be one of the watch. In the night, a tyger darted over the fire, upon this unfortunate young man, and in springing off with him, struck its head against the side of the pagoda, which made it and its prey rebound upon the fire, on which they rolled one over another once or twice before he was carried off. In the morning, the thigh-bones and legs of the unfortunate victim were found at some distance, the former stript of its flesh, and the latter shockingly mangled.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE

OF FREDERICK THE GREAT, LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

KING Frederick William the First ordered our hero once to sit before the court painter, Huber, in order to have his likeness, with the rest of the family, which were designed for a present. However unwilling, the Prince was obliged to obey his father's commands. He therefore went to Huber, sat down, took his flute from his pocket, played a tune, and got up, saying, "Tell my father I have been sitting," and went away. He seemed to have a dislike against Huber; for some years after his accession to the throne, the conversation turning on painters, Huber's name was mentioned: "I do not know him," said the King, "perhaps he may have painted a gateway after the life."

ANECDOTE

OF AN INNKEEPER IN A VILLAGE NEAR NORFOLK.

A Well-known Miser, from London, riding through the village, asked the Innkeeper, who was standing at his door, if he could give him some tea, adding, I suppose since the commutation act, instead of paying eight-pence, you can give one plenty of bread, butter, and tea, for six-pence. The host took the traveller by the hand, and led him into a room, where all the windows were walled up; "Are you willing," said he, "to pay for the candles?"

SICKNESS

SICKNESS not always a MISFORTUNE:

ILLUSTRATED IN THE HISTORY OF OZIBAH,

AN EASTERN TALE.

OZIBAH, Caliph of Persia, reigned in all the magnificence, unmanly ease, and effeminate delights, so conspicuous in the palaces of the Monarchs of the East. Buried beneath the impenetrable veil of pleasure, neither the groans of his subjects, oppressed by wicked magistrates; the cries of the orphans, whom the savage banditti of the mountains had wantonly deprived of their parents; nor the melting tears of the widows stripped and exposed to the miseries of despair, could find admittance. But though the most complicated scenes of human misery were disregarded, yet the tremendous hand of Providence no sooner visibly appeared, than the Monarch trembled on his throne; these delusive scenes of pleasure, which had so long bewitched him, he beheld with horror and detestation, and those objects which he had hitherto beheld with contempt, now appeared only worthy of his attention.

Sickness seized this voluptuous Caliph, and the angel of death stared him tremendously in the face. Where could he flee for succour, or to whom could he petition with any hopes of success? Virtue he had despised, neglected justice, and laughed at the precepts of religion. To the latter, however, he had recourse, and dispatched a messenger to the venerable Abdallah, who was a constant votary at the holy shrine in the temple at Mecca.

His arrival being notified to the Caliph, he ordered him to be brought into his presence: No sooner did this venerable man enter the chamber of Ozibah, than he cried out, "Glory eternal to the King, whose dominions are safe from decay, and whose kingdom is everlasting. The extent of the heavens, and the boundaries of the earth, are but minute parts

of his creation ; and infinite space but a small point of his productions. He has regulated the order of the universe, and the government of the sons of Adam, by the understanding of kings who exercise justice. By his decrees the ties of love, and the bonds of affection, are fastened ; and he has implanted, in the various beings and creatures of his workmanship, the passion of inclination and union, with a mutual tendency to society ; and praises without end are due to the souls of the prophets, who walked in the paths of righteousness, and directed the way to obtain everlasting felicity. But thou, O mighty Monarch of the East, hast chosen the paths of pleasure instead of virtue, and obeyed the irregular fallies of thine appetite, in opposition to the precepts of religion. For this the arrow of disease was shot from the bow of Omnipotence, to shew unthinking mortals how insignificant is all their boasted strength, when opposed by the arm of that Being who inhabiteth eternity.

“ But he always thinks of mercy, even in the midst of justice ; nor ever strikes, but wishes at the same time the conversion of the offender.

“ The other night returning to my cell, from trimming the midnight lamps in the holy temple at Mecca, I beheld the brilliant concave of the skies was veiled from the sight of mortals, by black and impenetrable clouds. The thunders grumbled in the distant skies, and seemed to foretell the horror of a future tempest. Scarce had I entered the door of mine habitation, than the thunder became far more loud and dreadful ; so that the rocks seemed to move, and the very foundations of the world shake. The sheets of lightning extended themselves from one side of the heavens to the other : and the torrents of water that poured down from the adjacent mountains seemed to threaten the earth with a second deluge. Surely, cried I, the avenging hand of Providence is now executing its justice on a sinful land, or the dissolution of all things is approaching.

“ As I pronounced these words, I looked up, and saw a young man sitting near me clothed in a long robe, whose whiteness equalled that of the snow on the mountains of Candahar. I stood trembling before him, but he said to me, ‘ Fear not, Abdallah, I am one of those benevolent beings
that

that watch over the children of the dust, and direct their steps in the paths of virtue. Thou art terrified at the present tempest, and canst look upon it only as the effect of the wrath of an offended Deity: whereas, wert thou acquainted with the true nature of things, thou wouldst be convinced, that it is entirely owing to his goodness and mercy. Thunder and storms are as much the works of the Father of the universe, as the fruits and flowers that enrich and adorn the earth; and he is obeyed and honoured by storms and tempests, as well as by the gentle and fragrant breath of the morning. The sun, which by his genial warmth cheers and animates the whole creation, leads us to the worship of Him who is the author of life and happiness: the light, which embellishes and adorns every part of the universe, is a lively representation of him who is the very essence of beauty and comeliness; the rivers, the forests, the verdure, and fruits of the earth, all declare his goodness, and are so many instances of his bounty towards the children of men. But the voice of his thunder is appointed to awaken those who either abuse or disregard his blessings, and to bring them to a sense of their duty and dependance on him. But storms are not only designed as a lesson of instruction; for they also of themselves produce very happy effects, by purging and cleansing the air of any impurities, or unwholesome vapours, that too long a stagnation might occasion; by destroying those swarms of insects, which, though useful in some respects, yet would prove prejudicial to mankind. Thus are these objects of terror only instruments in the hands of Omnipotence, whereby he produces the most salutary effects.' Saying this, he rose up, and left me to reflect on what he had delivered.

" And now, O mighty Ruler of this extensive Empire, let me intreat you to look upon this affliction, as intended by the beneficent Father of Nature, as an earnest of his good-will; and as I was taught to look upon storms and tempests, only as instruments in his hands, tending to promote the happiness of his creatures; so should we consider sickness as an instrument of the same kind, tending to make us acquainted with our own condition, the uncertainty of all earthly happiness, and cause us to

fix our desires on that true felicity, which lies beyond the grave, and whose limits are those of eternity itself."

This speech greatly pleased Ozibah, who, turning himself towards Abdallah, answered, "O Abdallah, a few days ago, I thought myself great and happy; I was fresh as the vernal rose, and strong as the cedar of the mountain; but now my strength is wasted and dried up, and joy and pleasure vanished from my sight. I rely wholly on Omnipotence; and, should he extend his arm, and raise me from the pit of destruction, I will constantly endeavour to tread the paths of virtue, and to obey the precepts of religion. The orphan shall find in me a father, the oppressed a deliverer, and the stranger a friend and protector. Return, Abdallah, to thy place, and when thou pourest out thy prayers in the holy temple of Mecca, remember Ozibah, thy king and friend."

Abdallah accordingly returned to his habitation, and soon after the King recovered from his sickness. His first care was to remove those magistrates who oppressed the people, placing in their stead men of integrity and virtue. He also regulated every thing which he found amiss in the government: nor would he permit any to approach him, unless they were lovers of virtue. By persevering in those noble actions, his kingdom soon became rich and powerful, and all his subjects happy.

An ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

DURING the King's journey to Silesia, he often slept at a Clergyman's house, without ever seeing his landlord. Being once in good-humour, he sent for the minister to talk with him. "How do you do, Doctor?" "Very bad; please your Majesty." "Well, well, things will be

be better in the other world." "Perhaps they may be worse there." "How am I to understand this?" "I will explain myself; if your Majesty has time and patience to hear me." "Pray do, it is my wish you should." "I have, Sire, two daughters, three sons, and only a small parish. Perceiving some genius in the boys, I spared no expence in their education, but sent them to a good school, and afterwards to the university; by which means I have incurred some debts. My children are become very good scholars, yet, being unprovided for, they are of course unable to make me amends for my expences. The parish revenues are rather decreased than augmented;—all my future prospects are darkened—the hope of settling my affairs is vanished—I am grown old with grief, and if death should seize me, without my observing the *suum cuique*, and paying my creditors, how dare I hope for a good reception in the other world? And'——

"Yes, yes, it is certainly a bad affair—'tis plain I shall be obliged to step in as mediator. What may be the amount of your debts?" "About 800 dollars." "If you can prove your sons have learned something, and are fit for my service, they shall be provided for. I will settle with your creditors, and your salary shall be increased, since you have educated your children for the good of the country. But where are your daughters?" "I always send them to town when your Majesty comes here with your suite." "That is prudent; let me see them to-morrow."

The next day his Majesty was told that two amiable young ladies were in the antichamber, and would not be refused admittance, insisting they had been sent for. "Oh!" said the King, "they are surely the parson's daughters:—go and fetch me a milliner, and introduce the ladies." The King found them not only handsome and lively, but of fine understandings; he conversed with them some time—bought them several expensive things—and presented them with money besides. The minister's sons, who produced very good testimonials, were provided for; the daughters soon obtained husbands;—and the King boasted of having made a parson happy in both worlds.

ANOTHER.

ANOTHER.

OUR hero was a great friend to, and very fond of children. The young Princes Von——, had always free access to him. One day writing in his cabinet, where the eldest of them was playing with a ball, it happened to fall on the table; the King threw it on the floor, and wrote on: presently after, the ball fell again on the table; he threw it away once more, and cast a serious look on the child, who promised to be more careful, and continued his play. At last the ball unfortunately fell on the very paper on which the King was writing; who, being a little out of humour, put the ball in his pocket. The little Prince humbly begged pardon, and intreated to have his ball again, which was refused. He continued sometime praying in a very piteous manner, but all in vain. At last, grown tired of asking, he placed himself before his Majesty, put his little hand to his side, and said, with a menacing look and tone, “Do you chuse, Sire, to restore the ball or not?” The King smiled, took the ball from his pocket, and gave it the Prince, with these words: “Thou art a brave fellow; Silesia will never be retaken whilst thou art alive.”

SINGULAR ANTIPATHY.

JOHN POOLE, a boy about fifteen years of age, son of a farmer, residing near Clare in Suffolk, some years ago discovered a strong antipathy to the sight of money;—no one could ever get him to accept any. As the boy was of a very bashful and timid nature, of course this constant refusal was at first imputed to his shyness.

His father then attempted to induce him to take some money, and in various ways, without success; though perfectly sensible that he could purchase

purchase with it different articles that he liked, his refusal and seeming abhorrence of money still continued the same.

An experiment was then made to try whether this refusal did not proceed, as was supposed, from bashfulness, and an idea that he ought not to take money when offered to him.

His father got some halfpence, to be put in his pocket, unknown to him. On putting his hand into his pocket, he felt them, and drawing it back with much seeming horror, he fell in strong convulsion fits, in which he continued above an hour.

Some time after, his father still wishing to overcome the antipathy, resolved to try the same experiment with some silver. The same symptoms were again exhibited, only with an increased degree of violence, that his father expected he would have died.

Of the existence of this strong antipathy, his father was so convinced, that he would not suffer any further experiments; and as many persons were witnesses to the last trial, all seemed to agree, that the repetition would in all probability be dangerous.

The POOR PILGRIM.

STOP, passenger, whoe'er thou art,
 Compassion in thy breast may glow;
 And if thou canst not alms impart,
 From pity some relief may flow.

If wayward fortune thou hast proved,
 Lift to my tale, and feel for me:
 And if thou e'er hast fondly loved,
 Let love my vindication be.

An

An outcast from an affluent home,
Where peace her downy wings display'd,
Mournful and penniless I roam—
My all within this basket laid.

Forfaken by the man I lov'd,
The man I foolishly believ'd,
I wail my fate, while he, unmov'd,
Forgets the wretch whom he deceiv'd.

Discarded by parental scorn,
Betray'd by him whom I adore,
A pilgrim, weary and forlorn,
Relief from strangers I implore.

If you, to whom I lowly kneel,
Can pity to the frail extend;
If you, for those who e'er can feel,
When spurn'd by ev'ry former friend;

Affist a pilgrim on her way,
Whose stock of bread is stale and low:
Cold blows the wind—no cheering ray
Warms my faint heart, or melts the snow.

Nor long will this unhappy form,
Nor long this breaking heart, offend:
I sink beneath affliction's storm,
And soon my shame and grief will end.

For sharper than the northern blast,
Are the repentant pangs I prove;
Hard is my fate, to mourn and fast;
But harder still—to die of love.

CASTLE-

CASTLE-BUILDING:

AN ELEGY.

GODDESS of golden dreams, whose magic power
Sheds smiles of joy o'er mis'ry's haggard face,
And lavish strews the visionary flower
To deck life's dreary paths with transient grace;

I woo thee, FANCY, from thy fairy cell,
Where 'midst the endless woes of human kind,
Wrapt in ideal bliss, thou lov'st to dwell,
And sport in happier regions unconfin'd.

Deep sunk, O goddess! in thy pleasing trance,
Oft let me seek some low sequester'd vale,
While Wisdom's self shall steal a side-long glance,
And smile contempt—but listen to thy tale.

Alas! how little do her vot'ries guess,
Those rigid truths that learned fools revere
Serve but to prove (O bane to happiness!)
Our joys delusive, but our woes sincere.

Be theirs to search where clustering roses grow;
Touching each sharp thorn's point to prove how keen,
Be mine to taste their beauties as they blow,
And catch their fragrance as they blush unseen.

Haply my path may lie through barren vales,
Where niggard fortune all her sweets denies;
Ev'n there shall Fancy scent the ambient gales,
And scatter flow'rets of a thousand dyes.

Nor let the worldling scoff: be his the task
 To form deep schemes, and mourn his hopes betray'd;
 Be mine to range unseen,—'tis all I ask,
 And frame new worlds beneath the silent shade:

To look beyond the views of wealth and pride,
 Bidding the mind's eye range without controul,
 Through wild extatic day-dreams, far and wide,
 To bring returns of comfort to the soul:

To bid groves, hills, and lucid streams appear,
 The gilded spire, arch'd dome, and fretted vault;
 And sweet society be ever near;
 Love, ever young, and friends without a fault.

I see entranc'd the gay conceptions rise,
 My harvest ripen, and my white flocks thrive;
 And still as Fancy pours her large supplies,
 I taste the Godlike happiness to give.

To check the patient widow's deep-fetch'd sighs,
 To shield her infant from the north blast rude;
 To bid the sweetly glist'ning tear arise,
 Which swims in the glad eye of gratitude:

To join the artless maid and honest swain,
 Where fortune rudely bars the way to joy;
 To ease the tender mother's anxious pain,
 And guard with fost'ring hand her darling boy:

To raise up modest merit from the ground,
 And send th' unhappy smiling from my door,
 To spread content and cheerfulness around,
 And banquet on the blessings of the poor:

Delicious

Delicious dream!—How oft beneath thy pow'r,
Thus light'ning the sad load of others' woe,
I steal from rigid fate one happy hour,
Nor feel I want the pity I bestow.

Delicious dreams!—How often dost thou give
A gleam of bliss, which truth would but destroy;
Oft dost thou bid my drooping heart revive,
And catch one cheerful glimpse of transient joy.

And O! how precious is that timely friend,
Who checks affliction in her dread career!
Who knows distress, well knows that he may lend
One hour of life, who stops one rising tear.

O! but for thee, long since the hand of care
Had mark'd with livid pale my furrow'd cheek,
Long since the shiv'ring grasp of cold despair
Had chill'd my heart, and taught it how to break.

For ah! affliction steals with trackless flight,
Silent the stroke she gives, but not less keen;
And bleak misfortune, like an eastern blight,
Sheds black destruction, though it flies unseen.

O! come then FANCY, and with lenient hand
Dry my moist cheek, and smooth my furrow'd brow;
Bear me o'er smiling tracks of fairy land,
And give me more than fortune can bestow.

Mix'd are her boons, and checquer'd all with ill,
Her smiles, the sunshine of an April morn;
The cheerless valley skirts the gilded hill,
And latent storms in ev'ry breeze are borne.

Give me thy hope, which sickens not the heart;
 Give me thy wealth, which has no wings to fly;
 Give me the pride thy honours can impart;
 Thy friendship give me, warm in poverty.

Give me a wish the worldling may deride,
 The wise may censure, and the proud may hate;
 Wrapt in thy dreams, to lay the world aside,
 And snatch a bliss beyond the reach of fate.

ON THE DEATH OF

Miss HENRIETTA HOLLIS LENNOX,

DAUGHTER OF THE CELEBRATED MRS. C. LENNOX.

SO blooms the rose, when vernal gales,
 Their soft enlivening influence shed:
 So, when a noxious blast prevails,
 It droops, and all its beauties fade.

Ah! short-liv'd flower, ah! hapless fair!
 Alike your charms, alike their date!
 Flow, flow, my tears, on Harriet's bier,
 Sweet victim of an early fate!

Say, shall th' impassioned bosom grieve,
 At angry heav'n's too partial doom,
 That blasted all our hopes, and gave
 Thy spring of beauty to the tomb.

Or

X Robert

Or shall we, with faith's steady eye,
 View thee thy kindred angels join;
 An inmate of thy native sky,
 Whilst heav'n's eternal year is thine.

An ANECDOTE.

DOCTOR SOUTH was a most admired preacher, and his sermons have in them whatever wit or knowledge could put together. As an instance of the natural turn of wit to which this gentleman was subject, the following anecdote is related of him:—Some time before his death he resided at Caversham in Oxfordshire, and having occasion to come to London on particular affairs, he took the opportunity of paying a morning visit to his old friend Dr. Waterland. The Doctor being rejoiced to see him, pressed him to stay to dinner, which he at length consented to do; but the Doctor's Lady, who was a remarkable œconomist, disapproved of this, and calling her husband into an adjoining room, began to expostulate with him on the absurdity of asking the gentleman to dine, when he knew she was utterly unprovided. The Doctor endeavoured to pacify her, by saying, it was his fellow-collegian, and he could not do less than ask him to dine: he therefore begged she would compose herself, and hasten to provide something elegant, for there was not a man in the world he respected more than the friend that was now come to see him. This, instead of mending the matter, made it worse: the Lady said, she had already got a leg of mutton, and if he would be so silly to invite his friends upon such occasions, they should take what she had to give them; for she would not put herself out of the way for any of them. The Doctor was now provoked beyond all patience, and protested, that if it were not for the stranger that was in the house, he would thresh her. Dr. South, who had heard the whole dialogue, and was not a little di-

Robert South, 1633-1716. He became canon of Christ Church, Oxford.

verted, instantly stopped the dispute, by saying, with his usual humour, in a voice loud enough to be heard, "Dear Doctor, as we have been friends so long, I beseech you not to make a stranger of me upon any occasion." The Lady, ashamed of the discovery, retired, and appeared no more that day, but ordered a handsome dinner to be served up, and left the two Doctors to enjoy themselves peaceably to their mutual satisfaction.

An ANECDOTE.

ABOUT half a century ago, when it was more the fashion to drink ale at Oxford than it is at present, a humorous fellow of punning memory established an ale-house near the pound, and wrote over his door, 'Ale sold by the Pound.' As his ale was as good as his jokes, the Oxonians resorted to his house in great numbers, and sometimes staid there beyond the college hours. This was made a matter of complaint to the Vice-Chancellor, who was desired to take away his licence, by one of the Proctors of the University. Boniface was summoned to attend, and when he came into the Vice-Chancellor's presence, he began hawking and spitting about the room; this the Chancellor observed, and asked what he meant by it? Please your Worship, said he, I am come here on purpose to clear myself.

The Vice-Chancellor imagined that he actually weighed his ale, and sold it in that manner; he therefore said to him, "They tell me you sell ale by the pound; is that true?" "No, and please your Worship," replied the wit, "How do you then?" said the Chancellor, "Very well, I thank you, Sir," replied the wit, "how do you do?" The Chancellor laughed, and said, "Get away for a rascal; I'll say no more to you." The fellow departed, and crossing the quadrangle, met the Proctor who laid the information; "Sir, (said he) the Vice-Chancellor wants to speak with you," and

and returned with him. 'Here, Sir,' said he, 'here he is.' "Who," said the Chancellor? 'Why, Sir,' said he, 'you sent me for a rascal, and I have brought you the greatest that I know of.'

ANECDOTE

OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

THE Emperor of Germany, in his way to Paris, arriving in the dominions of the Duke of Wurtemberg, was received by the Prince himself *incog.* who insisted on taking care of his Majesty's horses, equipage, &c. and also to take him to a house made ready for his arrival. The whole of the Prince's attendants were industriously employed in the service of this illustrious traveller, who of course found this imagined hotel the best prepared of any on the road. When the Emperor renewed his journey, such fine swift horses were fixed to his carriage, that he confessed they did honour to his landlord the postmaster. The postillion who drove him had not, as the rest, the usual stile of habit; a bag-wig, rough and undressed, old boots well blacked, and his whole dress manifestly declared the injury that time had made on him; but in mounting his horse he had such an air of activity, that the Emperor immediately conceived a favourable opinion of him. When the Emperor had taken his place in his carriage, the postillion set off like lightning, and arrived at the appointed stage with an astonishing speed, and such as no other horses the Emperor had used could anyways equal. The dextrous postillion was not only immediately called and well rewarded, but promised a place in the Emperor's service, if he would accept it. 'With all my heart,' said the postillion, in a jocular manner. "Very well, (said the Emperor) take a draught of wine, and we'll set off." 'Two, if you please, (said the postillion) and then I'll whip

whip you over six more leagues in a trice.' One of the boys of the inn brought him a bottle of wine, which he took in one hand, saluted the Emperor with the other, and then drank freely like a postillion. The Emperor again got into his carriage. "Drive on, my friend, (said he) you shall have something more for your speed." 'Oh, by my soul, no doubt, master, (said the postillion) I find you a worthy gentleman.' They presently arrived at the stage, where they refreshed; and the postillion received a handful of ducats, which he took without counting, and went out as going to the stable. "I never had such a good relief of horses, nor so good a postillion," said the Emperor to his new landlord. 'I believe it firmly, (said the innkeeper) the horses belong to his Highness the Prince of Wurtemberg, and the Prince himself was your postillion.' The Emperor gave immediate orders to go and seek the Prince; but it was needless; he had set off for his own palace, and it was impossible to overtake him. The Emperor was extremely surprised at the singularity of this piece of gallantry, and directly wrote to the Prince his acknowledgments for such a condescending service.

A DROLL ADVENTURE

AT THE HOUSE OF A CERTAIN COMMON-COUNCILMAN.

HAVING missed two pounds of butter, fresh and fine, which he kept for his own use, he accused the maid of having eaten it, or, at least, used it, as in truth she had, for herself and some kitchen company. The girl, to excuse the larceny, brought a young cat to her master, and declared that puss had eaten all the butter, and that she had caught her that moment in the act of finishing the last morsel. The excuse was plausible, but

but would not pass on the cunning citizen, who immediately put the young cat in the scales; when finding that the creature weighed but a pound and a half, he concluded she could not have eaten just two pounds of butter, and sent for a constable to carry the maid before an alderman. But the servant redeemed herself by paying for the butter.

A PROSAIC ODE to PEACE:

BY A NOBLE LORD, WHILE RESIDENT AT ALTENA.

THE Fates conduct us when they will, and where; for now (averse to cold) we winter in a frigid clime approaching Greenland. A furious northern blast our vessel blew across the Belt, swift as a swallow skims along the Thames, or doves affrighted cut the yielding air. O England, Neptune's glory, abode of wisdom! in thee ('tis said) dwells liberty divine. Saviour of England, saviour of Bacchus and the Cyprian Queen, omnifluent Ocean, propitious prove. Rise up, celestial goddess, from the deep; turn to fair Albion's coast a lovely look, and fix your temples on its fertile brow. Thy favourite all o'er the British isle is found, thy myrtles fragrant in its gardens grow; each free-born swain, each beauteous nymph, every science which our empire doth adorn, shall greet thee welcome to our sea-bound shore. All hail! gay Bacchus; victorious Venus, come! Let Mars, the destroyer of our short-liv'd race, be banished to the Euxine sea, or sound his trumpet on the Thracian plains. Let Turks and Russians this barbarous deity receive; whilst England, happy in its own extent, from all dissention free, shall rule the waves in peace, in plenty, harmony, and delight! All hail! gay Bacchus; victorious Venus, come! Let full libations stream along the board, and marriage rites, emblems of peace, undisturbed remain; till, with redoubled strength, by wealth and rest increased.

VOL. I.

B b

To

TO THE POOR.

THE Providence of Almighty God has placed you under difficult circumstances of life, and daily reads you a lesson in a more particular manner to depend upon him. This you may be assured of, for your comfort, that you are under God's constant and immediate care: and one advantage which you enjoy above the rich, in your journey to heaven, is, that you are not clogged and hindered in your course thither by those manifold incumbrances which lie on them; of whom our Saviour hath said, "That it is very hard for them to enter into the kingdom of heaven." Their temptations are proportioned to their abundance; their cares are more, and their distractions greater; so that you have no reason to envy them, nor repine at your own condition; and these are chiefly your temptations, and against these you must be more particularly watchful. Certainly, if you consider things aright, you will find that your storehouse is the more sure, your supply most certain; for you are immediately in the hands of God, of him who feedeth the ravens, and clotheth the grass of the field; so that you may be much more assured that he will clothe you. Endeavour to be humble, holy, heavenly-minded; always remembering, that he is the poorest man, who is poor in grace.

 An ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE MARCHIONESS OF TAVISTOCK.

A Short time previous to the death of this inconsolable and lovely mourner, and when she was preparing to go to Lisbon for the recovery of her health, a consultation of physicians was held at Bedford-House, and one of the gentlemen present desired, whilst he felt her pulse, that

that she would hold open her hand. Her frequent refusals occasioned him to take the liberty of forcing the fingers gently asunder, when he perceived that she had shut them to conceal the miniature picture of the Marquis. "O, Madam!" observed the physician, "my prescriptions must be useless, if your Ladyship is determined to keep before your eyes, an object, which, although deservedly dear to you, serves only to confirm the violence of your illness." The Marchioness answered, "I have kept the picture either in my bosom or my hand, ever since the death of my lamented Lord; and thus am I determined to preserve it, till I fortunately drop after him into the grave."

XENOPHON tells us, that when an Armenian Prince had been taken captive, with his Princess, by Cyrus, and was asked, what he would give to be restored to his kingdom and liberty? he replied, "As for my kingdom and liberty, I value them not; but if my blood would redeem my Princess, I would cheerfully give it for her." And when Cyrus had restored him all, he asked his queen, "What think you of Cyrus?" to which she replied, "I did not observe him; my whole attention was entirely fixed upon that generous man, who would have purchased my liberty with his life."

LITERARY ANECDOTE

WHEN the splendid folio edition of Cæsar's Commentaries, by Clarke, published on purpose to be presented to the great Duke of Marlborough, was sold at the sale of Mr. Topham Beauclerk's library, for forty pounds, it was accompanied with an anecdote respecting that gentleman's

B b 2

Dr Samuel Clarke, 1675-1725. His edition of Caesar was published 1712.

gentleman's mode of acquiring that copy, which deserves to be made public. Upon the death of an officer, who had this book in his possession, his mother, being informed that it was of some value, wished to dispose of it, and being told that Mr. Topham Beauclerk was a proper person to offer it to, she waited upon him for that purpose. He asked what she required for it? and being answered, four guineas, took it without hesitation, though unacquainted with the real value of the book. Being desirous, however, of information with respect to the nature of the purchase he had made, he went to an eminent bookseller's, and enquired what he would give for such a book: the bookseller replied, Seventeen guineas. Mr. Beauclerk, actuated by principles of strict justice and benevolence, went immediately to the person who sold him the book, and telling her that she had been mistaken in its value, not only gave her the additional thirteen guineas, but also generously bestowed a further gratuity upon her.—This anecdote is recorded with the greatest satisfaction, as it does justice to the memory of a character, lately conspicuous among us for erudition and talents.

OF ARCHIMEDES.

HAD Archimedes lived in our days, he would have been another Newton. When Syracuse was besieged, he put in practice all the resources of his wonderful genius in machinery for the defence of his country, and rendered this siege one of the longest and most bloody that ever the Romans undertook.

The particulars recorded of the many engines invented by him, for frustrating the attacks of the besiegers, and to harass them in their turn, are so extraordinary and wonderful, as to exceed all credibility, were they not recounted by the gravest and most credible historians. Some of those
engines

engines discharged against the Roman infantry stones of an enormous bulk, which crushed in pieces whatever came in their way; and by the destruction they produced, resembled in some degree those terrible fire-arms since invented by mankind for their mutual ruin. Others let fall such ponderous weights on the Roman galleys, as instantly sunk them. Another engine, more extraordinary still, was so contrived, as with an iron of amazing strength to seize a vessel by the prow, to lift her up to a considerable height, and then to let her fall with her whole weight, so as to sink or break her to pieces.

In this manner did Archimedes baffle, for the space of eight months, all the attacks of the Romans. Of such great use on some occasions, is a single man of genius and science.

But the machines which Archimedes made use of against the Romans at the siege of Syracuse, were in his eye mere trifles, in comparison of his scientific discoveries. He declared, that if he had a fixed point out of this earth, he could move it like any other large body. By means of hydrostatics, he discovered the theft of a goldsmith, who had mixed some other metal with the gold he ought to have used in forming a crown, which he had undertaken to make for King Hiero. The burning-glass, which he invented to set on fire the fleet of Marcellus, was for a long time considered as chimerical; but after seeing that of a celebrated modern philosopher, the other can no longer be denied.

Syracuse was at last taken after a siege of three years, and in the year before Christ 212. Marcellus, the Roman consul, was much delighted with the hopes of finding in this city the man whose wonderful genius had so long baffled the bravest efforts of the Roman arms, and therefore ordered diligent search to be every where made for Archimedes. A private soldier finding him at last, deeply intent on the solution of some geometrical problem, commanded him to go along with him to Marcellus. Archimedes very quietly begged of the soldier to wait a few moments, till he should finish his problem. But the soldier, mistaking his request for an absolute refusal to obey him, stabbed him with his sword on the spot.

Marcellus

Marcellus was extremely concerned at the death of Archimedes, and by the honours paid to his memory, plainly evinced the high opinion he entertained of his merits, giving him a very pompous funeral, and causing a monument to be erected to his memory, so contrived as to exhibit an emblem of that most perfect of sciences, the mathematics. He even extended his favour to the relations of Archimedes, on whom he bestowed distinguishing and advantageous privileges.

Cicero tells us, that more than 140 years after this event, when the memory of Archimedes was almost lost among his countrymen, he himself had the curiosity to make enquiry about his tomb, which, after a painful search, he had the pleasure at last to find; discovering it by a pillar, whereon was delineated the figure of a sphere and cylinder, with an inscription on the foot of it, pointing out the proportion that a sphere bears to a cylinder of the same base and altitude, which is that of 2 to 3; a proposition which was discovered and demonstrated by Archimedes.

O N

GENEROSITY and disinterested HONESTY.

A Certain Cardinal, who for the multitude of his generous actions was styled the Patron of the Poor, had a constant custom, once or twice a week, to give public audience to all indigent people in the hall of his palace, and to relieve every one according to their various necessities, or the motives of his own bounty.

One day a poor woman, encouraged by the fame of his generosity, came into the hall of this Cardinal, with her only daughter, a beautiful maid about fifteen years of age. When her turn came to be heard among the crowd of petitioners, the Cardinal, discerning the marks of an extraordinary modesty in her face and carriage, as also in her daughter's, encouraged her to tell her wants freely. She, blushing, and not without tears,

tears, thus addressed herself to him: ' My Lord, I owe for the rent of my house five crowns; and such is my misfortune, that I have no other means to pay it, save what would break my heart, since my landlord threatens to force me to it; that is, to prostitute this my only daughter, whom I have hitherto with great care educated in virtue, and an abhorrence of that odious crime. What I beg of your Eminence is, that you would please to interpose your sacred authority, and protect us from the violence of this cruel man, till by our honest industry, we can procure the money for him.'—The Cardinal, moved with admiration of the woman's virtue and innocent modesty, bid her be of good courage. Then he immediately wrote a billet, and giving it into the widow's hands, "Go," said he, "to my steward with this paper, and he shall deliver thee five crowns to pay the rent."

The poor woman, overjoyed, and returning the Cardinal a thousand thanks, went directly to the steward, and gave him the note; which, when he had read, he told her fifty crowns. She, astonished at the meaning of it, and fearing this was only the steward's trick to try her honesty, refused to take above five, saying, ' She asked the Cardinal for no more, and she was sure it was a mistake.'

On the other hand, the steward insisted on his master's orders, not daring to call it in question. But all the arguments he could use were insufficient to prevail on her to take more than five crowns. Whereupon, to end the controversy, he offered to go back with her to the Cardinal, and refer it to him. When they came before that munificent Prince, and he was fully informed of the business; "It is true," said he, "I mistook in writing fifty crowns; give me the paper, and I will rectify it." Thereupon he wrote again, saying thus to the woman: "So much candour and virtue deserve a recompence; here, I have ordered you five hundred crowns; what you can spare of it, lay it up for a dowry to give with your daughter in marriage."

If I mistake not, this Cardinal was called Farnese: but whatever his name was, this was an action truly heroic, and which has but few parallels.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE of ALEXANDER the VIth.^x

AS Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure designed to represent himself. There were some also knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orfini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is possible a man who knew less of the world, would have condemned the adulation of those barefaced flatterers; but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal, and turning to Borgia, his son, said with a smile, "You see, my son, the small difference between a gibbet and a statue."

RELIGION and SUPERSTITION contrasted.

A VISION.

I Had lately a very remarkable dream, which made so strong an impression on me, that I remember it every word; and if you are not better employed, you may read the relation of it as follows:

Methought I was in the midst of a very entertaining set of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively conversation; when, on a sudden, I perceived one of the most shocking figures imagination can frame, advancing towards me. She was dressed in black; her skin was contracted into a thousand wrinkles; her eyes deep sunk in her head; and her complexion pale and livid as the countenance of death. Her looks were filled with terror and unrelenting severity; and her hands armed with whips and scorpions. As soon as she came near, with a horrid frown,

^x Rodrigo Senzuoli Borgia, born 1430; succeeded Innocent VIII. as pope Alexander VI. 1492; died 1503, and was succeeded by Pius III.

and a voice that chilled my very blood, she bade me follow her. I obeyed; and she led me through rugged paths, beset with briars and thorns, into a deep solitary valley. Wherever she passed, the fading verdure withered beneath her steps, her pestilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obscured the lustre of the sun, and involved the face of heaven with universal gloom. Dismal howling resounded through the forest; from every baleful tree the night-raven uttered his dreadful note, and the prospect was filled with desolation and horror. In the midst of this tremendous scene, my execrable guide addressed me in the following manner:

“Retire with me, O rash unthinking mortal! from the vain allurements of a deceitful world; and learn, that pleasure was not designed the portion of human life. Man was born to mourn and to be wretched: this is the condition of all below the stars; and whoever endeavours to oppose it, acts in contradiction to the will of heaven. Fly then from the fatal enchantments of youth and social delight, and here consecrate the solitary hours to lamentation and woe. Misery is the duty of all sublunary beings; and every enjoyment is an offence to the Deity; who is to be worshipped only by the mortification of every sense of pleasure, and the everlasting exercise of sighs and tears.”

This melancholy picture of life quite sunk my spirits, and seemed to annihilate every principle of joy within me. I threw myself beneath a blasted yew, where the winds blew cold and dismal round my head, and dreadful apprehensions chilled my heart. Here I resolved to lie, till the hand of death, which I impatiently invoked, should put an end to the miseries of a life so deplorably wretched. In this sad situation, I espied on one hand of me a deep muddy river, whose heavy waves rolled on in slow fullen murmurs. Here I determined to plunge; and was just upon the brink, when I found myself suddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was surprized by the sight of the loveliest object I had ever beheld. The most engaging charms of youth and beauty appeared in all her form; effulgent glories sparkled in her eyes, and their awful splendors were softened by the gentlest looks of compassion and peace. At her approach

the frightful spectre, who had before tormented me, vanished away, and with her all the horrors she had caused. The gloomy clouds brightened into cheerful sunshine, the groves recovered their verdure, and the whole region looked gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite transported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleasure began to gladden my thoughts, when, with a look of inexpressible sweetness, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her divine instructions:

“ My name is Religion. I am the offspring of Truth and Love, and the parent of Benevolence, Hope, and Joy. That monster, from whose power I have freed you, is called Superstition; she is the child of Discontent, and her followers are Fear and Sorrow. Thus, different as we are, she has often the insolence to assume my name and character, and seduces unhappy mortals to think us the same; till she at length drives them to the borders of despair, that dreadful abyss into which you were just going to sink.

“ Look round, and survey the various beauties of this globe, which heaven has destined for the seat of the human race; and consider whether a world thus exquisitely framed, could be meant for the abode of misery and pain. For what end has the lavish hand of Providence diffused such innumerable objects of delight, but that all might rejoice in the privilege of existence, and be filled with gratitude to the beneficent Author of it? Thus to enjoy the blessings he has sent, is virtue and obedience; and to reject them merely as means of pleasure, is pitiable ignorance, or absurd perverseness. Infinite goodness is the source of created existence. The proper tendency of every rational being, from the highest order of raptured seraphs to the meanest rank of men, is to rise incessantly from lower degrees of happiness to higher. They have each faculties assigned them for various orders of delights.”

“ What!” cried I, “ is this the language of Religion? Does she lead her votaries through flowery paths, and bid them pass an unlaborious life? Where are the painful toils of virtue, the mortifications of penitents, and the self-denying exercises of saints and heroes?”

“ The

“The true enjoyments of a reasonable being,” answered she mildly, “do not consist in unbounded indulgence, or luxurious ease, in the tumult of passions, the languor of indolence, or the flutter of light amusements. Yielding to immoral pleasures corrupts the mind; living to animal and trifling ones debases it; both in their degrees disqualify it for its genuine good, and consign it over to wretchedness. Whoever would be really happy, must make the diligent and regular exercise of his superior powers his chief attention; adoring the perfections of his Maker, expressing goodwill to his fellow-creatures, and cultivating inward rectitude. To his lower faculties he must allow such gratifications as will, by refreshing them, invigorate his nobler pursuits. In the regions inhabited by angelic nature, unmingled felicity for ever blooms; joy flows there with a perpetual and abundant stream, nor needs there any mound to check its course. Beings conscious of a frame of mind originally diseased, as all the human race has cause to be, must use the regimen of a stricter self-government. Whoever has been guilty of voluntary excesses, must patiently submit, both to the painful workings of nature and needful severities of medicine, in order to his cure. Still he is entitled to a moderate share of whatever alleviating accommodations this fair mansion of his merciful parent affords, consistent with his recovery. And, in proportion as his recovery advances, the liveliest joy will spring from his secret sense of an amended and improved heart.—So far from the horrors of despair is the condition even of the guilty.—Shudder, poor mortal, at the thought of the gulph into which thou wert just now going to plunge.

“While the most faulty have every encouragement to amend, the more innocent soul will be supported with still sweeter consolations under all its experience of human infirmities, supported by the gladdening assurances, that every sincere endeavour to outgrow them, shall be assisted, accepted, and rewarded. To such a one, the lowest self-abasement is but a deep-laid foundation for the most elevated hopes; since they who faithfully examine, and acknowledge what they are, shall be enabled under my conduct, to become what they desire. The Christian and the hero are

inseparable; and to the aspirings of unassuming trust and filial confidence, are set no bounds. To him who is animated with a view of obtaining approbation from the Sovereign of the universe, no difficulty is insurmountable. Secure in his pursuit of every needful aid, his conflict with the severest pains and trials is little more than the vigorous exercises of a mind in health. His patient dependance on that Providence which looks through all eternity, his silent resignation, his ready accommodation of his thoughts and behaviour to his inscrutable ways, is at once the most excellent sort of self-denial, and source of the most exalted transports. Society is the true sphere of human virtue. In social, active life, difficulties will perpetually be met with; restraints of many kinds will be necessary; and studying to behave right in respect of these, is a discipline of the human heart, useful to others, and improving to itself. Suffering is no duty, but where it is necessary to avoid guilt, or to do good; nor pleasure a crime, but where it strengthens the influence of bad inclinations, or lessens the generous activity of virtue. The happiness allotted to man in his present state is indeed faint and low, compared with his immortal prospect and noble capacities: but yet, whatever portion of it the distributing hand of heaven offers to each individual, is a needful support and refreshment for the present moment, so far as it may not hinder the attaining his final destination.

“Return then with me, from continual misery, to moderate enjoyment and grateful alacrity; return from the contracted views of solitude to the proper duties of a relative and dependant being. Religion is not confined to cells and closets, nor restrained to sullen retirement. These are the gloomy doctrines of Superstition, by which she endeavours to break those chains of benevolence and social affection that link the welfare of every particular with that of the whole. Remember, that the greatest honour you can pay the Author of your being, is such a cheerful behaviour as discovers a mind satisfied with its own dispensations.”

Here my preceptress paused; and I was going to express my acknowledgments for her discourse, when a ring of bells from the neighbouring village, and the new-risen sun darting his beams through my windows, awakened me.

ANECDOTE OF MR. ADDISON.

IT is related of Mr. Addison, who, though an elegant writer, was too diffident of himself ever to shine as a public speaker, that at the time of debating the Union Act in the House of Commons, he rose up, and addressing himself to the Speaker, said, "Mr. Speaker, I conceive,"—but could go no farther; then rising again, he said, "Mr. Speaker, I conceive,"—still unable to proceed, he sat down again. A third time he arose, and was still unable to say any thing more than—"Mr. Speaker, I conceive;"—when a certain young member, who was possessed of more effrontery and volubility, arose, and said, "Mr. Speaker, I am sorry to find that the Honourable Gentleman over the way has conceived three times, and brought forth nothing."

To begin NOTHING, of which you have not well
considered the END.

A Certain Cham of Tartary going a progress with his nobles, was met by a Dervise, who cried with a loud voice, "Whoever will give me a hundred pieces of gold, I will give him a piece of advice." The Cham ordered him the sum; upon which the Dervise said, "Begin nothing, of which thou hast not well considered the End."

The courtiers, upon hearing this plain sentence, smiled, and said with a sneer, 'The Dervise is well paid for his maxim.' But the King was so well satisfied with the answer, that he ordered it to be written in golden letters in several places of his palace, and engraved on all his plate. Not long after, the King's surgeon was bribed to kill him with a poisoned
lancet,

lancet, at the time he let him blood. One day, when the King's arm was bound, and the fatal lancet in the surgeon's hand, he read on the bason, 'Begin nothing, of which thou hast not well considered the end.' He immediately started, and let the lancet fall out of his hand. The king observed his confusion, and enquired the reason: the surgeon fell prostrate, confessed the whole affair, and was pardoned, and the conspirators died. The Cham, turning to his courtiers, who heard the advice with contempt, told them, "That counsel could not be too much valued which had saved a King's life."

An Extraordinary ROBBERY.

THE following extraordinary affair is given to the public on the authority of a very respectable correspondent, who vouches for the truth of it:—A Lady in the neighbourhood of London, a short time since, went to the bank to receive a dividend, amounting to a considerable sum, which she took in bank-bills, put them loose in her pocket, and directed her coachman to drive to a tradesman's in the city, where she bought some goods, and took the opportunity of examining her bills, and putting them in her pocket-book; after which she got into her coach, and ordered the servant to drive home. A few miles from town, the carriage was stopped by a single highwayman, with a crape over his face, who demanded the Lady's money and watch, which she gave him. 'Madam, (says he) you have more property about you, give me your pocket-book.' This was complied with, and the highwayman rode off. After a few minutes consideration, the Lady called to her coachman to turn about, and drive back again to the tradesman's where he had taken her up. On her arrival there, she enquired for the master of the shop, and was informed that he was gone out of town; that his return was uncertain, it might

might be in an hour or two, or perhaps not for two or three days. This answer increasing her suspicion, she declared that her business was of a very particular nature, and she would wait till she saw him. About an hour afterwards the tradesman made his appearance, when the lady desired to speak with him in private, and the moment they were alone, she told him she had been robbed by a highwayman that afternoon, 'and he was the man.' The tradesman began to storm, protesting his innocence, but the Lady replied very coolly, that she was positive as to his person and voice, though his face was covered; that if he would quietly restore her her property, she would never discover him, from a regard to his family; and if he did not instantly comply with this request, she would order him to be taken into custody. Upon this the tradesman burst into tears, and acknowledging his guilt, restored the property; and the Lady has so strictly kept her promise, that her most intimate friends cannot obtain even a distant hint by which the penitent robber may be discovered.

ANECDOTE

OF THE EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

WHEN Spencer had finished his famous poem of the Fairy Queen, he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of those days. The manuscript being sent up to the Earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered his servant to give the writer 20l. Reading on, he cried in a rapture, 'Carry that man another 20l.' Proceeding still, he said, 'Give him 20l. more.' But, at length, he lost all patience, and said, 'Go turn that fellow out of the house, for if I read on I shall be ruined.'

The

The TULIP and the MYRTLE.

'T WAS on the border of a stream
 A gayly-painted tulip stood,
 And, gilded by the morning beam,
 Survey'd her beauties in the flood.

And sure, more lovely to behold,
 Might nothing meet the wistful eye,
 Than crimson fading into gold,
 In streaks of fairest symmetry.

The beauteous flower, with pride elate,
 Ah me! that pride with beauty dwells!
 Vainly affects superior state,
 And thus in empty fancy swells.

" O lustre of unrivall'd bloom!
 " Fair painting of a hand divine!
 " Superior far to mortal doom,
 " The hues of heav'n alone are mine!

" Away, ye worthless, formless race!
 " Ye weeds, that boast the name of flowers!
 " No more my native bed disgrace,
 " Unmeet for tribes so mean as yours!

" Shall the bright daughter of the sun
 " Associate with the shrubs of earth?
 " Ye slaves, your sovereign's presence shun!
 " Respect her beauties and her birth.

" And

Vo

“ And thou, dull, fullen evergreen !

“ Shalt thou my shining sphere invade ?

“ My noon-day beauties beam unseen,

“ Obscur’d beneath thy dusky shade.”

‘ Deluded flower !’ the Myrtle cries,

‘ Shall we thy moment’s bloom adore ?

‘ The meanest shrub that you despise,

‘ The meanest flower has merit more.

‘ That Daisy, in its simplest bloom,

‘ Shall last along the changing year,

‘ Blush on the snow of winter’s gloom,

‘ And bid the smiling spring appear.

‘ The Violet, that, those banks beneath,

‘ Hides from thy scorn its modest head,

‘ Shall fill the air with fragrant breath,

‘ When thou art in thy dusty bed.

‘ Ev’n I, who boast no golden shade,

‘ Am of no shining tints possess’d,

‘ When low thy lucid form is laid,

‘ Shall bloom on many a lovely breast.

‘ And he, whose kind and fostering care

‘ To thee, to me, our beings gave,

‘ Shall near his breast my flow’rets wear

‘ And walk regardless o’er thy grave.

‘ Deluded flower ! the friendly screen,

‘ That hides thee from the noon-tide ray,

‘ And mocks thy passion to be seen,

‘ Prolongs thy transitory day.

' But kindly deed with scorn repaid—
 ' No more by virtue need be done:
 ' I now withdraw my dusky shade,
 ' And yield thee to thy darling sun.'

Fierce on the flower the scorching beam
 With all its weight of glory fell;
 The flower exulting caught the gleam,
 And lent its leaves a bolder swell.

Expanded by the searhing fire,
 The curling leaves the breast disclos'd;
 The mantling bloom was painted higher,
 And every latent charm expos'd.

But when the sun was sliding low
 And ev'ning came with dews so cold;
 The wanton beauty ceas'd to blow,
 And sought her bending leaves to fold.

Those leaves, alas! no more would close;
 Relax'd, exhausted, sickening, pale;
 They left her to a parent's woes,
 And fled before the rising gale.

An ANECDOTE.

A Proud parson, and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock, and having a new coat on, the parson asked him in a haughty tone, Who gave him that coat? The same, said the shepherd, that clothed you—the *parish*. The parson, nettled at this, rode on murmuring

muring a little way, and then bade his man go back, and ask the shepherd if he would come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man, going accordingly to the shepherd, delivered his master's message, and concluded as he was ordered, that his master wanted a fool. *Why, are you going away then?* said the shepherd. No, answered the other. Then you may tell your master, replied the shepherd, *that his living cannot maintain three of us.*

AWE.

AWE is the first sentiment which arises in the soul at the view of greatness. But in the heart of a devout man, it is a solemn and elevating, not a dejected emotion; for he glows, rather than trembles, in the divine presence. It is not the superstitious dread of unknown power, but the homage yielded by the heart, to Him, who is at once the greatest and best of Beings.

DISEASE.

IT may be said that disease generally begins that equality which death completes. The distinctions which set one man so far above another, are very little perceived in the gloom of a sick chamber; where it will be in vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instruction from the wise, where all human glory is obliterated: the wit is clouded, the reasoner perplexed, and the hero subdued; where the highest and brightest of mortals find nothing left but consciousness of innocence.

A PICTURE OF AMBITION,

IN THE FATE OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

IN full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
 Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand,
 To him the church, the realm, their powers consign,
 Through him the rays of regal bounty shine.
 Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
 Claim leads to claim, and power advances power;
 Till conquest, unresisted, cease to please,
 And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
 At length his Sovereign frowns—the train of state
 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate;
 Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
 His suplicants scorn him, and his followers fly;
 At once is lost the pride of awful state,
 The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
 The regal palace, the luxurious board,
 The liv'ried army, and the menial lord;
 With age, with cares—with maladies oppress'd,
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
 Grief adds disease, remember'd folly stings,
 And his last sighs reproach the fate of Kings.

EFFECTS OF RELIGION.

RELIGION prepares the mind of man for all the events of this in-
 constant state, instructs him in the nature of true happiness, early
 weans him from undue love of the world; afflictions do not attack him
 by

by surprize, and therefore do not overwhelm him; he is equipped for the storm as well as the calm, in this dubious navigation of life: he is not overcome by disappointment, when that which is mortal dies, when that which is mutable begins to change, and when that which he knew to be transient passes away.

Religion not only purifies, but also fortifies the heart; so that the devout man is neither lifted up by success, nor enervated by sensuality; he meets the changes in his lot without unmanly dejection; he is inured to temperance and restraint; he has learned firmness and self-command; he is accustomed to look up to Supreme Providence, not with reverence only, but with trust and hope.

In prosperity he cultivates his mind; stores it with useful knowledge, with good principles, and virtuous dispositions. The resources remain entire when the day of trouble comes. His chief pleasures are always of the calm, innocent, and temperate kind, and over those the changes of the world have the least power. His mind is a kingdom to him, and he can ever enjoy it.

THE ROBBERY OF MR. JAMES MACKAY,

UPHOLSTERER IN PICCADILLY.

MR. Mackay was trustee to the will of a gentleman deceased, and had constantly paid the wife of de Chameron an annuity of thirty guineas a year, under the will to which he was intrusted. The wife of this man had been in the habit of constantly making applications to Mr. Mackay to assist her with money in advance on account of her annuity, always stating her poverty and distress as the plea. She was then in advance; and what was unfortunate for Mr. Mackay, the pretence for
decoying

decoying him from his house was, that she had called on him with the information of its being in her power to repay the money Mr. Mackay had been good enough to advance, and that, if he would then accompany her to her house, she would repay it. Mr. Mackay immediately left his own house about nine in the morning with her, and were both of them let in by De Chameron. He was desired to walk up stairs into the dining-room, when De Chameron, after a few minutes conversation, produced a large knife and a pair of pistols, with which he menaced him with instant death, if he offered to cry out or alarm the neighbours, and if he did not lower his voice he would instantly dispatch him. He then demanded his immediately writing an order on his banker (Messrs. Drummond) for three hundred guineas, and was very pressing that it should be drawn in his usual, customary manner of drawing drafts, for if the money was not produced, instant death should be the consequence of refusal. The draft was written by Mr. Mackay, and Mrs. de Chameron was dispatched with it. On her return, the villain produced the bank-notes to Mr. Mackay, and told him, there was the money. He then insisted on his drawing another draft on Mr. Walpole, the banker, where the money was kept for the payment of de Chameron's annuity. This Mr. Mackay refused, stating, that he would submit to death rather than do it; that if he was suffered to have his choice, he, for the sake of his wife and family, should prefer life; but that at all events, he was determined not to draw another draft. Finding he was fixed in his determination, the villain ceased importuning him. He then bored holes in the wainscot of the room, and passed ropes through them, compelling Mr. Mackay to sit down on the floor, to which he bound him, having first tied his hands behind him. In this manner he remained, till some neighbours, hearing his cries, fortunately came and relieved him from his situation. When the persons got into the house to release Mr. Mackay, they found him tied by the hands and legs, with ropes put through the wainscot, and one hand tied to a rope fixed to the window, which, upon being hastily pushed up, would have pulled the trigger of a pistol, the muzzle of which was inserted

ferted in a small barrel of gunpowder. Mr. Mackay, upon the persons getting up to the window to release him, called out to them not to open the window hastily, upon which they opened it gently, and cut the rope, and thereby avoided the danger. There was no furniture whatever in the house; the only things found therein, were some wood, which was put under the stair-case, a tinder-box and matches, pen, ink, and paper, and a screw fixed into the ceiling-beam, to which a rope was suspended.

De Chameron, who, in concert with his wife, committed the audacious robbery, was some years ago a private soldier in the French service.—Whilst in that station, he found means to defraud a jeweller in Paris of diamonds to a considerable amount, with which he fled to England. It was supposed that they fled to Holland for security.

SLEEP.

AMONG the innumerable mortifications that waylay human arrogance on every side, may well be reckoned our ignorance of the most common objects and effects, a defect of which we become more sensible by every attempt to supply it. Vulgar and inactive minds confound familiarity with knowledge, and conceive themselves informed of the whole nature of things, when they are shewn their form, or told their use; but the speculatist, who is not content with superficial views, harrasses himself with fruitless curiosity, and still, as he inquires more, perceives only that he knows less.

Sleep is a state in which a great part of every life is passed. No animal has yet been discovered, whose existence is not varied with intervals of insensibility; and some late philosophers have extended the empire of sleep over the vegetable world.

Yet of this change, so frequent, so great, so general, and so necessary, no searcher has yet found either the efficient or final cause; or can tell by what

what power the mind and body are thus chained down in irresistible stupor; or what benefits the animal receives from this alternate suspension of its active powers.

Whatever may be the multiplicity, or contrariety of opinions upon this subject, nature has taken sufficient care that theory shall have little influence on practice. The most diligent enquirer is not able long to keep his eyes open; the most eager disputant will begin about midnight to desert his argument; and once in four and twenty hours, the gay and the gloomy, the witty and the dull, the clamorous and the silent, the busy and the idle, are all overpowered by the gentle tyrant, and all lie down in the equality of sleep.

Philosophy has often attempted to repress insolence, by asserting that all conditions are levelled by death; a position which, however it may deject the happy, will seldom afford much comfort to the wretched. It is far more pleasing to consider that sleep is equally a leveller with death; that the time is never at a great distance, when the balm of rest shall be effused alike upon every head, when the diversities of life shall stop their operation, and the high and the low shall lie down together.

It is somewhere recorded of Alexander, that in the pride of conquests, and intoxication of flattery, he declared that he only perceived himself to be a man by the necessity of sleep. Whether he considered sleep as necessary to his mind or body, it was indeed a sufficient evidence of human infirmity; the body which required such frequency of renovation, gave but faint promises of immortality; and the mind which, from time to time sunk gladly into insensibility, had made no very near approaches to the felicity of the supreme and self-sufficient nature.

I know not what can tend more to repress all the passions that disturb the peace of the world, than the consideration, that there is no height of happiness or honour, from which man does not eagerly descend to a state of unconscious repose; that the best condition of life is such, that we contentedly quit its good, to be disentangled from its evils; that in a few hours splendor fades before the eye, and praise itself deadens in the ear; the senses withdraw from their objects, and reason favours the retreat.

What then are the hopes and prospects of covetousness, ambition, and rapacity? Let him that desires most have all his desires gratified, he never shall attain a state, which he can, for a day and a night, contemplate with satisfaction, or from which, if he had the power of perpetual vigilance, he would not long for periodical separations.

All envy would be extinguished, if it were universally known that there are none to be envied; and surely none can be much envied who are not pleased with themselves. There is reason to suspect that the distinctions of mankind have more shew than value, when it is found that all agree to be weary alike of pleasures and of cares; that the powerful and the weak, the celebrated and obscure, join in one common wish, and implore from nature's hand the nectar of oblivion.

Such is our desire of abstraction from ourselves, that very few are satisfied with the quantity of stupefaction which the needs of the body force upon the mind. Alexander himself added intemperance to sleep, and so laced with the fumes of wine the sovereignty of the world; and almost every man has some art, by which he steals his thoughts away from his present state.

It is not much of life that is spent in close attention to any important duty; many hours of every day are suffered to fly away without any traces left upon the intellects. We suffer phantoms to rise up before us, and amuse ourselves with the dance of airy images, which after a time we dismiss for ever, and know not how we have been busied.

Many have no happier moments than those that they pass in solitude, abandoned to their own imagination, which sometimes puts sceptres in their hands or mitres on their heads, shifts the scene of pleasure with endless variety, bids all the forms of beauty sparkle before them, and gluts them with every change of visionary luxury.

It is easy in these semi-slumbers to collect all the possibilities of happiness, to alter the course of the sun, to bring back the past, and anticipate the future; to unite all the beauties of all seasons, and all the blessings of all climates, to receive and bestow felicity, and forget that misery is the

lot of man. All this is a voluntary dream, a temporary recession from the realities of life to airy fictions; and habitual subjection of reason to fancy.

Others are afraid to be alone, and amuse themselves by a perpetual succession of companions; but the difference is not great; in solitude we have our dreams to ourselves, and in company we agree to dream in concert. The end fought in both is forgetfulness of ourselves.

ANECDOTE

OF FREDERICK THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSSIA.

IT came to the King's knowledge, that a corporal of his body regiment, a fine young fellow, wore a watch-chain suspended from a leaden ball, merely from a wish to appear consequential. His Majesty, wanting to be convinced of the matter, it was so settled that the corporal could not fail meeting him at a particular hour. '*Ah, corporal,*' said the Monarch, '*you must be a brave fellow, to have saved a watch out of your pay.*' "I flatter myself that I am brave, Sire," said the man, "but the watch is of very little consequence." The King, taking out a gold watch set round with diamonds, said, '*My watch points at five,—how much is yours?*' Shame and confusion appeared at first in the poor corporal's face; and, however unwilling he might be to boast at that moment, he drew out his chain with the bullet, and answered with a firm voice,—"My watch, your Majesty, shews neither five nor six; but it points out to me, that death which I am ready to die for my King at every moment." The Monarch replied:—'*In order that you may see daily one of those hours in which you are to die for me—take this watch.*'

THE

THE
HUSBANDMAN'S MEDITATION IN THE FIELD.

WITH toilsome steps when I pursue,
O'er breaking clods, the ploughshare's way,
Lord! teach my mental eye to view
My native diffoluble clay.

And when with seed I strew the earth,
To thee all praises let me give,
Whose hand prepar'd me for the birth,
Whose breath inform'd, and bade me live.

Pleas'd, I behold the stately stem
Support its bearded honour's load;
Thus, Lord! sustain'd by thee, I came
To manhood, through youth's dangerous road.

Purging from noxious herbs the grain,
Oh! may I learn to purge my mind
From sin, rank weed of deepest stain,
Nor leave one baleful root behind.

When blasts destroy the op'ning ear,
Life, thus replete with various woe,
Warns me to shun, with studious care,
Pride, my most deadly latent foe.

When harvest comes, the yellow crop
Prone to the reaper's fickle yields;
And I beneath death's scythe must drop,
And soon or late forsake these fields.

When future crops, in silent hoards,
 Sleep for a while, to service dead;
 Thy emblem this, oh grave! affords
 The path to life which all must tread.

ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM III.

LORD Molesworth, who had been Ambassador at the Court of Copenhagen, published, at the end of the last century, an esteemed work, entitled, "*Account of Denmark*." This writer spoke of the arbitrary government of that kingdom, with the freedom which the liberty of England inspires. The King of Denmark, then reigning, was offended at some reflections of the author, and ordered his Minister to complain of them to William III. King of England. 'What would you have me do?' said William. "Sire," replied the Danish Minister, "if you had complained to the King, my master, of such an offence, he would have sent you the head of the author." 'That is what I neither will, nor can do,' replied the King; 'but if you desire it, the author shall put what you have told me in the second edition of his work.'

RETIREMENT NATURAL TO A GOOD MIND;

ITS RELIGIOUS USE;

THE love of retirement has, in all ages, adhered closely to those minds, which have been most enlarged by knowledge, or elevated by genius. Those who enjoyed every thing generally supposed to confer happiness, have been forced to seek it in the shades of privacy. Though they possessed

* Christian V., 1646, 1670-99.

possessed both power and riches, and were, therefore, surrounded by men, who considered it as their chief interest to remove from them every thing that might offend their ease or interrupt their pleasure, they have soon felt the languors of satiety, and found themselves unable to pursue the race of life without frequent respirations of intermediate solitude.

To produce this disposition, nothing appears requisite but quick sensibility and active imagination; for, though not devoted to virtue or silence, the man, whose faculties enable him to make ready comparisons of the present with the past, will find such constant recurrence of the same pleasures and troubles, the same expectations and disappointments, that he will gladly snatch an hour of retreat, to let his thoughts expatiate at large, and seek for that variety in his own ideas, which the objects of sense cannot afford him.

Nor will greatness, or abundance, exempt him from the importunities of this desire, since, if he is born to think, he cannot restrain himself from a thousand enquiries and speculations, which he must pursue by his own reason, and which the splendour of his condition can only hinder; for those who are most exalted above dependance or controul, are yet condemned to pay so large a tribute of their time to custom, ceremony, and popularity, that, according to the Greek proverb, No man in the house is more a slave than the master.

When a king asked Euclid, the mathematician, whether he could not explain his art to him in a more compendious manner? he answered, that there was no royal way to geometry. Other things may be seized by might, or purchased with money, but knowledge is to be gained only by study, and study to be prosecuted only in retirement.

These are some of the motives which have had power to sequester kings and heroes from the crowds that soothed them with flatteries, or inspirited them with acclamations; but their efficacy seems confined to the higher mind, and to operate little upon the common classes of mankind, to whose conceptions the present assemblage of things is adequate, and who seldom range beyond those entertainments and vexations, which solicit their attention by pressing on their senses.

But

But there is an universal reason for some stated intervals of solitude, which the institutions of the church call upon me, now especially, to mention; a reason which extends as wide as moral duty, or the hopes of divine favour in a future state; and which ought to influence all ranks of life, and all degrees of intellect; since none can imagine themselves not comprehended in its obligation, but such as determine to set their Maker at defiance by obstinate wickedness, or whose enthusiastic security of his approbation places them above external ordinances, and all human means of improvement.

The great task of him who conducts his life by the precepts of religion, is to make the future predominate over the present, to impress upon his mind so strong a sense of the importance of obedience to the divine will, of the value of the reward promised to virtue, and the terrors of the punishment denounced against crimes, as may overbear all the temptations which temporal hope or fear can bring in his way, and enable him to bid equal defiance to joy and sorrow, to turn away at one time from the allurements of ambition, and push forward to another against the threats of calamity.

It is not without reason that the Apostle represents our passage through this stage of our existence by images drawn from the alarms and solicitude of a military life; for we are placed in such a state, that almost every thing about us conspires against our chief interest. We are in danger from whatever can get possession of our thoughts; all that can excite in us either pain or pleasure, has a tendency to obstruct the way that leads to happiness, and either to turn us aside, or retard our progress.

Our senses, our appetites, and our passions, are our lawful and faithful guides, in most things that relate solely to this life; and, therefore, by the hourly necessity of consulting them, we gradually sink into an implicit submission, and habitual confidence. Every act of compliance with their motions facilitates a second compliance, every new step towards depravity is made with less reluctance than the former, and thus the descent to life merely sensual is perpetually accelerated.

The

The senses have not only that advantage over conscience, which things necessary must always have over things chosen, but they have likewise a kind of prescription in their favour. We feared pain much earlier than we apprehended guilt, and were delighted with the sensations of pleasure before we had capacities to be charmed with the beauty of rectitude. To this power, thus early established, and incessantly increasing, it must be remembered, that almost every man has, in some part of his life, added new strength by a voluntary or negligent subjection of himself; for who is there that has not instigated his appetites by indulgence, or suffered them by an unresisting neutrality to enlarge their dominion and multiply their demands?

From the perpetual necessity of consulting the animal faculties in our provision for this life, arises the difficulty of withstanding their impulses, even in cases where they ought to be of no weight; for the motions of sense are instantaneous, its objects strike unsought, we are accustomed to follow its directions, and therefore often submit to the sentence without examining the authority of the judge.

Thus it appears, upon a philosophical estimate, that, supposing the mind, at any certain time, in an equipoise between the pleasures of this life and the hopes of futurity, present objects more frequently falling into the scale, would in time preponderate, and that our regard for an invisible state would grow every moment weaker, till at last it would lose all its activity, and become absolutely without effect.

To prevent this dreadful event, the balance is put into our hands, and we have power to transfer the weight to either side. The motives to a life of holiness are infinite, not less than the favour or anger of Omnipotence, not less than eternity of happiness or misery. But these can only influence our conduct as they gain our attention, which the business or diversions of the world are always calling off by contrary attractions.

The great art therefore of piety, and the end for which all the rights of religion seem to be instituted, is the perpetual renovation of the motives to virtue, by a voluntary employment of our mind in the contemplation
of

of its excellence, its importance, and its necessity, which, in proportion as they are more frequently and more willingly revolved, gain a more forcible and permanent influence, till in time they become the reigning ideas, the standing principles of action, and the test by which every thing proposed to the judgment is rejected or approved.

This is that conquest of the world and of ourselves, which has always been considered as the perfection of human nature; and this is only to be obtained by frequent prayer, steady resolutions, and frequent retirements from folly and vanity, from the cares of avarice, and the joys of intemperance, from the lulling sounds of deceitful flattery, and the tempting sight of prosperous wickedness.

ANECDOTE.*

A Dispute having long subsisted in a gentleman's family, between the maid and the coachman, about fetching the cream for breakfast; the gentleman one morning called them both before him, that he might hear what they had to say, and decide accordingly. The maid pleaded, that the coachman was lounging about the kitchen the best part of the morning, yet he was so ill-natured, he would not fetch the cream for her, notwithstanding he saw she had not a moment to spare. The coachman alledged it was none of his business. Very well, said the master; but pray what do you call your business? To take care of the horses, and clean and drive the coach, replied Jehu. You say right, answered the master, and I do not expect you to do more than I hired you for; but this I insist on, that every morning before breakfast, you get the coach ready, and drive the maid to the farmer's for milk; and I hope you will allow that to be part of your business.

* In Recollections by Samuel Rogers (Sharpe's edn) this anecdote is attributed to Dr. Richard Marlay, Bishop of Waterford, 1727-1802. Sep. 9. SUCCESSFUL

SUCCESSFUL STRATAGEM OF

A SPANISH GENERAL.

THE dreadful massacres in South-America, by which millions of poor Indians, 'the gentlest children of the sun,' were savagely extirpated, have rendered the Spanish name detestable on that vast continent. One of the Generals of this nation, however, was not insensible to the kindly dictates of humanity. He was desirous to spare the effusion of blood, and to owe his conquest to the more innocent arts of stratagem. With this view he proposed to the chiefs of certain nations who adored the sun, that either of the two contending parties, which appeared to be visibly protected by heaven, should reign over the other, who, moreover, should embrace their religion; that the Americans therefore should implore the assistance of the sun, while the Spaniards should beseech the protection of the Invisible but Supreme Being, whom they adored as Lord of the sun, and of the whole world. This being consented to, the next day the Spanish General assured the American Chiefs, that he had been praying to the true God to obscure the splendor of that great luminary which his enemies worshipped, that by such a signal miracle he might subdue them to his laws, and to the dominion of the King of Spain. In two hours, added the crafty Spaniard, this will certainly be! He knew that there would be an eclipse precisely at that time, and the poor Indians, not having the least idea of astronomy, were so astonished to find the prediction of the Spaniards fulfilled, that from that moment they hesitated not to submit themselves to the religion and government of Spain.

 ANECDOTE.

AS the late Dean Swift was once upon a journey, attended by a servant, they put up at an inn, where they lodged all night; in the morning the Dean called for his boots, the servant immediately took them to

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him;

him; when the Dean saw them, How is this, Tom, says he, my boots are not cleaned? No, Sir, replied Tom, as you are going to ride, I thought they would soon be dirty again; Very well, said the Dean, go and get the horses ready. In the mean time the Dean ordered the landlord to let his man have no breakfast. When the servant returned, the Dean asked if the horses were ready? Yes, Sir, says the servant; Go bring them, said the Dean. I have not had my breakfast yet, Sir, said Tom. Oh, no matter for that, says the Dean, if you had it you would soon be hungry again. They mounted and rode off; as they rode, the Dean pulled a book out of his pocket, and fell to reading: A gentleman met them, and seeing the Doctor reading, was not willing to disturb him, but passed by till he met the servant. Who is that gentleman, said he to the servant? It is my master, Sir, said Tom. I know that, you blockhead, said the gentleman, but where are you going? We are going to heaven, Sir, says Tom. How do you know that? said the gentleman. Because I am fasting, and my master is praying, Sir, so I think we are in the right road to that place.

BETTY BROOM'S HISTORY.

IAM a poor girl. I was bred in the country at a charity-school, maintained by the contributions of wealthy neighbours. The ladies, our patronesses, visited us from time to time, examined how we were taught, and saw that our clothes were clean. We lived happily enough, and were instructed to be thankful to those at whose cost we were educated. I was always the favourite of my mistress; she used to call me to read and shew my copy-book to all strangers, who never dismissed me without a commendation, and very seldom without a shilling.

At

At last the chief of our subscribers having passed a winter in London, came down full of an opinion new and strange to the whole country. She held it little less than criminal to teach poor girls to read and write. They who are born to poverty, she said, are born to ignorance, and will work the harder the less they know. She told her friends that London was in confusion by the insolence of servants—that scarcely a wench was to be got *for all work*, since education had made such numbers of fine ladies, that nobody would now accept a lower title than that of a waiting-maid, or something that might qualify her to wear laced shoes and long ruffles, and to sit at work in the parlour window. But she was resolved, for her part, to spoil no more girls; those who were to live by their hands, should neither read nor write out of her pocket; the world was bad enough already, and she would have no part in making it worse.

She was for a short time warmly opposed; but she persevered in her notions, and withdrew her subscription. Few listen without a desire of conviction to those who advise them to spare their money. Her example and her arguments gained ground daily, and in less than a year the whole parish was convinced, that the nation would be ruined if the children of the poor were taught to read and write.

Our school was now dissolved; my mistress kissed me when we parted, and told me, that, being old and helpless, she could not assist me, advised me to seek a service, and charged me not to forget what I had learned.

My reputation for scholarship, which had hitherto recommended me to favour, was, by the adherents to the new opinion, considered as a crime; and, when I offered myself to any mistress, I had no other answer than, *Sure, child, you would not work; hard work is not fit for a penwoman;—a scrubbing-brush would spoil your hand, child.*

I could not live at home; and while I was considering to what I should betake me, one of the girls, who had gone from our school to London, came down in a silk gown, and told her acquaintance how well she lived, what fine things she saw, and what great wages she received. I resolved to try my fortune, and took my passage in the next week's waggon to London.

London. I had no snares laid for me at my arrival, but came safe to a sister of my mistress, who undertook to get me a place. She knew only the families of mean tradesmen; and I having no high opinion of my own qualifications, was willing to accept the first offer.

My first mistress was wife of a working watchmaker, who earned more than was sufficient to keep his family in decency and plenty; but it was their constant practice to hire a chaise on *Sunday*, and spend half the wages of the week on *Richmond-hill*; on *Monday* he commonly lay half in bed, and spent the other half in merriment; *Tuesday* and *Wednesday* consumed the rest of his money; and three days every week were passed in extremity of want by us who were left at home, while my master lived on trust at an alehouse. You may be sure that of the sufferers the maid suffered most, and I left them after three months, rather than be starved.

I was then maid to a hatter's wife. There was no want to be dreaded, for they lived in perpetual luxury. My mistress was a diligent woman, and rose early in the morning to set the journeymen to work; my master was a man much beloved by his neighbours, and sat at one club or other every night. I was obliged to wait on my master at night, and on my mistress in the morning; he seldom came home before two, and she rose at five. I could no more live without sleep than without food, and therefore entreated them to look out for another servant.

My next removal was to a linen-draper's, who had six children. My mistress, when I first entered the house, informed me, that I must never contradict the children, nor suffer them to cry. I had no desire to offend, and readily promised to do my best. But when I gave them their breakfast, I could not help all first; when I was playing with one in my lap, I was forced to keep the rest in expectation. That which was not gratified always resented the injury with a loud outcry, which put my mistress in a fury at me, and procured sugar-plumbs to the child. I could not keep six children quiet, who were bribed to be clamorous, and was therefore dismissed, as a girl honest, but not good-natured.

I then

I then lived with a couple that kept a petty shop of remnants, and cheap linen. I was qualified to make a bill, or keep a book; and being therefore often called at a busy time, to serve the customers, expected that I should now be happy, in proportion as I was useful. But my mistress appropriated every day part of the profit to some private use, and, as she grew bolder in her theft, at last deducted such sums, that my master began to wonder how he sold so much, and gained so little. She pretended to assist his enquiries, and began, very gravely, to hope that *Betty was honest, and yet those sharp girls were apt to be light-fingered*. You will believe that I did not stay there much longer.

Having left the last place in haste to avoid the charge or the suspicion of theft, I had not secured another service, and was forced to take a lodging in a back street. I had now got good clothes. The woman who lived in the garret opposite to mine was very officious, and offered to take care of my room and clean it, while I went round to my acquaintance to enquire for a mistress. I knew not why she was so kind, nor how I could recompence her; but in a few days I missed some of my linen, went to another lodging, and resolved not to have another friend in the next garret.

In six weeks I became under-maid at the house of a mercer in Cornhill, whose son was his apprentice. The young gentleman used to sit late at the tavern without the knowledge of his father, and I was ordered by my mistress to let him in silently to his bed under the counter, and to be very careful to take away his candle. The hours which I was obliged to watch, whilst the rest of the family was in bed, I considered as supernumerary, and having no business assigned for them, thought myself at liberty to spend them my own way; I kept myself awake with a book, and for some time liked my state the better for this opportunity of reading. At last the upper-maid found my book, and shewed it to my mistress, who told me that wenches like me might spend their time better; that she never knew any of the readers that had good designs in their heads; that she could always find something else to do with her time, than to puzzle over books; and did not like that such a fine lady should sit up for her young master.

This

This was the first time that I found it thought criminal or dangerous to know how to read. I was dismissed decently, lest I should tell tales, and had a small gratuity above my wages.

I then lived with a gentlewoman of a small fortune. This was the only happy part of my life; my mistress, for whom public diversions were too expensive, spent her time with books, and was pleased to find a maid who could partake of her amusements. I rose early in the morning, that I might have time in the afternoon to read or listen, and was suffered to tell my opinion, or express my delight. Thus fifteen months stole away, in which I did not repine that I was born to servitude. But a burning fever seized my mistress, of whom I shall say no more than that her servant wept upon her grave.

I had lived in a kind of luxury, which made me very unfit for another place, and was rather too delicate for the conversation of a kitchen; so that when I was hired into the family of an East-India Director, my behaviour was so different, as they said, from that of a common servant, that they concluded me a gentlewoman in disguise, and turned me out in three weeks, on suspicion of some design which they could not comprehend.

I then fled for refuge to the other end of the town, where I hoped to find no obstruction from my new accomplishments, and was hired under the housekeeper in a splendid family. Here I was too wise for the maids, and too nice for the footman; yet I might have lived on without much uneasiness, had not my mistress, the housekeeper, who used to employ me in buying necessaries for the family, found a bill which I had made of one day's expences. I suppose it did not quite agree with her own book, for she fiercely declared her resolution, that there should be no pen and ink in that kitchen but her own.

She had the justice, or the prudence, not to injure my reputation; and I was easily admitted into another house in the neighbourhood, where my business was to sweep the rooms and make the beds. Here I was, for some time, the favourite of Mrs. Simper, my lady's woman, who could not bear the vulgar girls, and was happy in the attendance of a young woman of
some

some education. Mrs. Simper loved a novel, though she could not read hard words, and therefore, when her lady was abroad, we always laid hold on her books. At last my abilities became so much celebrated, that the house-steward used to employ me in keeping his accounts. Mrs. Simper then found out that my sauciness was grown to such a height that nobody could endure it, and told my lady, that there never had been a room well swept since *Betty Broom* came into the house.

I was then hired by a consumptive lady, who wanted a maid that could read and write. I attended her four years, and though she was never pleased, yet when I declared my resolution to leave her, she burst into tears, and told me that I must bear the peevishness of a sick-bed, and I would find myself remembered in her will. I complied, and a codicil was added in my favour; but in less than a week, when I set her gruel before her, I laid the spoon on the left side, and she threw her will into the fire. In two days she made another, which she burnt in the same manner, because she could not eat her chicken. A third was made and destroyed, because she heard a mouse within the wainscot, and was sure that I should suffer her to be carried away alive. After this I was for some time out of favour; but as her illness grew upon her, resentment and fullness gave way to kinder sentiments. She died and left me five hundred pounds; with this fortune I am going to settle in my native parish, where I resolve to spend some hours every day in teaching poor girls to read and write.

SIR Walter Raleigh, discoursing with some friends, in the Tower, of Happiness, urged, that it was not only a freedom from diseases and pains of the body, but from anxiety and vexation of spirit; not only to enjoy the pleasures of sense, but peace of conscience, and inward tranquillity. And this happiness, so suitable to the immortality of our souls, and the eternal state we must live in, is only to be met with in Religion.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE

OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

IN the year 1718, Dryden's '*All for Love*,' was performed for the amusement of the old Duke of Marlborough, by persons of fashion. Among the learned who were present, are to be mentioned the names of Bishop Hoadly, Dr. Samuel Clarke, and Sir Richard Steele.

Lady Bateman, who was the Duke's favourite grandchild, and very beautiful, played the part of Cleopatra; her ladyship applied in vain to Sir Richard Steele for a prologue on that extraordinary occasion. Bishop Hoadly, perceiving her anxiety, on retiring at bed-time, called for pen, ink, and paper, and in the morning delivered to Lady Bateman a prologue, which is preserved in Mr. Duncombe's collection of '*Letters by several eminent Persons*.' Her Ladyship accordingly spoke it in the evening; and the compliments in the following lines, with his grand-daughter's attention, being as acceptable as it was sudden—his Grace burst into tears.

EXTRACT.

- ' This heap of stones, which Blenheim's palace frame,
- ' Rose in this form a trophy to thy name :
- ' This heap of stones must crumble into sand;
- ' But thy great name shall through all ages stand. .
- ' In fate's dark book I saw thy long-liv'd name,
- ' And thus the certain prophecy proclaim :—
- " One shall arise,* who will thy deeds rehearse,
- " Not in arch'd roof, or in suspended verse ;
- " But in plain annals of each glorious year;
- " With pomp of truths the story shall appear.

* This probably alludes to Sir Richard Steele's intention of writing a history of the Duke's campaigns.

Long

“ Long after Blenheim’s walls shall moulder’d lie,
 “ Or, blown by winds, to distant regions fly,
 “ By him shall thy great actions all survive,
 “ And by thy name shall his be taught to live.”

In the course of the play, Sir Richard Steele, who sat next to the Bishop, often remarked how well Captain Fisher, who played the part of Anthony, performed the character; and the Captain being particularly impassioned with Lady Bateman, Sir Richard remarked—‘ I doubt this Fish is Flesh, my Lord.’

POPE’S UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of All! in ev’ry age,
 In ev’ry clime, ador’d,
 By faint, by savage, and by sage,
 JEHOVAH, JOVE, or LORD!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood:
 Who all my sense confin’d
 To know but this, that Thou art good,
 And that myself am blind.

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill;
 And binding nature fast in fate,
 Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This, teach me more than hell to shun,
 That, more than heav’n pursue.

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What

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away;
 For God is paid when man receives,
 T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
 Thy goodness let me bound,
 Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land,
 On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay;
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
 To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others shew,
 That mercy shew to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
 Since quick'ned by thy breath;
 O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
 Through this day's life or death.

This

This day, be bread and peace my lot :
 All else beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
 And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
 One chorus let all beings raise !
 All nature's incense rise !

ABSURDITY OF

HEREDITARY PREJUDICES Exposed.

SOME persons believe every thing that their kindred, their parents, and their tutors, believe. The veneration and the love which they have for their ancestors, incline them to swallow down all their opinions at once, without examining what truth or falshood there is in them. Men take their principles by inheritance, and defend them as they would their estates, because they are born heirs to them. I freely grant that parents are appointed by God and nature to teach us all the sentiments and practices of our younger years; and happy are those whose parents lead them into the paths of wisdom and truth. I grant further, that when persons come to years of discretion, and judge for themselves, they ought to examine the opinions of their parents, with the greatest modesty, and with an humble deference to their superior character; they ought, in matters perfectly dubious, to give the preference to their parent's advice, and always to pay them the first respect, nor ever depart from their opinions and practices, till reason and conscience make it necessary. But

after all, it is possible that parents may be mistaken, and therefore reason and scripture ought to be our final rules of determination in matters that relate to this world, and that which is to come.

A N
EVENING ODE.

EVENING now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts she brings;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes shake the reed;
Shake the reed, and curl the stream
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;
Near the chequer'd lonely grove,
Hears, and keeps thy secrets, Love.
Stella, thither let us stray!
Lightly o'er the dewy way
Phœbus drives his burning car,
Hence, my lovely Stella, far;
In his stead, the queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light;
Light that seems but just to show
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow;
Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
Evening's silent hours employ,
Silence best, and conscious shades,
Please the hearts that love invades;
Other pleasures give them pain,
Lovers all but love disdain.

The

The WORLD never known but by a change of FORTUNE.

THE HISTORY OF MELISSA.

BORN to a large fortune, and bred to the knowledge of those arts which are supposed to accomplish the mind, and adorn the person of a woman. To these attainments, which custom and education almost forced upon me, I added some voluntary acquisitions by the use of books, and the conversation of that species of men whom the ladies generally mention with terror and aversion, under the name of scholars, but whom I have found a harmless and inoffensive order of beings, not so much wiser than ourselves, but that they may receive as well as communicate knowledge, and more inclined to degrade their own character by cowardly submission, than to overbear or oppress us with their learning or their wit.

From these men, however, if they are by kind treatment encouraged to talk, something may be gained, which, embellished with elegance, and softened by modesty, will always add dignity and value to female conversation; and from my acquaintance with the bookish part of the world, I derived many principles of judgment and maxims of prudence, by which I was enabled to draw upon myself the general regard in every place of concourse or pleasure. My opinion was the great rule of approbation; my remarks were remembered by those who desired the second degree of fame; my mein was studied; my dress was imitated; my letters were handed from one family to another, and read by those who copied them as sent to themselves; my visits were solicited as honours; and multitudes boasted of an intimacy with MELISSA, who had only seen me by accident, and whose familiarity had never proceeded beyond the exchange of a compliment, or return of a courtesy.

I shall make no scruple of confessing that I was pleased with this universal veneration, because I always considered it as paid to my intrinsic qualities and inseparable merit, and very easily persuaded myself that fortune had no part in my superiority. When I looked upon my glass, I
saw

saw youth and beauty, with health that might give me reason to hope their continuance. When I examined my mind, I found some strength of judgment and fertility of fancy; and was told that every action was grace, and that every accent was persuasion.

In this manner my life passed like a continual triumph, amidst acclamations, and envy, and courtship, and caresses. To please MELISSA was the general ambition, and every stratagem of artful flattery was practised upon me. To be flattered is grateful, even when we know that our praises are not believed by those who pronounce them; for they prove, at least, our power, and shew that our favour is valued, since it is purchased by the meanness of falsehood. But, perhaps, the flatterer is not often detected, for an honest mind is not apt to suspect, and no one exerts the power of discernment with much vigour when self-love favours the deceit.

The number of adorers, and the perpetual distraction of my thoughts by new schemes of pleasure, prevented me from listening to any of those who croud in multitudes to give girls advice, and kept me unmarried and unengaged to my twenty-seventh year; when, as I was towering in all the pride of uncontested excellency, with a face little impaired, and a mind hourly improving, the failure of a fund, in which my money was placed, reduced me to a frugal competency, which allowed little beyond neatness and independence.

I bore the diminution of my riches without any outrages of sorrow or pusillanimity of dejection. Indeed I did not know how much I had lost, for having always heard and thought more of my wit and beauty, than of my fortune, it did not suddenly enter my imagination that MELISSA could sink beneath her established rank, while her form and her mind continued the same; that she could cease to raise admiration but by ceasing to deserve it, or feel any stroke but from the hand of time.

It was in my power to have concealed the loss, and to have married, by continuing the same appearances, with all the credit of my original fortune; but I was not so far sunk in my own esteem as to submit to the baseness of fraud, or to desire any other recommendation than sense and virtue.

virtue. I therefore dismissed my equipage, and those ornaments which were become unsuitable to my condition, and appeared among those with whom I used to converse with less glitter, but with equal spirit.

I found myself received at every visit, with sorrow beyond what is naturally felt for calamity in which we have no part, and was entertained with condolence and consolation, so frequently repeated, that my friends plainly consulted, rather their own gratification, than my relief. Some from that time refused my acquaintance, and forbore, without any provocation, to repay my visits: some visited me, but after a longer interval than usual, and every return was still with more delay; nor did any of my female acquaintances fail to introduce the mention of my misfortunes,—to compare my present and former condition; to tell me how much it must trouble me to want the splendour which I became so well, to look at pleasures which I had formerly enjoyed, and to sink to a level with those by whom I had been considered as moving in a higher sphere, and who had hitherto approached me with reverence and submission, which I was now no longer to expect.

Observations like these are commonly nothing better than covert insults, which serve to give vent to the flatulence of pride, but they are now and then imprudently uttered by honesty and benevolence, and inflict pain where kindness is intended. I will, therefore, so far maintain my antiquated claim to politeness, as to venture the establishment of this rule,—that no one ought to remind another of misfortunes of which the sufferer does not complain, and which there are no means proposed of alleviating. You have no right to excite thoughts which necessarily give pain whenever they return, and which perhaps might not have revived but by absurd and unseasonable compassion.

My endless train of lovers immediately withdrew, without raising any emotions. The greater part had indeed always professed to court, as it is termed, upon the square, had enquired my fortune, and offered settlements. These had undoubtedly a right to retire without censure, since they had openly treated for money, as necessary to their happiness, and who can tell
how

how little they wanted any other portion? I have always thought the clamours of women unreasonable, who imagine themselves injured, because the men who followed them, upon the supposition of a greater fortune, reject them when they are discovered to have less. I have never known any lady, who did not think wealth a title to some stipulations in her favour; and surely what is claimed by the possession of money is justly forfeited by its loss. She that has once demanded a settlement has allowed the importance of fortune; and when she cannot shew pecuniary merit, why should she think her cheapener obliged to purchase?

The only pain which I have felt from degradation, is the loss of that influence which I had always exerted on the side of virtue, in the defence of innocence, and the assertion of truth. I now find my opinions slighted, my sentiments criticised, and my arguments opposed by those that used to listen to me without reply, and struggle to be first in expressing their conviction.

The female disputants have wholly thrown off my authority, and if I endeavour to enforce my reasons by an appeal to the scholars that happened to be present, the wretches are certain to pay their court by sacrificing me and my system to a finer gown, and I am every hour insulted with contradiction by cowards, who could never find till lately that MELISSA was liable to error.

There are two persons only whom I cannot charge with having changed their conduct with my change of fortune. One is an old curate, who has passed his life in the duties of his profession, with great reputation for his knowledge and piety; the other is a lieutenant of the dragoons. The parson made no difficulty in the height of my elevation to check me when I was pert, and instruct me when I blundered; and if there is any alteration, he is now more timorous, lest his freedom should be thought rudeness. The soldier never paid me any particular addresses, but very rigidly observed all the rules of politeness, which he is now so far from relaxing, that whenever he serves the tea, he obstinately carries me the first dish, in defiance of the frowns and whispers of the table.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE OF AN ATTORNEY.

A Worthy old gentleman in the country, having employed an attorney, of whom he had a pretty good opinion, to do some law business for him in London, was greatly surprized on his coming to town, and demanding his bill of law charges, to find that it amounted to at least three times the sum he expected. The honest attorney assured him, that there was no article in his bill but what was fair and reasonable. Nay, said the country gentleman, there's one of them, I am sure, cannot be so, for you have set down three shillings and four-pence for going to Southwark, when none of my business lay that way; pray what is the meaning of that, Sir? Oh! Sir, said he, that was for fetching the turkey and chine from the carrier's, that you sent me for a present out of the country.

 THE INESTIMABLE VALUE OF TIME.

EVERY hour you live is an hour given you to prepare for dying, and to save a soul. If you were but apprized of the worth of your own souls, you would better know the worth of days and hours, and of every passing moment; for they are given to secure your immortal interest, and save a soul from everlasting misery. And you would be zealous and importunate in the prayer of Moses, the man of God, upon a meditation of the shortness of life, Psal. xc. 12. "So teach us to number our days, as to apply our hearts to wisdom;" *i. e.* So teach us to consider how few and uncertain our days are, that we may be truly wise in preparing for the end of them.

It is a matter of vast importance to be ever ready for the end of time, ready to hear this awful sentence confirmed with the oath of the glorious angel, that 'time shall be no longer.' The terrors or the comforts of a

dying-bed depend upon it: the solemn and decisive voice of judgment depends upon it; the joys and the sorrows of a long eternity depend upon it:—Go now, careless sinner, and in the view of such things as these, go and trifle away time as you have done before; time, that invaluable treasure: go, and venture the loss of your souls, and the hopes of heaven and your eternal happiness, in wasting away the remnant of hours or moments of life: but remember, the awful voice of the angel is hastening towards you, and the sound is just breaking upon you, that ‘time shall be no longer.’

ANECDOTE

OF FREDERICK THE GREAT, LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

ONE time the King rung his bell, but nobody coming, he opened the door of the antichamber, and found his page sleeping on a chair. In going to wake him, he perceived a written paper hanging out of his pocket. This excited his curiosity and attention; he drew it out and found it to be a letter from the page's mother, wherein she thanked her son for his kind assistance, in sending her part of his wages; for which heaven would certainly reward him, if he continued his faithful service to God and his Majesty. The King walked softly back to his apartment, fetched a roll of ducats, and slipped it with the letter into his pocket again. Soon after he rung the bell so hard that the page awoke, and made his appearance. “Surely you have been asleep,” said the King. The boy stammered part of an excuse, and part of a confession; and in his confusion, putting his hand into his pocket, he felt, with the greatest surprise, the roll of ducats. He drew it out, trembling, grew pale, and stared at the Monarch with tears starting from his eyes, and unable to utter a syllable. “What is the matter?” said the King. ‘Alas! your Majesty,’ sobbed the page, falling on his knees, ‘my ruin is intended, I know nothing of this

this money.' "Why," said the King, "whenever fortune does come, she comes sleeping—you may send it to your mother, with my compliments, and assure her, I will provide for you both." The unexpected joy this gave the page, is beyond description.—This very scene has produced a comedy, entitled, '*The Noble Youth*,' by Professor Engle.

UNCERTAINTY OF FRIENDSHIP.

LIFE has no pleasure higher or nobler than that of Friendship. It is painful to consider, that this sublime enjoyment may be impaired or destroyed by innumerable causes, and that there is no human possession of which the duration is less certain.

Many have talked, in very exalted language, of the perpetuity of Friendship, of invincible Constancy, and unalienable Kindness; and some examples have been seen of men who have continued faithful to their earliest choice, and whose affection has predominated over changes of fortune, and contrariety of opinion.

But these instances are memorable because they are rare. The Friendship which is to be practised or expected by common mortals, must take its rise from mutual pleasure, and must end when the power ceases of delighting each other.

Many accidents therefore may happen, by which the ardour of kindness will be abated, without criminal baseness or contemptible inconstancy on either part. To give pleasure is not always in our power, and little does he know himself, who believes that he can be always able to receive it.

Those who would gladly pass their days together, may be separated by the different course of their affairs; and Friendship, like love, is destroyed by long absence, though it may be increased by short intermissions.—What we have missed long enough to want it, we value more when it is regained; but that which has been lost till it is forgotten, will be found

at last with little gladness, and with still less if a substitute has supplied the place. A man, deprived of the companion to whom he used to open his bosom, and with whom he shared the hours of leisure and merriment, feels the day at first hanging heavy on him; his difficulties oppress, and his doubts distract him; he sees time come and go without his wonted gratification, and all is sadness within and solitude about him. But this uneasiness never lasts long; necessity produces expedients, new amusements are discovered, and new conversation is admitted.

No expectation is more frequently disappointed, than that which naturally arises in the mind from the prospect of meeting an old friend, after long separation. We expect the attraction to be revived, and the coalition to be renewed; no man considers how much alteration time has made in himself, and very few enquire what effect it has had upon others. The first hour convinces them, that the pleasure which they have formerly enjoyed, is for ever at an end; different scenes have made different impressions, the opinions of both are changed, and that similitude of manners and sentiment is lost, which confirmed them both in the approbation of themselves.

Friendship is often destroyed by opposition of interest, not only by the ponderous and visible interest, which the desire of wealth and greatness forms and maintains, but by a thousand secret and slight competitions, scarcely known to the mind upon which they operate. There is scarcely any man without some favourite trifle which he values above greater attainments, some desire of petty praise which he cannot patiently suffer to be frustrated. This minute ambition is sometimes crossed before it is known, and sometimes defeated by wanton petulance; but such attacks are seldom made without the loss of friendship; for whoever has once found the vulnerable part will always be feared, and the resentment will burn on in secret of which shame hinders the discovery.

This, however, is a slow malignity, which a wise man will obviate as inconsistent with quiet, and a good man will repress as contrary to virtue; but human happiness is sometimes violated by some more sudden strokes.

A dispute

A dispute begun in jest, upon a subject which a moment before was on both parts regarded with careless indifference, is continued by the desire of conquest, till vanity kindles into rage, and opposition rankles into enmity. Against this hasty mischief I know not what security can be obtained; men will be sometimes surprized into quarrels, and though they might both hasten to reconciliation, as soon as their tumult had subsided, yet two minds will be seldom found together, which can at once subdue their discontent, or immediately enjoy the sweets of peace, without remembering the wounds of the conflict.

Friendship has other enemies. Suspicion is always hardening the cautious, and disgust repelling the delicate. Very slender differences will sometimes part those whom long reciprocation of civility or beneficence has united.—Lonelove and Ranger retired into the country to enjoy the company of each other, and returned in six weeks cold and petulant; Ranger's pleasure was to walk in the fields, and Lonelove's to sit in a bower; each had complied with the other in his turn, and each was angry that compliance had been exacted.

The most fatal disease of friendship is gradual decay, or dislike hourly increased by causes too slender for complaint, and too numerous for removal. Those who are angry may be reconciled; those who have been injured may receive a recompence; but when the desire of pleasing, and willingness to be pleased, are silently diminished, the renovation of friendship is hopeless; as when the vital powers sink into languor, there is no longer any use of the physician.

A HYMN.

OUR God is the Father of all,
 The Father of mercies and love;
 He pities the works of his hands,
 Though he reigns in the heavens above.

Not

Not a sparrow can fall to the ground
Without his permission and care;
From such a kind Father and Friend,
Then what have his children to fear?

We've nothing to fear but from sin,
It is sin that displeases our God;
When we disobey his commands,
Like a Father he uses the rod.

ADVICE FROM A YOUNG LADY

TO HER

FEMALE ACQUAINTANCE LATELY MARRIED.

HEAR, Peggy, since the single state
You've left, and chose yourself a mate,
Since metamorphos'd to a wife,
And bliss or woe insur'd for life;
A friendly muse the way would show,
To gain the bliss, and miss the woe:
But first of all I must suppose
You've with mature reflection chose;
And this premis'd, I think you may
Here find to married bliss the way.

Small is the province of a wife,
And narrow is her sphere of life;
Within that sphere to move aright,
Should be her principal delight;

To

To guide the house with prudent care,
And properly to spend and spare;
To make her husband bless the day
He gave his liberty away;
To form the infant's tender mind;
These are the tasks to wives assign'd:
Then never think domestic care
Beneath the province of the fair,
But daily those affairs inspect,
That nought be wasted through neglect:
Be frugal plenty round you seen,
And always keep the golden mean.

Be always clean, but seldom fine,
Let decent neatness round you shine:
If once fair decency be fled,
Love soon deserts the genial bed.

The early days of wedded life
Are oft o'ercast with childish strife;
But be it your peculiar care
To keep that season bright and fair;
For then's the time, by gentle art,
To fix your empire in his heart;
With kind obliging carriage strive
To keep the lamp of love alive:
For should it through neglect expire,
No art again can light the fire.

To charm his reason, dress your mind,
Till love shall be with friendship join'd;
Rais'd on that basis 'twill endure,
From Time and Death itself secure.

Be

Be sure you ne'er for power contend,
Nor seek by tears to gain your end;
Most times those tears which cloud our eyes,
From pride and obstinacy rise:
Heaven gave to man superior sway,
Then heaven and him at once obey.

Let fullen frowns your brows ne'er cloud,
Be always cheerful—never loud:
Let trifles never discompose
Your features, temper, or repose.

Abroad for happiness ne'er roam,
True happiness consists at home;
Still make your partner easy there,
(Man finds abroad sufficient care)
If every thing at home be right,
He'll always enter with delight;
Your converse he'll prefer to all
Those cheats the world do pleasure call;
With cheerful chat his cares beguile,
And always meet him with a smile.

Should passion e'er his soul deform,
Serenely meet the bursting storm;
Never in wordy war engage,
Nor ever meet his rage with rage;
With all our sex's soft'ning art,
Recall lost reason to his heart;
Thus calm the tempest in his breast,
And sweetly soothe his soul to rest.

Be sure you ne'er arraign his sense,
(Few husbands pardon that offence)

'Twill

"Twill discord raise, disgust it breeds,
 And hatred certainly succeeds;
 Then shun, O shun, the fatal shelf!
 Still think him wiser than yourself;
 Or if you otherwise believe,
 Ne'er let him such a thought perceive.

When care invades your partner's heart,
 Bear you a sympathizing part,
 And kindly claim your share of pain,
 And half his troubles still sustain:
 From rising morn till setting night,
 To see him pleas'd, your sole delight.

But now, methinks, I hear you cry,
 Shall she pretend,—O vanity!—
 To lay down rules for wedded life,
 Who never was herself a wife?
 I own you've ample cause to chide,
 And, blushing, throw my pen aside.

ROBBERY OF TIME.

WHEN Diogenes received a visit in his tub from Alexander the Great, and was asked, according to the ancient forms of royal courtesy, what petition he had to offer, "I have nothing," said he, "to ask, but that you would remove to the other side, that you may not, by intercepting the sunshine, take from me what you cannot give me."

I i

Such

Such was the demand of Diogenes from the greatest monarch of the earth, which those, who have less power than Alexander, may with yet more propriety apply to themselves. He that does much good, may be allowed to do sometimes a little harm. But if the opportunities of beneficence be denied by fortune, innocence should at least be vigilantly preserved.

It is well known, that time once past never returns, and that the moment which is lost, is lost for ever. Time therefore ought, above all other kinds of property, to be free from invasion; and yet there is no man who does not claim the power of wasting that time which is the right of others.

This usurpation is so general, that a very small part of the year is spent by choice; scarcely any thing is done when it is intended, or obtained when it is desired. Life is continually ravaged by invaders; one steals away an hour, and another a day; one conceals the robbery by hurrying us into business, another by lulling us with amusement; the depredation is continued through a thousand vicissitudes of tumult and tranquillity, till, having lost all, we can lose no more.

This waste of the lives of men has been very frequently charged upon the Great, whose followers linger from year to year in expectations, and die at last with petitions in their hands. Those who raise envy will easily incur censure. I know not whether statesmen and patrons do not suffer more reproaches than they deserve, and may not rather themselves complain that they are given up a prey to pretensions without merit, and to importunity without shame.

The truth is, that the inconveniencies of attendance are more lamented than felt. To the greater number solicitation is its own reward: To be seen in good company, to talk of familiarities with men of power, to be able to tell the freshest news, to gratify an inferior circle with predictions of increase or decline of favour, and to be regarded as a candidate for high offices, are compensations more than equivalent to the delay of favours, which perhaps he that begs them has hardly confidence to expect.

A man

A man conspicuous in a high station, who multiplies hopes that he may multiply dependants, may be considered as a beast of prey, justly dreaded, but easily avoided; his den is known, and they who would not be devoured, need not approach it. The great danger of the waste of time is from caterpillars and moths, who are not resisted, because they are not feared, and who work on with unheeded mischiefs, and invisible incroachments.

He, whose rank or merit procures him the notice of mankind, must give up himself in a great measure to the convenience or humour of those that surround him. Every man who is sick of himself, will fly to him for relief; he that wants to speak will require him to hear; and he that wants to hear will expect him to speak. Hour passes after hour, the noon succeeds to morning, and the evening to noon, while a thousand objects are forced upon his attention, which he rejects as fast as they are offered, but which the custom of the world requires to be received with appearance of regard.

If we will have the kindness of others, we must endure their follies; he, who cannot persuade himself to withdraw from society, must be content to pay a tribute of his time to a multitude of tyrants; to the loiterer, who makes appointments which he never keeps; to the consulter, who asks advice which he never takes; to the boaster, who blusters only to be praised; to the complainer, who whines only to be pitied; to the projector, whose happiness is to entertain his friends with expectations which all but himself know to be vain; to the œconomist, who tells of bargains and settlements; to the politician, who predicts the fate of battles, and breach of alliances; to the usurer, who compares the different funds; and to the talker, who talks only because he loves to be talking.

To put every man in possession of his own time, and rescue the day from this succession of usurpers, is beyond my power and beyond my hope. Yet, perhaps, some stop might be put to this unmerciful persecution, if all would seriously reflect, that whoever pays a visit that is not desired, or talks longer than the hearer is willing to attend, is guilty of an injury which he cannot repair, and takes away that which he cannot give.

O N

THE GENERAL CRUELTY OF SCHOOLS.

POVERTY, or covetousness, I have observed to be the two motives with men to undertake the drudgery of a school; from the last nothing good can come, the motive is bad: from the first we may expect something: hunger softens brutes; but a peculiar attention should be paid to the temper of the man. If he is hasty and irascible, it will vent itself in beating and cruelty to the children; if mild and gentle, it will be alluring and irresistibly persuasive. An Apostle hath said, "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath:" but how many children, in contempt of this precept, are provoked to wrath by the wanton cruelties of masters! Many an amiable disposition has been ruined by unhappily falling under such hands. Why is it that our universities send us back so few bright men? The cause, in a great measure, is in our schools. Young men, glad that they are escaped from slavery and the lash, to a land of liberty, think they can never enjoy it enough; and finding the college exercise trifling, and that little time is required to perform it, the rest is devoted to pleasure, and such pleasure too that often stupifies the scholar, and leaves what the chemists call a *caput mortuum*, a lump of dullness.

A friend of mine, whom I have heard lament the present insensible method of masters, thought he had found out a proper place for an only child at what is called a private school, that is, by the bye, only a more crafty method to pick your pocket; but he found himself miserably deceived. I was at his house when what I am going to relate happened. One SILEX, I believe, a Welch parson, set up some years since such a school as this, craftily giving out that he would take but a few, but would have his price. My friend was caught in the deception: he sent his son, unsuspecting any severity, much less cruelty. The boy was of an amiable disposition, and very ready at learning; but it happened once, after his return from home some four or five days, doubtless with thoughts uncollected
for

for school exercise at such a season, that he missed a word in construing his lesson. The fault was unpardonable; he was beat upon his head, his money taken from him, and, *horrendum dictu!* he was told that he should be confined to the school-room three days without victuals, and at the end be severely flogged. What man, under such circumstances, would not meditate an escape? much more then a boy, not eleven years old. He bore, however, with patience, the first day's confinement, though victuals were brought to him, but as it were by stealth. The manner of this conveyance confirmed him that he must undergo the punishment. Into what an agony must such a child be thrown by such cruel treatment? Fear is a dreadful painter. The images it draws in the mind are horrible; but some of his schoolfellows, commiserating his case, persuaded him to attempt his escape. The undertaking was arduous, yet the next morning he set out, and though he had near thirty miles to travel, he was at home by dinner; such was the swiftness fear gave to his feet. But what a scene of distress did I there behold! the sudden surprize by the child's return, the fear lest he should have overheated his blood, and a multitude of misgiving thoughts, had very near been too much for the parents. My blood, I confess, boiled against the wretch that had thus wantonly sported in cruelty, which might have turned out fatal to a family, and embittered the rest of their days: but masters make light of these things, and tell them with glee and pleasure over their pipes and bottles. It is high time for authority to interpose. Apprentices enjoy its protection; for it is forbid masters to use any cruelty with them. Why then should it not interpose, and lay its commands on schoolmasters? Why must children, less able to bear severity, be unmercifully exposed to it? Colleges have visitors, and also many other institutions to regulate abuses. Let visitors then be appointed at the public expence to be a check upon schoolmasters. It would be money wisely disbursed, no matter for men of learning; honest and humane will be sufficient. The end of their office is only to be a check upon their masters. The will of man unchecked naturally grows imperious. How comes it to pass that we have been wise enough to lay restraints

restraints on each other in every other affair of life, and yet have neglected to place a watch upon schoolmasters? Talk with men who have either passed through a public or private school, and you will not hear one in three speak well of the master's humanity. Many schools are more terrifying to children than prisons to men.

The following elegant Lines were written on the Death of the Rev. MOORE MEREDITH, Vice-Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, by Mr. H. F. SOAME, Student of that College, and fixed upon the Pall of the deceased, according to the Custom of that Society.

SONS of the world, who view with scornful eyes
 The grave in which sequester'd science lies;
 Who mock the student's toils, or mark them not,
 Or deem he labours but to be forgot;
 Exists a while within the cloister's gloom,
 Then sinks unheeded to an humble tomb!
 Come, ye who proudly scorn the pedant's boast,
 Here weep the talents which you honour most!
 Know that there sleeps on this lamented bier
 All that might well have grac'd your gayer sphere;
 Wit, that to dullness only gave offence,
 And learning's store subservient still to sense;
 The sportive fancy, and the humourous vein,
 Which numbers imitate, but few attain:
 Quick to conceive, and ready to express,
 The clear conception in its happiest dress;
 Fire, that with seventy winters snow could wage
 Successful war, and melt the frost of age.

Mourn

Mourn him, ye gay, for you had sure approv'd
 Whom *Yorick* honour'd, and *Eugenius** lov'd;
 Refuse the decent tribute, if you can,
 Due to the Wit, the Scholar, and the Man!

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

I. **K**INSMAN, I presume you desire to be happy here, and hereafter; you know there are a thousand difficulties which attend this pursuit; some of them, perhaps, you foresee, but there are multitudes which you could never think of. Never trust therefore to your own understanding in the things of this world, where you can have the advice of a wise and faithful friend; nor dare venture the more important concerns of your soul, and your eternal interests in the world to come, upon the mere light of nature, and the dictates of your own reason; since the word of God, and the advice of heaven, lies in your hands. Vain and thoughtless indeed are those children of pride, who choose to turn heathens in the midst of Great-Britain; who live upon the mere religion of nature, and their own stock, when they have been trained up among all the superior advantages of Christianity, and the blessings of divine revelation and grace.

II. Whatever your circumstances may be in this world, still value your Bible as your best treasure; and whatsoever be your employment here, still look upon Religion as your best business. Your Bible contains eternal life in it, and all the riches of the upper world; and Religion is the only way to become a possessor of them.

III. To direct your carriage towards God, converse particularly with the Book of Psalms; David was a man of sincere and eminent devotion. To behave aright among men, acquaint yourself with the whole book of

* STERNE and HALL, both of Jesus College, and intimate friends of Mr. MEREDITH.

Proverbs; Solomon was a man of large experience and wisdom. And to perfect your directions in both these, read the Gospels and the Epistles; you will find the best of rules, and the best of examples there, and those more immediately suited to the Christian life.

IV. As a man, maintain strict temperance and sobriety, by a wise government of your appetites and passions; as a neighbour, influence and engage all around you to be your friends, by a temper and carriage made up of prudence and goodness; and let the poor have a certain share in all your yearly profits. As a trader, keep that golden sentence of our Saviour's ever before you, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them."

V. While you make the precepts of Scripture the constant rule of your duty, you may with courage rest upon the promises of Scripture as the springs of your encouragement. All divine assistances and divine recompences are contained in them. The spirit of light and grace is promised to assist them that ask it. Heaven and glory are promised to reward the faithful and the obedient.

VI. In every affair of life, begin with God. Consult him in every thing that concerns you. View him as the author of all your blessings, and all your hopes, as your best friend, and your eternal portion. Meditate on him in this view, with a continual renewal of your trust in him, and a daily surrender of yourself to him, till you feel that you love him most entirely, that you serve him with sincere delight, and that you cannot live a day without God in the world.

VII. You know yourself to be a man, an indigent creature and a sinner, and you profess to be a Christian, a disciple of the blessed Jesus; but never think you know Christ or yourself as you ought, till you find a daily need of him for righteousness and strength, for pardon and sanctification; and let him be your constant introducer to the great God, though he sit upon a throne of grace. Remember his own words, John xiv. 6, "No man cometh to the Father but by me."

VIII. Make

VIII. Make prayer a pleasure, and not a task, and then you will not forget nor omit it. If ever you have lived in a praying family, never let it be your fault if you do not live in one always. Believe that day, that hour, or those minutes, to be all wasted and lost, which any worldly pretences would tempt you to save out of the public worship of the church, the certain and constant duties of the closet, or any necessary services for God and godliness. Beware lest a blast attend it, and not a blessing. If God had not reserved one day in seven to himself, I fear Religion would have been lost out of the world; and every day of the week is exposed to a curse which has no morning religion.

IX. See that you watch and labour, as well as pray. Diligence and dependence must be united in the practice of every Christian. It is the same wise man acquaints us, that the hand of the diligent, and the blessing of the Lord, join together to make us rich; Prov. x. 4, 22.—rich in the treasures of body or mind, of time or eternity.

It is your duty indeed, under a sense of your own weakness, to pray daily against sin; but if you would effectually avoid it, you must also avoid temptation, and every dangerous opportunity. Set a double guard, wheresoever you feel or suspect an enemy at hand. The world without, and the heart within, have so much flattery and deceit in them, that we must keep a sharp eye upon both, lest we are trapt into mischief between them.

X. Honour, profit, and pleasure, have been sometimes called the world's trinity, they are its three chief idols; each of them is sufficient to draw a soul off from God, and ruin it for ever. Beware of them, therefore, and of all their subtle insinuations, if you would be innocent or happy.

Remember, that the honour which comes from God, the approbation of heaven, and of your own conscience, are infinitely more valuable than all the esteem or applause of men. Dare not venture one step out of the road of heaven, for fear of being laughed at for walking strictly in it. It is a poor religion that cannot stand against a jest.

Sell not your hopes of heavenly treasures, nor any thing that belongs to your eternal interest, for any of the advantages of the present life:

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“ What

“What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?”

Remember also the words of the Wise Man, “He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man;” he that indulgeth himself in “wine and oil,” that is, in drinking, in feasting, and in sensual gratifications, “shall not be rich.” It is one of St. Paul’s characters of a most degenerated age, when “men become lovers of pleasure, more than lovers of God.” And that “fleshly lusts war against the soul,” is St. Peter’s caveat to the Christians of his time.

XI. Preserve your conscience always soft and sensible. If but one sin force its way into that tender part of the soul, and dwell easy there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities.

And take heed that, under any scruple, doubt, or temptation whatsoever, you never let any reasonings satisfy your conscience, which will not be a sufficient answer or apology to the Great Judge at the last day.

XII. Keep this thought ever in your mind. It is a world of vanity and vexation in which you live; the flatteries and promises of it are vain and deceitful; prepare therefore to meet disappointments. Many of its occurrences are teasing and vexatious. In every ruffling storm without, possess your spirit in patience, and let all be calm and serene within. Clouds and tempests are only found in the lower skies; the heavens above are ever bright and clear. Let your heart and hope dwell much in these serene regions; live as a stranger here on earth, but as a citizen of heaven, if you will maintain a soul at ease.

XIII. Since in many things we offend all, and there is not a day passes which is perfectly free from sin, let “repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ,” be your daily work. A frequent renewal of these exercises, which make a Christian at first, will be a constant evidence of your sincere Christianity, and give you peace in life, and hope in death.

XIV. Ever carry about with you such a sense of the uncertainty of every thing in this life, and of life itself, as to put nothing off till to-morrow,

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morrow, which you can conveniently do to-day. Dilatory persons are frequently exposed to surprize and hurry in every thing that belongs to them: the time is come, and they are unprepared. Let the concerns of your soul and your shop, your trade and your religion, lie always in such order, as far as possible, that death, at a short warning, may be no occasion of a disquieting tumult in your spirit, and that you may escape the anguish of a bitter repentance in a dying hour. FAREWELL.

ON SLEEP. ✕

O Gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, sleep, ly'st thou in smoaky cribs
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
 O thou dull god! why ly'st thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
 A watch-case, or a common larum bell?
 Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude, imperious surge;
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deafening clamours on the slipp'ry shrouds,
 That with the hurly death itself awakes?

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Canst

✕ Shaks. : King Henry IV., Part ii. Act iii., scene 1.

Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
 And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a King? Then, happy low! lie down;
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

O F

THE BATTLE OF MARATHON.

THE History of Persia, after the reign of Cyrus, who died in the year before Christ 529, offers little, considered in itself, that merits our regard. But when combined with that of Greece, it becomes particularly interesting.

The Monarchs, who succeeded Cyrus, gave an opportunity to the Greeks to exercise those virtues, which the freedom of their government had created and confirmed. Sparta remained under the influence of Lycurgus's institutions. Athens had just recovered from the tyranny of the Pisistratidæ, a family who had trampled on the laws of Solon, and usurped the supreme power.

Such was their situation, when the lust of universal empire, which seldom fails to torment the breast of tyrants, led Darius to send forth his numerous armies into Greece.

But the Persians were no longer those invincible foldiers, who, under Cyrus, had conquered Asia. Their minds were enervated by luxury and servitude.

Athens, on the contrary, teemed with great men, whose minds were nobly animated by the late recovery of their freedom. Miltiades, in the plains of Marathon, with ten thousand Athenians, overcame the Persian army of a hundred thousand foot and ten thousand cavalry, in the year before Christ 490.

This memorable day reflected the highest glory on Miltiades. To prevent his little army from being furrounded by the enemy, he drew it up with a mountain in the rear, extended his front as much as possible, placed his chief strength in the wings, and caused a great number of trees to be cut down, to keep off the enemies' cavalry from charging them in flank.

The Athenians rushed forwards on the Persians like so many furious lions. This is remarked to have been the first time that they advanced to the attack running. By their impetuosity, they opened a lane through the enemy, and supported with the greatest firmness the charge of the Persians.

The battle, at first, was fought by both parties with great valour and obstinacy. But the wings of the Athenian army, where, as we have just said, Miltiades had placed his chief strength, attacking the main body of the enemy in flank, threw them into irretrievable confusion. Six thousand Persians perished on the spot, and amongst the rest the traitor Hippias, the principal occasion of the war. The rest of the Persian army quickly fled, and abandoned to the victors their camp full of riches.

Thus the Athenians obtained a victory, more real than probable. Animated by their success they pursued the Persians to their very ships, of which they took seven, and set fire to several more.

On this occasion, one Cynegirus, an Athenian, after performing prodigies of valour in the field, endeavoured to prevent a particular galley from putting to sea, and for that purpose held it fast with his right hand: when his right hand was cut off, he then seized the galley with his left, which being likewise cut off, he took hold of it with his teeth, and kept it so till he died.

Another soldier, all covered over with the blood of the enemy, ran to announce the victory at Athens, and after crying out, "Rejoice, we are conquerors," fell dead in the presence of his fellow-citizens.

The Greeks, in this engagement, lost only 200 men. Aristides and Themistocles distinguished themselves very highly in the battle; but Miltiades gained the chief glory. As a reward for his extraordinary merits, and to perpetuate the memory of his skill and bravery, they caused
a picture

a picture to be painted by Polygnotus, one of their most celebrated artists, where Miltiades was represented, at the head of the ten commanders, exhorting the soldiers, and setting them an example of their duty. This picture was preserved for many ages, with other paintings of the best masters, in the portico, where Zeno afterwards instituted his school of philosophy.

ANECDOTE
OF AN
ATTORNEY AND HIS CLIENT.

A Late popular character, when very young, was a candidate for Berwick upon Tweed; and being returned, preferred a petition to the House of Commons, retaining a certain eminent counsel, with a fee of fifty guineas. Just before this business was about to come into the House, the barrister, who had in the interval changed his political sentiments, sent word he could not possibly plead. On this, the candidate immediately waited on his advocate, mildly expostulated and remonstrated, but all in vain, he would not by any means consent either to plead or return the money; adding, with a sneer of professional insolence, that ‘the law was open, and that he might have recourse, if he conceived himself injured.’ “No, no, Sir,” replied the spirited client, “I was weak enough to give you a fee, but I am not quite fool enough to go to law with you; as I perceive my whole fortune may be wasted in retaining fees alone, before I find one honest barrister to plead for me. I have therefore brought my advocate in my pocket!” Then taking out a brace of pistols, he offered one to the astonished counsellor; and protested that before he quitted the room he would either have his money or satisfaction. The money was accordingly returned; but losing so able an advocate, the justice of his cause prevented not the failure of his application.

AN

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HYMN

COMPOSED FOR THE USE OF
SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

FATHER of Mercies! God of Grace!
Each perfect gift is thine;
Through various channels flow the streams,
The source is still divine.

Thy kindness call'd us into life;
And all the good we know,
Each present comfort, future hope,
Thy liberal hands bestow.

The friends whose charity provides
This refuge where to flee,
From want, from ignorance, and vice,
Were raised up by thee.

To Thee we owe the full supply,
Which by their hands is given;
To make us useful here below,
And train our souls for heaven.

May health and peace attend them here,
And every joy above;
While we improve, with grateful hearts,
The labour of their love.

THE

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

“**L**IFE,” says SENECA, is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes: we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better and more pleasing part of old age.”——The perusal of this passage having incited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and on a sudden found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamour and confusion, I was told they were launching out into the *ocean of life*; that we had already passed the straits of infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence, of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to choose among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness; and first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through the flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands all was darkness, nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

Before me, and on each other side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicuous eye could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools,
for

for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools; or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable, but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his comforts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed: nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course; if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition; for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction, failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The vessels in which we had embarked being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage; so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might

live, he was determined to be destroyed by

by favourable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labours; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves; and those who knew their inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement for the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with HOPE, who was the constant associate on the voyage of life.

Yet all that HOPE ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. HOPE, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the current of life was the GULPH OF INTEMPERANCE, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with 'herbage on which EASE spread couches of repose, and with shades where PLEASURE warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks all who sailed on the ocean of life must necessarily pass. REASON, indeed, was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet by which they might escape; but very few could, by her intreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of PLEASURE, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

REASON was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the Gulph of INTEMPERANCE, where, indeed, the circumlocution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it by insensible rotations towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat, but the draught of the gulph was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom REASON was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of PLEASURE, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk by slow degrees, after long struggles and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach of the Gulph of INTEMPERANCE.

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of PLEASURE. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow; but I remarked that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the straits of infancy, perish in the way, and at last were overfet by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of PLEASURE, commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contended long with the incroaching waters, and harrassed themselves by labours that scarce HOPE herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown Power, "Gaze not idly upon others, when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?" I looked, and seeing the Gulph of INTEMPERANCE before me, started and awaked.

VERSES ON MRS. SIDDONS.

SIDDONS! bright subject for a poet's page!
 Born to augment the glory of the stage!
 Our soul of tragedy restor'd I see;
 A GARRICK's genius is renew'd in thee.
 To give our nature all its glorious course;
 With moral beauty, with resistless force,
 To call forth all the passions of the mind,
 The good, the brave, the vengeful, the refin'd,
 The sigh, the thrill, the start, the angel's tear;
 Thy *Isabella* is our GARRICK's *Lear*.

'Tis not the beauties of thy form alone,
 Thy graceful motion, thy impassion'd tone;
 Thy charming attitudes, thy magic pause
 That speaks the eloquence of nature's laws;
 Not these have giv'n thee high theatric fame,
 Nor fir'd the muse to celebrate thy name.

When THOMSON's epithets, to nature true,
 Recall her brightest glories to my view;
 Whene'er his mind-illumin'd aspect brings
 The look that speaks unutterable things;

In fancy, then, thy image I shall see;
Then, heavenly artist, I shall think on thee!

Whatever passion animates thine eye;

Thence, whether pity steals, or terrors fly,

Or heav'n commands, to fix averse benign,

With pow'r miraculous thy face to shine;

Whatever feeling 'tis thy aim to move,

Fear, veng'ance, hate, benevolence, or love;

Still do thy looks usurp divine controul,

And on their objects rivet all the soul:

Thy lightning far outstrips the poet's race;

E'en OTWAY'S numbers yield to SIDDONS' face.

Long after thou hast clos'd the glowing scene;

Withdrawn thy killing, or transporting mien;

Humanely hast remov'd from mortal sight,

Those eyes that shed insufferable light;

Effects continue, rarely seen before;

The tumult of the passions is not o'er;

Imagin'd miseries we still deplore:

E'en yet distress on meditation grows,

E'en yet I feel all *Isabella's* woes;

The dreadful thoughts, rais'd by the magic ring,

With all her agonies my bosom sting;

I feel, where BYRON ascertains his life

All the severe amazement of the wife:

When she, by force, from his remains is borne,

Myself, by ruffians, from myself am torn:

Where the keen dagger gives her soul relief,

Frees her from frenzy, and o'erwhelming grief;

At vain compassion, with her latest breath,

I laugh, and triumph in fictitious death.

ON THE
NECESSITY OF SELF-ACQUAINTANCE.

IT is a point agreed upon by the wise, the virtuous, and the religious, that self-acquaintance is of considerable weight and consequence to every one of us.

Surely then it must be worth our while to examine into the causes of our disgust to this important branch of knowledge.

Among other causes of that usual indifference which mankind in general discover to a thorough acquaintance and knowledge of themselves, may be mentioned an immoderate thirst after pleasure.

This truth will appear very evident, if we consider, in the first place, that pleasure is always sure to engross the heart of that man who addict himself to it; and, in the second place, that it enervates and disqualifies the mind for all laborious pursuits. The love of pleasure is that commanding passion which usurps despotic power, and suffers no power to approach its throne, or dispute with it the empire of the human breast. And whoever yields himself up to pleasure forfeits his liberty, and will find it a most difficult task to break loose from his bonds. Miserable, then, are those captives, to whom enlargement and freedom are almost impossible acquisitions! How cautious ought we to be of all such surrenders of ourselves, as preclude us the power of acting a wiser part for the future! How careful to shun such engagements as are incompatible with thought and reflection, and leave no room for the respective offices and duties of life! engagements which render youth inglorious, and old age contemptible.

But such caution appears additionally necessary, when we consider the pernicious influences and effects of pleasure on the mind of man; that it not only alienates our affections from God, seduces us from our duty, and arrogates the sole possession of our hearts; but, what is a more dangerous
evil

evil still, it likewise emasculates the human mind, enervates all the powers of the soul, and disables us from the pursuit of what is great and good.

To a man who prizes liberty and independence, captivity is one of the greatest calamities which can befall him. But the loss of freedom, accompanied with loss of strength—a state of servitude, and at the same time an impotence of reason to extricate him out of his slavery—are surely the worst misfortunes that can happen to humanity; and more particularly when we subjoin, that pleasure not only robs us of our strength, but intoxicates the understanding, reconciles to us our fetters, and renders us averse to a discharge from our bondage. The knowledge of ourselves is a laborious study, and requires constant attention and indefatigable industry. No wonder, then, that a mind immersed in pleasures, is reluctant to this arduous task; such aversion is the natural consequence of voluptuousness and effeminacy. It may, with the strictest propriety, be said of pleasure, “that her poison is like the poison of a serpent, and that the votaries of pleasure are like the deaf adder, that stoppeth her ear, which refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.”

What has been said upon the subject of Pleasure will hold good with respect to Wealth and Ambition. The leading passion, *whatever it be*, is always imperious and clamorous in its demands, and never can brook a competitor. Talk to him that is greedy of gain, or to the ambitious person, about self-acquaintance; urge the dignity of the science, and expatiate upon its extensive advantages, and you shall be sure to find yourself a most unwelcome preceptor. Solicit the attentive regards of that man, whose heated imagination exhibits splendours and titles to his view; attempt conversation with the man of business, who rises early, and sits up late, and eats the bread of carefulness, in order to accumulate riches; and what reception will you meet with from either of these characters? Like Felix, although converts to the truth of your doctrine, they will dismiss you in haste, and say, “Go thy way for this time, when I have a “convenient season I will call for thee.” And indeed, if they proceed so far, it is the utmost you are to expect from them: for, as the promise is conditional,

conditional, and that convenient season will never arrive, so the performance of their promise will never be fulfilled.

But it is not always levity or laziness; it is not only the love of pleasure, honour, or riches, which keeps men off from an acquaintance with their own hearts; it is sometimes a strong suspicion that their breasts will not bear an inspection. They have reason to fear that things go wrong *there*, and therefore they decline all inquiries; as they who run behind-hand in the world do not care to look into their books. Sad indeed is the case of that man, whose guilt deters him from all researches into his own bosom; but nevertheless, he will do well to consider, that, however painful such examinations may be, they are absolutely necessary to prevent further accessions of guilt, and by a sincere repentance to cancel his former score.

THE

LESSON OF MISFORTUNE;

A MORAL TALE.

TO overcome adversity, and brave death itself, is the effect of a noble and generous resolution. But there is still a species of courage which I think less frequently to be met with in the world, but not less admirable. I shall give an instance of it in relating what I heard from Watelet as we were one day walking together in the groves of Moulin-Joli.

“Of all men of the present century, Watelet seemed to have conducted himself in a manner the most likely to secure a life of happiness. He was a man of universal taste, a lover of the arts, and an encourager of artists and men of letters; he was himself a literary man and an artist, but not with sufficient success to awaken and call forth envy; he possessed that moderate

moderate excellence of talent, which sues for indulgence, and which, free from noise and attention, acquiring esteem and dispensing with glory, amuses the leifures of unambitious retirement, or of a few partial friends; he was wise enough to confine his desire of applause within the limits of that narrow circle, and not to seek in the world either the fulsome praise of admirers, or the criticism of jealousy. Add to these advantages an uncommon amenity of manners, a delicate sensibility of disposition, an attentive and conciliating politeness, and you will have the idea of a life that was innocently pleasurable. Such was the life of Watelet.

“ Every body heard of his philosophical retreat on the banks of the Seine. I sometimes paid him a visit there. One day I met a new-married couple that were mutually delighted with each other; the husband still in the prime of life, and the bride not yet twenty years of age. Watelet seemed himself to derive happiness from theirs, and their looks were expressive of their owing it to him. As they spake the French tongue with purity, I was surprised to hear them say they were going to live in Holland, and that they were come to take their leave of him. When dinner was over, and when they were gone away, I had the curiosity to ask who this happy and grateful couple were. My friend led me into a corner of his enchanting island, where we both sat down. ‘ Listen,’ said he, ‘ and you will see honour saved from shipwreck by virtue.’

“ In a journey to Holland, which I undertook solely to see a country for which man is constantly contending with the sea, and which is enriched by commerce in despite, as it were, of nature, I was recommended to a rich merchant of the name of Odelman, a man as liberal in his house, as he was avaricious in his commerce. In his counting-house, and at his table, I found a young Frenchman of an interesting appearance and uncommon modesty of deportment. He was known in Holland by no other name than that of Oliver.

“ In vain Odelman, who was a man of plain manners, treated him like a friend, and almost as an equal; the young man, with a certain respectful dignity, always kept himself at a proper distance; you would have said, at

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that

that of a son ever attentive and dutiful to the will of his father, whom he was serving for love.

"I shewed him an attention of which he appeared very sensible, and which he returned by a certain nobleness of deportment, but with an air of humility and bashfulness. At table he said little, but with a manner, a decency, a choice of expression, that bespoke a well-educated man. After dinner he accosted me in the most obliging manner, and made me a tender of his services. I did not take an undue advantage of it; but I begged him to assist me with his advice relative to the management of my expenses, and to some purchases I wished to make. To this friendly office he joined the kindest attentions to the most affectionate care.

"I endeavoured to learn what had induced him to live in Holland. He replied, 'it was misfortune;' and in every thing that related to himself, I thought I perceived he did not wish to come to an explanation.

"In the mean time, while we passed all the time he could spare together, and with a complaisance that my curiosity sometimes fatigued, but never wore out, he gave me every information relative to whatever was interesting in Holland. He represented it as having no more than an artificial existence in its relations with all the nations of the universe, and continually occupied in supporting and defending its dykes and its liberties. Impressed with gratitude in favour of his new country, he spoke of it with the expression of a sentiment to which his melancholy gave greater force, and which, though full of esteem for that country, was nevertheless mingled with the regret and recollection of his own. 'Ah!' would he say, 'if France did the fourth part as much to assist nature as Holland does to subdue it!'—And from a view of the manners of the Dutch, their laws, their laborious and painful industry, he led me to admire the prodigies that are brought about by necessity.

"You may be sure I began to conceive a singular affection for him. 'This is an entertaining young man,' said I to Odelman, 'and I have the greatest reason to speak in his favour. It was doubtless you that recommended him to shew me such attention.' "Not at all," replied he, "but you

you are a Frenchman, and he idolizes his country. I am very glad, however, to profit by its loss, for it has few more such to boast of. He is an assemblage of every estimable quality; fidelity, intelligence, indefatigable application, readiness in business, an extreme quickness and niceness of perception; a spirit of order which nothing can escape; and above all an œconomy——Ah! he is the man, indeed, that knows the value of money.”

“The last article of his eulogium was not of my taste; and, in his excuse, I observed, that ‘it was allowable in the unfortunate to be avaricious.’ ‘Avaricious! he is not so,’ replied the Dutchman, ‘for he is not even covetous. Never, I am well assured, did he desire the wealth of another; he is only careful of his own. But in the management of it he exhibits a parsimony, so ingenuous and so refined, that the Dutch themselves are astonished at it.’ ‘And yet there is nothing,’ observed I, ‘about him, that betrays an interested disposition. He talked to me about your wealth, and the wealth of Holland; but he talked of them without envy.’

“Oh! no; I told you he was not envious. He seems to want even that desire of gain which is the very soul of our commerce. I have often proposed to him to adventure the profits of his labour in my ships.”——‘No,’ he would say, ‘I have nothing to risk. The little I possess, I cannot do without.’ And when he has sometimes given way to my persuasion, and exposed small sums to the dangers of the sea, I have seen him so much agitated, till the safe return of the vessel, that he has lost his nightly rest. This is exactly the disposition of the ant. Satisfied with what he can accumulate by labour, he never regrets his not acquiring more; and, preserving in his œconomy an air of easy circumstances, and of dignity, he appears, in refraining from every thing, to be in want of nothing. For instance, you see he is decently dressed. Well, that blue coat, upon which was never seen a grain of dust, is the same he has worn for six years together, and is the only coat he possesses. He did me the favour to dine with me to-day, this is what he rarely does; and yet it is his own fault if he does not make my table his own; but he chuses rather to dispose of that article of his expences in his own way, in order to reduce it to what

is barely necessary ; and in every want of life his frugality still finds out means of œconomy. But what most surprizes me is, the secrecy with which he hides, even from me, the use he makes of his money. I at first imagined he had some mistress that saved him the trouble of hoarding it up ; but the propriety of his conduct soon removed that suspicion. I can now make no other conclusion, than, that being impatient to return to his own country, he remits his little fortune thither as fast as he makes it, and conceals from me his intention of going and enjoying it there.

“ As nothing was more natural, or more likely, I was quite of the same opinion, but, before my departure, I became better acquainted with this uncommon and virtuous young man.

“ My dear countryman,” said I, the day I was taking my leave of him, “ I am going back to Paris. Shall I be unfortunate enough to be of no use to you there ? I have afforded you the pleasure of obliging me as much and as long as you have pleased ; don’t refuse me an opportunity of returning the obligation.”—‘ No, Sir,’ said he, ‘ you shall have it ; and, in exchange for the little services which you are pleased to over-value, I shall come this evening, and request one from you, which is of the most material consequence to me. I must observe that it is a secret which I am going to communicate to you ; but I can be under no apprehensions.—Your name alone is a sufficient guarantee.’ I promised to keep it faithfully ; and on that very evening he called on me with a casket full of gold in his hand.

‘ Here,’ says he, ‘ are five hundred louis d’ors, arising from three years savings, and a paper signed with my hand that will indicate the use I wish them to be put to.’ It was signed Oliver Salvary. How great was my surprize to find it was destined for nothing but objects of luxury !—a thousand crowns to a jeweller ; a thousand to a cabinet-maker ; a hundred louis for millinery ; as much for laces ; and the rest to a perfumer.

‘ I surprize you,’ said he, ‘ yet you don’t see all. I have already paid, thank heaven, three hundred louis for the like fooleries ; and I have much yet to pay before every thing will be discharged. Must I tell it you, Sir ?

Alas !

Alas! I am a dishonoured man in my own country, and I am labouring here to wipe away a stain I have brought upon my name; in the mean while, I may die, and die insolvent. I wish to make you a witness of my good intentions, and the efforts I am making to repair my misfortunes and my shame. What I am going to relate to you may be considered as my testament, which I request you to receive, that in case of my death, you may take the necessary pains to reinstate my memory.' "You will live long enough," said I, "you will have time to efface the remembrance of the misfortunes of your youth. But if, in order to make you easy, you want nothing but a faithful witness of your sentiments and conduct, I am better informed on that subject than you imagine, and you may with all confidence lay open your heart to me."

'I begin then,' said he, smiling, 'by confessing, that my misfortunes are entirely owing to myself, and that my errors are without excuse. My profession was one of those that essentially required the strictest probity; and the first law of that probity is not to dispose of any thing that is not our own. I reckoned with myself, but reckoned ill. I ought to have reckoned better, and my foolish imprudence was not the less criminal. Hear in what manner I was led into it.

'A reputable extraction, a fair name, the esteem of the public, transmitted from my ancestors to their children, my youth, some successes in which I had been much favoured by circumstances; all seemed to promise that I should make a rapid and brilliant fortune by my profession. This was the very rock on which I split.

'Monsieur d'Amene, a man of fortune, and who considered my prospects as infallible, ventured to ground his daughter's happiness upon these delusive hopes. He offered me her hand; and as soon as we were acquainted, a mutual attachment rendered our union equally desirable to both. She is no more!—If she were still alive, and I were again to chuse a wife, it should be her.—Yes, I swear it should be thee, my dearest Adrienne, that I would chuse from among a thousand. They might have more beauty, perhaps; but who will ever possess thy worth, thy
tenderness,

tenderness, thy charming temper, thy good sense, and candour, in the same degree!"

"In this address, his eyes uplifted to heaven, where he seemed to be looking for her spirit, were moistened with a tear. 'Impute not,' added he, 'to her any thing that I have done on her account. The innocent cause of my misfortune, she never even suspected it. And in the midst of the illusions with which she was surrounded, she was far from perceiving the abyss to which I was leading her, over a path strewn with flowers. Enamoured of her before I married her, more enamoured after possession, I thought I could never do enough to make her happy; and in comparison with the love with which I burned for her, her timid tenderness, and her sensibility, which were kept within bounds by her modesty, had an appearance of coldness. To make myself beloved as much as I loved her, —Shall I declare it?—I wanted to intoxicate her with happiness. Good heavens! what passion ought not a man to indulge with distrust, if it be dangerous to give himself up to the desire of pleasing his wife.

"A commodious and elegant mansion, expensive and ornamental furniture, whatever fashion and taste could procure in the article of dress to flatter in young minds the propensities of self-love, by affording new splendour or new attractions to beauty, all this prevented my wife's desires, and poured in upon her, as it were, spontaneously. A chosen society, formed by her own inclination, shewed her the most flattering attentions, and nothing that could render home agreeable was ever wanting.

"My wife was too young to consider it necessary to regulate and reduce my expences. Ah! had she known how much I risked to please her, with what resolution would she not have opposed it? But as she brought me a handsome fortune, it was natural for her to conclude, that on my side I was in good circumstances. She imagined at least that my situation in life allowed me to put my house upon a genteel footing. She perceived nothing in it that was unsuitable to my profession; and on consulting her female friends, *all this was highly proper—all this was no more than decent.* Alas! I said so too, and Adrienne alone, with her modest and sweet inge-

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nuous manners, asked me if I conceived it necessary to incur such expences to render myself amiable in her eyes. "I cannot be insensible," said she, "to the pains you take to render me happy; but I should be so without all that. You love me, and that is enough to excite the envy of these young women. What satisfaction can you find in increasing it by your wishing me to eclipse them? Leave them their advantages, which I shall not envy. Let the frivolity of taste, let whim and vain superfluity, be their love. Love and happiness shall be mine."

' Her delicacy, though it gave her new charms, did not alter my conduct, and I answered, that it was on my account that I complied with custom; that what appeared as luxury to her, was nothing but a little more elegance than ordinary; that good taste was never expensive, and that whatever I might do, I should never transgress the bounds of propriety. I deceived her. I deceived myself, or rather I banished all reflection. I was aware of living beyond my present income, but in a short time the produce of my labours would make good the deficiency, and in the mean while my wife would have had her enjoyments. Every one approved of my affectionate care to make her happy. Could I do less for her? Could I even do enough? This was the public voice. At least it was the sentiments and language of our friends. My father-in-law looked with concern upon those anticipated expences, upon this emulation of luxury, which ruins, said he, the greatest fortunes. He testified to me his disapprobation of it with some degree of severity. I calmly replied, that this emulation should never lead me into any indiscretion, and he might safely depend upon my prudence. I have since learnt what an impression this manner of respectfully eluding his advice, made upon his mind; and what bitter resentment he nourished at the bottom of his heart.

' The moment of my becoming a father drew nigh, and this moment, which I looked for with an impatient delight, my heart had hitherto been a stranger to; this day, which promised to be the happiest I had ever yet experienced, turned out the most fatal. It deprived me both of the mother and the child. This stroke plunged me into an abyss of sorrow. I
will

will not tell you how heart-breaking it was; it was that kind of grief that can only be expressed by the cries it utters. None but those who experience such sorrows can imagine what they are.

' It was still in the height of my affliction, when my wife's father informed me by his notary, accompanied with a few words of sorrow and condolence, that the writings were drawn up to transfer back into his hands the fortune I had received from him. Full of indignation at his haste, I replied that I was quite prepared; and on the morrow the fortune was returned. But the jewels that I had given his daughter, and the other articles of value for her own particular use, became also his spoils. He had a legal right to them. I represented the inhumanity of requiring me, at the end of eighteen months marriage, to submit to so severe a law; but he availed himself of his right with all the impatience and avidity of a greedy claimant. I submitted, and this severe exaction made some noise in the world. Then did the envy my happiness had excited, hasten to punish me for my short-lived felicity, and under the disguise of pity, took care to divulge my ruin, which it seemed to deplore. My friends were less zealous to serve me, than were my enemies to do me injury. They agreed that I had been too much in haste to live away. They were very right, but they were so too late. It was at my entertainments that they should have made such observations. But you, Sir, who know the world, know with what indulgence spendthrifts are treated until the period of their ruin. Mine was now made public, and my creditors being alarmed, came in crowds to my house. I was determined not to deceive them, and making them acquainted with my situation, I offered them all that I had left, and only required them to give me time to discharge the rest. Some were accommodating, but others, alledging the wealthy circumstances of my father-in-law, observed, that he was the person who ought to have given me indulgence, and that in seizing the spoils of his daughter, it was their property he had plundered. In a word, I was reduced to the necessity of escaping from their pursuits by blowing out my brains, or of being shut up in a prison.

'Twas

'Twas this, Sir, this night, which I passed in the agonies of shame and despair, with death on one hand, and ruin on the other. This is what ought to serve as an eternal lesson and example. An honest and inoffensive man, whose only crime was his dependance upon slight hopes; this man hitherto esteemed and honoured, in an easy and sure way to fortune, all on a sudden marked with infamy, consigned to contempt, condemned either to cease to live, or to live in disgrace, in exile, or in prison; discountenanced by his father-in-law, abandoned by his friends, no longer daring to appear abroad, no longer daring to name himself, and desirous of finding some solitary and inaccessible retreat that could conceal him from pursuit. It was in the midst of these horrible reflections, that I passed the longest of nights. Ah! the remembrance of it still makes me shudder! and neither my head nor my heart have yet recovered the shock I felt at this dreadful reverse of fortune. I do not exaggerate when I tell you that during these agonizing convulsions I even sweated blood. At last, this long conflict having overcome my spirits, my worn-out force gave way to a calm still more dreadful. I considered the depth of the abyss into which I had fallen, and it was then that I began to feel the cool resolution of putting an end to my existence take its birth at the bottom of my heart.

'Let me weigh,' said I to myself, 'my last determination. If I submit to be arrested and dragged to prison, I must perish there dishonoured, without resource and without hope. It is doubtless a thousand times better to get rid of a hateful life, and to throw myself upon the mercy of God, who will perhaps pardon me for not being able to survive misfortune combined with dishonour. My pistols were cocked, they lay on the table, and as I fixed my eyes upon them, nothing appeared to me at this moment more easy than to put an end to every thing. Aye, but how many villains have done the same; how many base and worthless minds have possessed like me this desperate courage? And what will wash away the blood in which I am going to imbrue my hands? Will my infamy be the less inscribed upon my tomb? if, indeed a tomb be allowed me. And

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will my name, stigmatized by the laws, be buried with me? But what am I saying? wretch that I am! I am thinking of the shame, but who is to expiate the guilt? I want to steal out of the world; but would not that be to rob myself, and to frustrate those to whom I am indebted over again? When I shall cease to exist, who will make restitution for their property, which I have carried off? who will justify such abuse of their confidence? who will ask forgiveness for a young madman, the squanderer of wealth that was not his own? Ah! let me die, if I can no longer hope to regain that esteem which I have lost! But is it not possible, at my age, with labour and time to repair the errors of my youth, and to obtain pardon for my misfortunes? Then reflecting upon the resources that were left me, if I had fortitude enough to contend with my ill fate, I fancied I saw at a distance my honour emerging from behind the cloud that had obscured it. I fancied I saw a plank placed at my feet to save me from shipwreck, and that I beheld a friendly port at hand ready to receive me. I retired into Holland; but before I set off, I wrote to my creditors, informed them that having given up all I had left in the world, I was still going to devote my whole life to labour for their benefit; and entreated them to have patience.

‘I landed at Amsterdam. On my arrival, my first care was to learn who among the wealthy merchants of that city was the man of the most honour and the best reputation; and as every one agreed in naming Odelman, I repaired to him.

• ‘Sir,’ said I, ‘a stranger persecuted by misfortune flies to you for refuge, and to ask you whether he must sink under its weight, or whether by dint of resolution and labour, he may be able to overcome and survive it? I have no one to patronize or be answerable for me. I hope in time, however, to be my own security; and in the mean while, I beg you will make use of a man, that has been educated with care, is well enough informed, and of a willing disposition. Odelman, after having listened to, and surveyed me with all attention, asked me who had recommended me to him? “The public opinion,” said I, “On my arrival, I enquired for the

the wisest and the best amongst the citizens of Amsterdam, and every one named you."

"He appeared much struck with a certain expression of spiritedness, of frankness, and resolution in my language and countenance, which misfortune imparts to resolute minds, and which nature seems to have made the dignity of the unfortunate. He was discreet in his questions, and I was sincere, but reserved in my answers. In a word, without betraying myself, I said enough to remove his distrust; and prepossessed with a sentiment of esteem in my favour, he consented to put me to a trial, but without any fixed engagement. He soon perceived that there was not in his counting-house a man of more diligence, more assiduity, more application, and more emulous of gaining information, than myself.

"Oliver," said he, (for that was the only name I had taken) "you have kept your word. Go on, I see you will suit me; we are made to live with one another. There is three months of your first year's salary. I hope, and I foresee, that it will go on in a progressive increase."

"Ah! Sir, I, who had never in my life known the value of money, with what joy did I see myself master of the hundred ducats he had presented me with? with what cautious care did I lay by the greater part of this sum? with what ardour did I give myself up to that labour of which it was the fruits, and with what impatience did I wait for the other three quarters of my salary that were to increase this treasure?

One of the happiest days in my life was that on which I was to remit to Paris the first hundred *louis d'ors* of my savings. When the receipt came back, I kissed the paper a hundred times, and watered it with my tears. I laid it upon my heart, and I felt it like a balm applied to my wounds.

"Three years together I procured myself the like gratification. This gratification is now heightened; for my perquisites being augmented and joined to some gains which I have derived from commerce, double the amount of my savings. If this remittance has been tardy, I beg, Sir, you will mention, that the delay has been occasioned by the death of the only trusty correspondent I had at Paris, and that henceforth you will be so

good as to supply his place. Alas! I may yet labour fifteen years before I can discharge all, but I am only five and thirty. At fifty I shall be free; the wound in my heart will be healed. A multitude of voices will proclaim my honesty, and I shall be able to return to my country with an unblushing countenance. Ah! Sir, how sweet and consoling is the idea, that the esteem of my fellow-citizens will be restored to grace my old age, and to crown my grey hairs.'

"He had hardly finished speaking," rejoined Watelet, "when delighted at this exemplary probity, I embraced him, and assured him, that in all the world, I never had met with an honefter man than himself. This mark of my esteem affected him deeply, and he told me with tears in his eyes, that he should never forget the consolation that accompanied my farewell. He added, besides, 'that I was well acquainted with his heart, and that my testimony accorded with that of his conscience.'

"When I arrived at Paris, I made his payments. His creditors were desirous of knowing where he was, what he was doing, and what his resources were. Without explaining myself in that respect, I impressed them with the same good opinion of his honesty as I entertained myself, and dismissed them all well satisfied.

"Being one day at dinner with Monsieur Nervin, my notary, one of his guests, on hearing me speak of my journey into Holland, asked me with some degree of ill-humour and contempt, if I had never happened to meet with one Oliver Salvary in that country. As it was easy to recognize in his looks and the scowl of his eye-brows a sentiment of malevolence, I stood on my guard, and replied, 'that my tour into Holland having been a mere party of pleasure, I had not had leisure to acquire information respecting the French that I might have seen there, but that through my connections, it would be very possible to get some account of the person he had named.' "No," said he, "it is not worth while. He has given me too much vexation for me to take any concern about him. He has possibly died of want or shame, as it was but fit he should. He would have done much better still, if he had died before he married my daughter,

daughter, and brought himself to ruin. After that," continued he, "depend upon the fine promises which a young man makes you.—In eighteen months fifty thousand crowns in debt; and, to complete the whole, exile and disgrace! Ah, Sir!" said he to the notary, "when you marry your daughter, mind and be upon your guard. An insolvent and dishonoured son-in-law is but a sorry piece of furniture.

"Monfieur Nervin asked him how it had happened, that so prudent a man as himself had not foreseen and prevented these misfortunes?" 'I did foresee it,' replied d'Amene, 'and prevented it as far as I could; for on the very morrow of my daughter's death, I diligently began to take my measures, and, thank heaven, I have had the consolation of recovering her portion and personal property; but that is all I was able to save from the wreck, and I left nothing but the shattered remains for the rest of his creditors.'

"It was with great difficulty that I could contain myself; but perceiving after he was gone the impresson he had made upon the minds of the notary, and his daughter, I could not resist giving way to my desire of vindicating the honourable absent man; but without mentioning his retreat, without saying where he was concealed, (for it was on that head it behoved me to keep silence) "You have been hearing," said I, "this unmerciful father-in-law speak of his son with the most cruel contempt. Well, every thing he has said about him is true; and it is not less true, that this unfortunate man is innocence and probity itself." This exordium seemed very strange to them, it rivetted their attention, and the father and daughter remaining silent, I began to relate what you have heard.

"Nervin is one of those uncommon characters, that are so difficult to be comprehended. Never was there a cooler head or a warmer heart. It was a volcano beneath a heap of snow. His daughter, on the contrary, was a girl of a tender and placid disposition, equally partaking of the ardour of her father's soul, and of the sedateness of reason. She is handsome. You have seen her; but she is so little vain of her beauty, that she hears it spoken of without blushing or embarrassment, as she would the beauty

beauty of another. 'We may be proud,' said she, 'of what we have acquired ourselves, and modesty is necessary to conceal such pride, or to keep it within due bounds. But where is the merit or the glory in having one's eyes or mouth made in such and such a manner, and why should we think ourselves obliged to blush at the praise of what the caprice of nature has conferred upon us, and without any merit of our own.' This single trait may give you an idea of the disposition of Justina, which though more strongly characterized and determined than that of Adrienne, exhibited the same candour and the same charms.

"This estimable girl paid as much attention to my words as her father, and at each trait that marked the good faith of Salvary, his strong sensibility, his firmness under misfortune; I perceived them look at each other, and thrill with that sweet delight which virtue ever excites in the breasts of those that love her. But the father became imperceptibly more thoughtful, and the daughter more affected.

"When I came to these words in which Oliver had addressed me:—
 'Ah! Sir, how sweet and consoling is the idea that the esteem of my fellow-citizens will be restored to grace my old age, and crown my grey hairs.' I saw Nervin lift up his head, with eyes all glistening with tears, of which they were full. "No, virtuous man," exclaimed he, in the effusion of his generosity, "you shall not wait the tedious decline of life, in order to be free, and honoured as you deserve. Sir," added he to me, "you are in the right, there is not an honest man in the world. As to the common and straight-forward duties of life, any one may discharge them, but to preserve this resolution and probity, while hanging over the precipices of misfortune and shame, without once losing sight of them for a moment, this is rare indeed! this is what I call possessing a well-tempered mind. He will commit no more follies. I will be answerable for it. He will be kind, but he will be prudent; he knows too well what weakness and imprudence have cost him, and with d'Amene's good leave, that is the man I should like for a son-in-law.—And you, daughter, what think you of it?"—"I, Sir!" replied Justina, 'I confess that
 such

such would be the husband I should chuse.' "You shall have him," said her father, taking his resolution. "Write to him, Sir, and desire him to come to Paris, tell him that a good match awaits him there, and tell him nothing more."

"I wrote; he made answer, that situated as he was, he was condemned to celibacy and solitude, that he would involve neither a wife nor children in his misfortunes, nor would he set his foot in his own country, until there should be no one there before whom he should be ashamed to appear. This answer proved a farther incitement to the impatient inclinations of the notary. "Ask him," says he, "to give in a specific account of his debts, and inform him that a person who interests himself in his welfare will undertake the care of adjusting every thing."

"Salvary consented to intrust me with the state of his debts, but as to the accommodation of them, he replied, he would hear of no such thing; that any reduction of his creditor's claims would be unjust; that it was his intention to discharge them fully, and to the last livre; and all that he required at their hands was time. "Time, time," says the notary, "I have none to spare him. My daughter will grow old before he pays his debts. Leave this list of them with me. I know how to deal for an honourable man. Every body shall be satisfied." Two days after he came to see me. "All is settled," said he. "Look, here are his bills, with receipts to them. Send them to him, and give him the choice of being no longer in debt to any one by marrying my daughter, or of having me for sole creditor, if he refuses to accept me for a father-in-law; for this does not bind him to any thing."

"I leave you to imagine the surprize and gratitude of Salvary at seeing all the traces of his ruin done away, as it were, by a stroke of a pen; and with what eagerness he came to return thanks to his benefactor. He was nevertheless detained in Holland longer than he wished, and the impetuous Nervin began to complain, that this man was tardy, and very hard to work upon. At last he arrived at my house, not yet daring to persuade himself but that his happiness was only a dream. I quickly introduced him

him to his generous paymaster, with a mind impressed with two sentiments equally grateful, deeply sensible of the father's goodness, and every day still more captivated with the charms of the daughter; for finding in her all he had so much loved, and so much regretted in Adrienne, his mind was, as it were, ravished with gratitude and love. He was no longer able, he said, to decide which was the more inestimable gift of heaven; a friend like Nervin, or a wife like Justina.

"One regret, however, that he could not hide, still hung about his mind. 'Pardon me,' said he one day, when Nervin reproached him for having rather put his patience to the test; 'pardon me, Sir, I was impatient to throw myself at your feet, but besides the accounts I had to make up, I have had in leaving Holland more than one conflict to undergo. The worthy Odelman, my refuge, my first benefactor, had depended upon me for the ease and comfort of his old age. He is a widower, has no children; and without declaring it, he had already adopted me in his heart. When we were obliged to part, when in revealing to him my past misfortunes, I told him by what prodigy of goodness I had been restored to honour; he bitterly complained of my dissimulation, and asked me if I thought I had a better friend in the world than Odelman. He pressed me to consent to his acquitting the obligation I owed you. He requested it with tears, and I quickly began to feel myself no longer able to resist his entreaties. But he read the letter in which Mr. Watelet had made the eulogium of the charming and amiable Justina, and in which he had given a still more enchanting portrait of her mind than her person. 'Ah!' said that good man to me, 'I have no daughter to offer you; and if this picture be a faithful one, it will be a difficult matter to find her equal. I will detain you no longer. Go, be happy—think of me, and do not cease to love me.'

"Nervin, as he listened to this narrative, stood wrapt up in thoughtful attention. 'No,' said he, 'suddenly breaking silence, 'I will not desire you to be ungrateful, nor will I suffer a Dutchman to boast that he is more generous than I. You have no profession here, and you are not
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formed to lead an idle and useless life. It would be a very great satisfaction for me, as you must imagine, to have my children about me, but let that blessing be reserved for my old age; and as my business here furnishes me with sufficient occupation to keep away *ennui*, write to the worthy Odelman, and tell him, that I give you up to him, together with my daughter, for half a score years; after which you will return, I hope, with a little colony of children; and you and I, in the mean while, shall have been labouring for their advantage."

"The Dutchman, overjoyed, returned for answer, that his house, his arms, his heart, were all open to receive the new-married pair. He expects them, they are going to set off, and Oliver will henceforth be in partnership with him. This is the instance I have promised you," added Watelet, "of a species of courage that many unfortunate people are in want of, that of never forfeiting their own esteem, and that of never despairing so long as conscious of their own integrity."

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ABSENCE.

THERE are certain cares which intrude upon the mind on all occasions and in all places, nor can we prevent them. The strong influence which they exercise over us will not suffer our attention to be long bestowed on things which have no relation to themselves. Have we aught to do which remains undone, or have ills of any kind befallen those whom we sincerely regard; our own condition, or that of our friends, will be a subject from which our thoughts cannot, for a long time, be wholly abstracted.

We are not to be surprized, therefore, nor ought we to be offended, if, by those who are under these or similar circumstances, a becoming observance of time, place, and person, should, without intention, be often neglected.

In these cases the *inscientia temporis* may admit of excuse: but the wilful disregard of that particular decorum which the present occasion may demand, surely deserves severe reprehension; and especially as the practice of it daily becomes more and more frequent.

This inattention to the place in which, and to the persons with whom we are, and to the occasion on which we are met, is called, whether it be with or without cause, whether with or without intention, Absence; the chief discrimination in company, as it is now-a-days thought, between men of superior intellectual strength, and those who possess only common understanding.

No doubt they who have the most knowledge have the greatest employment for their thoughts, and certainly do think the most; moreover, in those who have been accustomed, during the whole of their lives, to spend much of their time in the pensive occupation of solitary study, and have delighted more in books than in men, the habit of thought may be so powerful, that they may scarcely ever be long and thoroughly free from it; and, therefore, cannot but have in company frequent, though inconspicuous relapses into the absent state.

And, because in this manner some men of learning and genius have been observed to behave, a conclusion has been made, that the behaviour of every one of superior parts must be the same; and therefore, that by this we should at all times be enabled to distinguish in company those who have knowledge from those who have none. The error, however, of this conclusion will shortly appear; for now there is hardly a man who wishes to be considered in any wise learned, that does not affect to be frequently absent.

If men confessedly great have ever, and it is to be suspected that they sometimes have, been guilty of the affectation of absence, such their conduct could only proceed from a notion, which must excite contempt for those by whom it is held, that common conversation has nothing in it worthy their notice, and, therefore, that it would not become them to be attentive to it.

Certainly

Certainly in this they are sadly deceived; and such a mistake cannot but prove, that the greatest weakness will sometimes be shewn by those who are esteemed the wisest of men.

That philosophy, however, which is of a more genuine kind, which has a consideration for others as well as for self, thinks and acts in a different manner; at all times adapts itself to the society in which it may be; and to the merest trifles, provided the pleasure of others can be promoted thereby, readily gives the most patient attention.

When men, in genius or in knowledge greater than others, are inattentive to the company at which they are present, they surely forget the end of their visit: they forget that we retire to the closet for meditation and study, but that we come into society for relaxation and amusement; to be absent, therefore, on these occasions is, as it were, to fall into slumbers when we should keep awake; it is committing a rudeness which sinks us at once to the barbarian level; it is giving an offence which cannot but sometimes be of hurt to those from whom it proceeds, and which all but the desipient or insane would wish to avoid.

MORAL INSTRUCTIONS TO THE YOUNG
FOR MAKING THE
DANGEROUS VOYAGE OF LIFE.

WOULD you, EUGENIO! covet to secure
 An interest in the MASTER OF THE STORM?
 Invoke protection at his sacred shrine;—
 Would you the sober course of safety steer?
 Make Virtue's favourites your chosen crew;
 The wise, the good, th' experienc'd, and the brave;

Announc'd by *seers* "the excellent of the earth;"
 Then steer with these the course the Master plann'd,
 Nor deviating from his sacred chart,
 And sure success shall all your course attend,
 'Till, safely anchor'd in the port of peace,
 You share the greetings of celestial joy.
 Meantime let prudence dictate to your ear;
 Form a true estimate of human life;
 Its ebbs, its flows, and various incidents,
 Prepare against with caution; and betimes
 Weigh well each good, each ill to counterpoise
 As in *Astræa's* balance. Meditate
 And plan the course of wisdom. Do not launch
 Life's bay untutor'd, uninform'd alike
 In discipline and good œconomy,
 Like some high-flown intoxicated brain
 Afloat on reeds in hope to cross the gulph.
 From precedent learn prudence. Keep in view
 The num'rous rocks, so fatal prov'd by all
 Who steer the course of bold impiety,
 And dare to shun their track. Be cautious! mark
 Where wise men err'd. That course avoid, intent
 To glean advantage from the worst mishap
 Of eminence.—Such wrecks strike up a light
 Which, like a *Pharos*, shines full many a league;
 A caution clear to shun the fatal cliff!
 From vice's crews bear adverse. Seek to gain
 In wisdom's chart superior excellence.
 The best avidity is wisdom's thrift:
 Herein is no excess. Be timely wise:
 Choose an experienc'd mate; such will afford
 Good ground of safety in threat'ning storm.

Make

Make plain Sincerity your bosom friend;
 He will stand by when dangers stalk behind,
 Or threat'ning terrors meet, to shield your breast.
 Let meek-ey'd Piety your steps attend,
 While lovely Charity the cabin cheers,
 And grave Devotion keeps the closet-door.
 Dismiss all wayward passions: such can serve
 Only to bear you adverse from the port.
 Let Magnanimity your course conduct,
 For Honour waits on Magnanimity.
 Let Reason too your every scheme project,
 And dictate to your ear. One counsel I
 Impart: It is an oracle! attend;
 "Keep old blunt Honesty close by your side:
 "A trusty TAR in every rugged blast:
 "So safely shall each various storm befriend,
 "And waft you bounding o'er the deep profound;
 "Opposing rocks in vain obstruct your course,
 "To lame your passage to the realms of love."

THE WISE CONDUCT OF
 HASSAN, KING OF GOLCONDA.

AN EASTERN TALE.

IT is the peculiar province of wisdom to examine with the greatest attention whatever offers itself as fit either to be done, or to be avoided. Hassan, king of Golconda, followed this excellent maxim in the most difficult conjuncture that can employ the thoughts of an earthly Monarch.

This

This king was fix-score years old, was desirous of resigning his empire, and finishing his glorious reign, by the choice of a worthy successor. He had three sons by three different women, who were all living; each of them pleaded in behalf of her own son; so that the king, who was equally a good husband and a good father, wavered in the most cruel uncertainty. 'What shall I resolve on?' said he to himself: 'The laws declare for the eldest; my favourite sultaneß pleads for the second; and I myself incline for the youngest. O too lovely sultaneß, I have felt the effects of your sweet and alluring looks! O thou weak nature, that yieldest to my love! But neither of you shall triumph over the laws; I will die on the throne, that, after my death, the laws may decide the controversy. But what? The laws will decide nothing; a cruel war will be kindled between my children; my people will be the victim of their ambition, and I owe all to my people. O beauteous sultaneß! I ought to sacrifice you, myself, and whatever else is dear to me; to the good of my subjects; I will therefore leave them at liberty to chuse themselves a sovereign.'

After these reflections, he assembled his visiers, the nobles, and the people: 'I have,' said he to them, 'one foot on the throne, and the other in the grave; but I would, if it were possible, not go down into the abyß of eternity with the crown on my head; its weight oppresses and weighs me down, I resign it to you, chuse for yourselves a Master.' At these words, there appeared in all their looks a profound sadness. The people cried out with one voice, "Live, long live the king, our father, and our friend!" 'Be not so much concerned,' interrupted the king, 'you are my bowels; you can suffer nothing, but I must feel so great a pain as would shorten my days.' At this, they redoubled their cries, and the aged monarch himself could not refrain from tears. 'Think no more,' said he, 'on what you are going to lose, but consider what you have still left. The princes, my children, have all the qualities that make men great; proclaim which of them you think most worthy to possess the throne I resign.'

A profound silence succeeded their sighs and lamentations. The whole assembly cast their eyes on the throne, and saw the three princes sitting on
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the steps; they admired each of them, and, not liking one more than another, no man could determine which to chuse. Then the prime visier approached the throne, and spoke in this manner: "O wise and valiant king! May he who draws light out of darkness, and from the horrors of the night produces a glorious and delightful morning, keep you in his holy care, and perpetuate your posterity! Receive with your accustomed goodness the advice of your faithful slave: Let each of your three sons reign three days only, and we will determine afterwards, since your majesty is pleased to give us leave. Our choice then will be founded on judgment; for men are known, when they are in high fortune, and in wine. The man is truly wise, whom neither the one nor the other of them can corrupt."

This advice of the grand visier was followed, and prevailed over the subtle insinuations of his three wives, who saw all their solicitations rendered vain, and their projects confounded.

Accordingly, the eldest prince was clothed in purple, and took the sceptre of government in his hand. His mother counselled him to be affable and liberal, not to alter the form of the government, and to pardon criminals. "By this means," said she, "you will have all the empire for you, the king, the nobles, and the people."

Instructions grounded on such principles seemed to promise a happy issue. The prince followed them exactly, but his conduct appeared studied and affected, which occasioned some distrust.

The three days of his reign being expired, the second prince ascended the throne. His mother gave him opposite instructions: "Depose," said she, "the visiers; banish the doctors of the law; raise to the highest dignities men of ambitious minds, who, to keep their employments, will vote you the throne; and, when you are well settled in it, we will recall the visiers and the doctors, whose fidelity the riches, which thy ambitious ministers shall have amassed, will serve to regain, and to reanimate their zeal.

This model was followed; but the people dreaded the worst that could happen, from a prince who pretended to the crown, and gave himself so little trouble to deserve it.

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The king's third son took upon him, in his turn, the sovereign authority. He would have no advice from his mother; "For though," said he, "I have an infinite respect for my mother, and even believe, that she would give me no advice but what is founded on reason, it would be, at best, but superfluous. The laws are what I will observe; and what is dark and intricate in them, our wise visiers and learned doctors, all of whom I restore to their employments, will help me to interpret."

After he had spent the first day, and part of the second, in appointing good judges for the people, and old and prudent officers over the soldiers, the king, his father, sent some of the doctors to examine and put questions to him in public, and to know if he understood the laws and the art of reigning. One of the doctors asked him, 'What persons a king has absolute need of, to be near his person?' "He has need," answered the prince, "of eight sorts: Of a prudent visier; of a general; of a good secretary, who understands and can write perfectly well the languages of the east; of a physician consummate in the art of healing, and in the knowledge of remedies; of learned doctors to instruct him thoroughly in the laws; of dervises capable of explaining to him the obscure points of his religion; and of musicians, who, by the sweetness of their voices, and the harmony of their instruments, may call back his spirits, that shall have been dissipated by the application he hath given to affairs of state."—Another doctor said to him, 'Prince, to what do you compare an emperor, his viceroys, his subjects, his empire, and his enemies?' "An empire," answered the Prince, "resembles a pasture-ground; an emperor a shepherd; his subjects the sheep; his viceroys the shepherd's dogs; and his enemies the wolves."

At these answers of the young prince, the old king of Golconda burst into tears of joy, and said within himself, 'My third son is the most learned and most worthy of the throne; but, before I declare my thoughts, I will know the sentiments of my people.'

He published therefore an order for all the inhabitants of the city to appear the next morning in the plain without the walls. He himself
came

came thither, mounted on a stately steed, attended by his three sons and all his courtiers; and, when he was in the midst of the people, he spoke these words: ‘O my fellow-citizens, my relations, my faithful subjects! Regard not what I am to-day; no man is less than me in the sight of that Being who created the universe. To-morrow, that is, at the day of judgment, (which we all believe will come) how many will there be of you, who, possessing high dignities in paradise, will rend my garments, and say to me, “Oh! tyrant! What ills didst thou make us suffer during thy hateful reign!”’ ‘Instead of answering your reproaches, I shall remain in a shameful silence, and not dare to regard your irritated looks.’ At these words, the good old monarch hid his face, while floods of tears ran trickling down the furrows of his aged cheeks. His sons and his courtiers, after his example, also dropped their tears; and all the people were transported with grief and lamentations. At length the hoary monarch wiped away his tears, and proceeded: ‘O my friends! I am going out of this world, to enter into the palace of eternity. I conjure you to unburthen my conscience of the things you may have to reproach me with, to the end that I may not be ill-treated in my tomb by the evil angels, and that, at their departure, they may leave a daughter of paradise to continue with me till the day of judgment; and now chuse which of my three sons you please to succeed me.’

All the people cried out, “May the days of the king last as long as the world indures! We have nothing to reproach him with. May that Almighty Being, who draws the sable curtain of the night, and commands the purple rays of the morning to paint the summits of the lofty mountains, be as well satisfied with him, as we are! As to the princes his sons, let his majesty place which of them he pleases on the throne, we will readily consent, and faithfully obey him. But if he absolutely commands us to tell him which of the three we think most worthy to fill his place, we confess it is the youngest.”

After this declaration, the king returned to the city, and, being come to the palace, gave orders for the coronation of the youngest prince. Every thing being ready, the aged king took the young prince by the hand, and

made him ascend the throne: 'O my son,' said he, 'take possession of a dignity, which I gladly resign to you, and wear the crown you so well deserve. But always remember that you are accountable, both to the Lord of nature and your country, for every action of your life. A monarch is born only for the good of his people. Beware of flattery, it is a rock more fatal to princes, than those hid beneath the surface of the waves are to mariners. Fear nothing but your own conscience, and aim at nothing but the prosperity of the empire. Then shall thy throne be established like the everlasting mountains, and thy virtues applauded in the utmost regions of the earth. Kings shall seek thy friendship, and sages drink instruction from thy mouth. The merchant shall flourish under thy protection, and the stranger sojourn safely under the shadow of the laws.—The hearts of the widow and orphan shall sing for joy, and the mouth of the infant, in lisping accents, declare thy praise.' Immediately all the people proclaimed him king, and all the nobles congratulated him on his ascension to the crown, praying the Almighty to shower down blessings on his reign.

ANECDOTE.

AS a lame country schoolmaster was hobbling one morning upon his two sticks, to his *noisy mansion*, he was met by a certain nobleman, who wished to know his name, and the means by which he procured a livelihood.—“My name,” answered he, “is R——T——, and I am *master* of this *parish*.”

This answer further increased his Lordship's curiosity, and he desired to know in what sense he was *master* of the parish? “I am,” answered he, “the *master* of the *children* of the parish; the children are masters of the *mothers*; the mothers are the rulers of the *fathers*; and consequently I am the *master* of the whole *parish*.”—His Lordship was pleased with this logical reply, and gave the schoolmaster half-a-guinea, to buy a book with.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE

OF THE DUKE OF NIVERNOIS AND A POOR CLERGYMAN.

WHEN the Duke of Nivernois was ambaffador in England, he was going down to Lord Townshend's feat in Norfolk, on a private vifit, quite en difhabille, and with only one fervant, when he was obliged, from a very heavy fhower of rain, to ftop at a farm-houfe in the way. The mafter of the houfe was a clergyman, who, to a poor curacy, added the care of a few fcholars in the neighbourhood, which, in all, might make his living about 8ol. a year, and which was all he had to maintain a wife and fix children. When the Duke alighted, the clergyman, not knowing his rank, begged him to come in and dry himfelf, which the other accepted, by borrowing a pair of old worfted ftockings and flippers of him, and warming himfelf by a good fire. After fome converfation, the Duke obferved an old chefs-board hanging up, and as he was paffionately fond of that game, he asked the clergyman whether he could play? The other told him he could, pretty tolerably; but found it very difficult, in that part of the country, to get an antagonift. '*I am your man,*' fays the Duke.—"*With all my heart,*" fays the parfon, "*and if you'll ftay and eat pot-luck, I'll try if I can't beat you.*" The day continuing rainy, the Duke accepted his offer; when the parfon played fo much better, that he won every game. This was fo far from fretting the Duke, that he was highly pleafed to meet a man who could give him fuch entertainment at his favourite game. He accordingly enquired into the ftate of his family affairs,—and juft taking a memorandum of his addrefs, without difcovering his title, thanked him, and departed. Some months paffed over, and the clergyman never thought any thing of the matter; when, one evening, a footman in laced livery rode up to the door, and prefented him with the following billet: "*The Duke of Nivernois's compliments wait on the Rev. Mr. —, and, as a remembrance for the good drubbing he gave him at chefs, begs that he would accept of the living of —, worth 400l.*"

per annum, and that he will wait on his Grace the Duke of Newcastle on Friday next, to thank him for the same." The good parson was sometime before he could imagine it any thing more than a jest, and was not for going; but as his wife insisted on his trying, he came up to town, and found the contents of the billet literally true, to his unspeakable satisfaction.

ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE SIR WILLIAM STANHOPE.

THIS gentleman coming out of Drury-lane play-house, with a lady under his arm, was met by a couple of *bucks*, who took some liberties, not very acceptable to the lady, or her protector.

SIR WILLIAM, whose courage was equal to his gallantry, immediately called upon the gentlemen to answer for their misconduct.

One of the heroes steps forward, and says, "Sir, the lady, wearing artificial colour on her cheeks, we looked upon as fair game." Sir William's reply, and his subsequent conduct, did honour to his prowess and plain sincerity.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I may have mistaken the roses on the lady's cheeks for the ornaments of pure and simple nature; I shall be happy, if, by your means, I shall be cured of my illusion. But I swear, by God, you shall never evade me, until I shall have fully proved the truth or fallacy of your assertion.

"Retire with me," continues Sir William, "to the Rose Tavern; there the experiment shall be made."

To the Rose they repaired—cold and hot water were called for, and applied with a napkin, smeared with soap and pomatum. Obstinate nature prevailed—the roses did not fade, but bloomed more in the operation.

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The bucks were convinced—they begged pardon for their transgressions, and wished to depart in peace.

“Not so,” says Sir William, “You have been satisfied, and so will I. The lady has undergone the ordeal, and she has come from it pure and unpolluted. My part I have yet to act: You must, on your knees, ask the lady’s pardon.” They did so.

“Now, gentlemen,” said Sir William, “do not blush at your past conduct; the liberty you took was not only justifiable, but even proper, if, at your own risk, you ran the peril of the proof. If I had proved her a *piçt*, the most odious and perfidious of all impostors, I should, in the language of Othello, ‘*have whistled her off, and let her down the wind, a prey to fortune*’; but as she is pure from that w—sh contagion, I insist on your supping, and drinking a bottle of Burgundy with the offended innocent and her protector.”

THE PASSING YEAR.

THOUGH leafless woods, though barren fields,
The pensive eye delightful meet;
Though few the charms fair nature yields,
Where winter steps with frozen feet.

Yet now, with slow but certain pace,
Again returns the circling year,
And soon renew’d with softer grace,
The genial season shall appear.

While yet, with angry clouds o’ercast,
The fullen tempest, frequent roars,
And issuing oft the nit’rous blast,
Close binds up nature’s balmy stores;

While

While yet, to fix'd, unerring laws,
 Obedient lays the landscape wide,
 The moral lesson wisdom draws
 From scenes which folly strives to hide.

Man's pictur'd life she sees in each
 Successive season, as it flies;
 What knowledge can the fages teach
 Like that the PASSING YEAR supplies?

Yet, blind to plainer truths, abroad
 Through endless labyrinths we roam,
 To seek, in learning's devious road,
 The gem we always have at home.

In nature's page, more fully seen,
 Life's useful lessons open lie;
 No fruitless comments intervene,
 To lead from truth the enquiring eye.

And, see, Religion, dropping low
 The chain of universal love,
 For virtue's humble toils below,
 Assigns eternal joys above.

HEROIC VALOUR.

THE following instance of heroic valour, and inviolable attachment, occurred in the year 1769, during the war between the Turks and the Russians. Caraman Pacha, who had a command in one of the actions near Choczim, having gone to meet the Grand Vifir on his march, that
 General

General (for what real or supposed offence is unknown) flew into a most violent passion, and immediately ordered his head to be cut off.

The unfortunate Pacha endeavoured to retire, and, at the same time drawing his sword, defended himself bravely; but, being soon surrounded and overborne by numbers, was cut to pieces.

In the mean time, his felictar or sword-bearer, fired with rage and indignation at the situation of his master, suddenly drew a pistol, with which he attempted to shoot the Visir. It happened fortunately for the Visir, that a faithful domestic, having seen the motion of the felictar's arm, stepped suddenly between his master and the shot, which he received in his own body, and fell dead at his feet.

THE
LADIES' MISERY,
IN A
SUMMER RETIREMENT.

THE season of the year is now come, in which the theatres are shut, and the card-tables forsaken; the regions of luxury are for a while unpeopled, and pleasure leads out her votaries to groves and gardens, to still scenes and erratic gratifications. Those who have passed many months in a continual tumult of diversion; who have never opened their eyes in the morning, but upon some new appointments, nor slept at night without a dream of dances, music and good hands, or soft sighs and humble supplications; must now retire to distant provinces, where the sycophants of flattery are scarcely to be heard, where beauty sparkles without praise or envy, and wit is repeated only by the echo.

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As I think it one of the most important duties of social benevolence to give warning of the approach of calamity, when by timely prevention it may be turned aside, or by preparatory measures be more easily endured, I cannot feel the increasing warmth, or observe the lengthening days, without considering the condition of my fair readers, who are now preparing to leave all that has so long filled up their hours, all from which they have been accustomed to hope for delight; and who, till fashion proclaims the liberty of returning to the seats of mirth and elegance, must endure the rugged 'squire, the sober housewife, the loud huntsman, or the formal parson, the roar of obstreperous jollity, or the dullness of prudential instruction; without any retreat, but to the gloom of solitude, where they will yet find greater inconveniences, and must learn, however unwillingly, to endure themselves.

In winter, the life of the polite and gay may be said to roll on with a strong and rapid current; they float along from pleasure to pleasure, without the trouble of regulating their own motions, and pursue the course of the stream in all the felicity of inattention; content that they find themselves in progression, and careless whither they are going. But the months of summer are a kind of sleeping stagnation without wind or tide, where they are left to force themselves forward by their own labour, and to direct their passage by their own skill; and where, if they have not some internal principle of activity, they must be stranded upon shallows, or lie torpid in a perpetual calm.

There are indeed some to whom this universal dissolution of gay societies affords a welcome opportunity of quitting, without disgrace, the post which they have found themselves unable to maintain, and of seeming to retreat, only at the call of nature, from assemblies where, after a short triumph of uncontested superiority, they are overpowered by some intruder of softer elegance or sprightlier vivacity. By these, hopeless of victory, and yet ashamed to confess a conquest, the summer is regarded as a release from the fatiguing service of celebrity, a dismissal to more certain joys and a safer empire. They now solace themselves with the influence
which

which they shall obtain, where they have no rival to fear; and with the lustre which they shall effuse, when nothing can be seen of brighter splendour. They imagine, while they are preparing for their journey, the admiration with which the rustics will croud about them; plan the laws of a new assembly, or contrive to delude provincial ignorance with a fictitious mode. A thousand pleasing expectations swarm in the fancy, and all the approaching weeks are filled with distinctions, honours, and authority.

But others, who have lately entered the world, or have yet had no proofs of its inconstancy and desertion, are cut off, by this cruel interruption, from the enjoyment of their prerogatives, and doomed to lose four months in inactive obscurity. Many complaints do vexation and desire extort from these exiled tyrants of the town against the inexorable fun, who pursues his course without any regard to love or beauty, and visits either tropic at the stated time, whether shunned or courted, deprecated or implored.

To them who leave the places of public resort in the full bloom of reputation, and withdraw from admiration, courtship, submission, and applause; a rural triumph can give nothing equivalent. The praise of ignorance, and the subjection of weakness, are little regarded by beauties who have been accustomed to more important conquests, and more valuable panegyrics. Nor indeed should the powers which have made havock in the theatres, or borne down rivalry in courts, be degraded to a mean attack upon the untravelled heir, or ignoble contest with the ruddy milk-maid.

How then must four long months be worn away? Four months in which there will be no routs, no shews, no ridottos; in which visits must be regulated by the weather, and assemblies will depend upon the moon! The *Platonists* imagine, that the future punishment of those who have in this life debased their reason by subjection to their senses, and have preferred the gross gratifications of lewdness and luxury, to the pure and sublime felicity of virtue and contemplation, will arise from the predo-

minance and sollicitations of the same appetites, in a state which can furnish no means of appeasing them. I cannot but suspect that this month, bright with sunshine, and fragrant with perfumes; this month, which covers the meadows with verdure, and decks the gardens with all the mixtures of colorific radiance; this month, from which the man of fancy expects new infusions of imagery, and the naturalist new scenes of observation; this month—will chain down multitudes to the *Platonic* penance of desire, without enjoyment, and hurry them from the highest satisfactions, which they have yet learned to conceive, into a state of hopeless wishes and pining recollection, where the eye of vanity will look round for admiration to no purpose, and the hand of avarice shuffle cards in a bower with ineffectual dexterity.

From the tediousness of this melancholy suspension of life, I would willingly preserve those who are exposed to it only by inexperience; who want not inclination to wisdom or virtue, though they have been dissipated by negligence, or misled by example; and who would gladly find the way to rational happiness, though it should be necessary to struggle with habit, and abandon fashion. To these many arts of spending time might be recommended, which would neither sadden the present hour with weariness, nor the future with repentance.

It would seem impossible to a solitary speculatist, that a human being can want employment. To be born in ignorance with a capacity of knowledge, and to be placed in the midst of a world filled with variety, perpetually pressing upon the senses, and irritating curiosity, is surely a sufficient security against the languishment of inattention. Novelty is indeed necessary to preserve eagerness and alacrity; but art and nature have stores inexhaustible by human intellects; and every moment produces something new to him, who has quickened his faculties by diligent observation.

Some studies, for which the country and the summer afford peculiar opportunities, I shall perhaps endeavour to recommend in a future essay; but if there be any apprehension not apt to admit unaccustomed ideas, or any attention so stubborn and inflexible, as not easily to comply with new directions,

directions, even these obstructions cannot exclude the pleasure of application; for there is a higher and nobler employment, to which all faculties are adapted by him who gave them. The duties of Religion, sincerely and regularly performed, will always be sufficient to exalt the meanest, and to exercise the highest understanding. That mind will never be vacant, which is frequently recalled by stated duties to meditations on eternal interests; nor can any hour be long, which is spent in obtaining some new qualifications for celestial happiness.

TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN HOWARD, Esq. ✕

IF from your eye compassion's lucid tear
 E'er shed its fainted gem on virtue's bier;
 If sad, ye've seen, amid the church-yard gloom,
 The crawling ivy clasp the good man's tomb;
 And if ye then have mourn'd, O! now bestow
 A sigh for HIM, who was the friend of woe!
 By mercy led from childhood to the grave,
 He sought to comfort, and he toil'd to save;
 To help the wretched was his honest pride,
 For them alone he liv'd—for them HE DIED!
 Yes, such was HOWARD, who, alas! no more
 Shall with his influence cheer his native shore;
 No more each prison's dark recesses seek,
 To wipe the scalding drop from sorrow's cheek;
 No more to guilt his healing hope impart,
 Or calm the workings of the widow's heart.
 In a far distant land he fell, remov'd
 From those who honour'd him, and those who lov'd;

Q q 2

Yet,

The celebrated philanthropist, born 1726, died 1790.

Yet, full of well-earn'd fame, he sunk to rest,
 By all his country's praise and wishes blest:
 And sure, as long as time itself shall last,
 The *mem'ry* of his *deeds* can ne'er be past;
 Though ENGLAND's glory swell from age to age,
 And fill with excellence th' historian's page—
 Still 'midst her heroes and her kings shall shine,
 With lustre unimpair'd, this *man divine*!
 Still future realms shall to his worth decree,
 Thy matchless meed, benign humanity!
 For not *alone* to ALBION's isle confin'd—
 His glowing bosom felt for ALL MANKIND.
 Patient he wander'd on from coast to coast,
 The world's great patriot, and sublimest boast;
 O'er the TURK's barb'rous plain he scatter'd light,
 To pierce th' obscurity of mental night;
 'Mongst plagues and famine ev'ry ill sustain'd,
 And what himself might undergo—disdain'd.
 Compos'd, yet firm, beneath the frozen skies,
 Where ruthless RUSSIA's wildest tempest flies,
 With philanthropic course he dar'd to roam,
 Till HEAVEN, approving, call'd *its angel home*!

BRITONS, by this rever'd example taught,
 Shall wider spread the tenderness of thought;
 To soothe *his spirit*, pour the fervent vow,
 And with the cypress twine the laurel bough.
 So shall contemplation round diffuse
 Celestial pity's vivifying dews;
 So shall triumphant sympathy assuage
 The throbs of anguish, and the threats of rage;
 With with'ring frown each selfish soul appall,
 And make benignant HOWARDS of us all.

A REMARK-

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF
FILIAL AFFECTION.

A Veteran, worn out in the service of France, was reduced without a pension; by continual labour he procured a scanty pittance, which scarcely kept in motion the pulse of life. He complained not, nor did he repine at the will of Providence; having never deviated from the paths of honour, he knew not shame, whilst the idea of conscious merit heightened the blush of modesty.

With the coarsest food he had been content, and with a mind resigned to heaven, he had eaten the blackest bread with cheerfulness, were it not that a wife and three small children shared his wretchedness. Is this, honour, thy recompence? Is this the reward for toil, for danger, for service?

Fortune once led him by the hand,—fortune was fickle;—yet she placed his son, a youth, in *l'ecole militaire*—himself had solicited a pension, but not having the means to continue the necessary attendance which greatness required, he abandoned his application, and retired from the world to content and poverty. He knew mankind, therefore he was not surprized that his misery should banish friendship.

At *l'ecole militaire*, his son might command every convenience that could improve the comforts of life, and the most sumptuous table was prepared for his repast; yet amidst all this noble provision a visible inquietude appeared on the countenance of the youth, and the strongest persuasion could not prevail on him to taste of any thing, except the coarsest bread and a draught of water. An abstinence of this kind, amidst all the allurements of so many temptations, was regarded by the masters as a very singular circumstance; the Duke de Choiseul was informed of an incident so uncommon, he ordered the youth before him, and asked the reason of his forbearance. The boy, with a manly fortitude, replied,—
' Sir, when I had the honour of being admitted to the protection of this royal foundation, my father conducted me hither. We came on foot; on
our

our journey, the demands of nature were relieved by bread and water! I was received, my father blessed me, and returned to the protection of a helpless wife and family; as long as I can remember, bread of the blackest kind, with water, has been their daily subsistence, and even that is earned by labour of every kind which honour does not forbid. To this fare, Sir, my father is returned; therefore, whilst he, my mother, and sisters, are compelled to endure such wretchedness, is it possible that I can enjoy the bounteous plenty of my gracious king?' The Duke felt his tale of nature; gave the boy three louis d'ors for pocket-money, and promised that he would order his father a pension. The youth, enraptured at this benevolent assurance, beseeched the Duke's permission to go immediately to his father with the joyful tidings. The Duke assured him that it should be carried by an express. The boy then took the three louis d'ors, and begged these might be sent, for they would be useful to his dearest relations; and whilst they were in want, he could have no enjoyment, even of the king's treasures. Such is the sensibility that harmonizes the soul, and gives it the nicest tone of benevolence, and universal commiseration. And, Choiseul, if thy name be transmitted to posterity, with every virtue that it merits, this instance of thy justice and humanity will dignify the noblest action of thy life. Happy Louis, who had a minister susceptible of such tender sensations. Happy Choiseul! who had a virtuous prince to encourage the indulgence of them. The minister failed not in his word. He brought forth indigent merit from distress, and the boy is now grown up an ornament to human nature, and is one of the best officers in the service of France.

OLD ENGLISH ANECDOTES.

IN the time of Nero, when we could no longer bear the Roman bondage, Boadicea animated the Britons to shake it off, and concluded thus:—"Let the Romans, who are no better than hares and foxes, understand,

derstand, that they make a wrong match with wolves and greyhounds." As she said this, she let a hare out from her lap as a token of the fearfulness of the Romans. The success of the battle however proved otherwise.

DURING the reign of Severus, no less than three thousand women were accused of adultery at Rome, at which time Julia the empress, in a conversation with Argetocax, a British lady, condemned the females of Britain, for not conducting themselves towards our sex in the manner of the Roman women. The reply was, 'We indeed live with the best and bravest men openly, and therefore may be censured; but how much more do you merit censure, who are familiar with the most base and vile companions secretly.'

CONSTANTINE, the son of Constantinus Clorus the Emperor, in endeavouring to dissuade a man from covetousness, drew with his lance, the length and breadth of a man's grave, saying, 'This is all that thou shalt have, when thou shalt be dead, if happily thou canst get as much.'

EDWARD the Confessor, one afternoon lying in his bed with his curtains drawn round about him, a poor pilfering courtier entered his chamber, where finding the king's casket open, which Hugoline his chamberlain had forgot to shut, he took out as much money as he could well carry, and went away. But insatiable avarice brought him a second time, and a third, on which the king, who lay still, and pretended not to see, began to speak, and bade him retire as quick as possible, for, "if Hugoline discovered him, he was not only likely to lose what he had gotten,

x King of the Anglo-Saxons, born circa 1004; reigned 1042-66.

gotten, but also to stretch on an halter." The fellow was no sooner gone, but Hugoline came in, and seeing the casket open, and almost empty, was much agitated. The king, however, endeavoured to relieve his mind, and assured him, "that he who had it, needed it more than they did."

SEWARD, the brave Earl of Northumberland, feeling, in his sickness, that he drew near his end, quitted his bed, and put on his armour, saying, "that it became not a man to die like a beast:" on which he died standing—an act as heroic as it was singular.

WHEN the same Seward understood that his son, whom he had sent into the service against the Scotch, was slain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore or hind parts of his body; and, being informed in the forepart, replied, "I am rejoiced to hear it, and wish no other kind of death to befall me or mine."

SINGULAR ANECDOTE

OF CHARLES THE TWELFTH OF SWEDEN. (1682, 1697-1718).

COURAGE and inflexible constancy formed the basis of this monarch's character. In his tenderest years he gave instances of both. When he was yet scarce seven years old, being at dinner with the queen his mother, intending to give a bit of bread to a great dog he was fond of, this hungry animal snapped too greedily at the morsel, and bit his hand in a
terrible

terrible manner. The wound bled copiously; but our young hero, without offering to cry, or take the least notice of his misfortune, endeavoured to conceal what had happened, lest his dog should be brought into trouble, and wrapped his bloody hand in the napkin. The queen perceiving that he did not eat, asked him the reason; he contented himself with replying, that he thanked her, he was not hungry. They thought he was taken ill, and repeated their sollicitations. But all was in vain, though he was already grown pale with the loss of blood. An officer who attended at table, at last perceived it; for Charles would sooner have died than betrayed his dog, which, he knew, intended no injury.

A CHINESE ANECDOTE.

THE last Emperor of China was one of the greatest monarchs of his age, and for nothing more celebrated than the rigour and strictness of his justice; but he was warm in his pursuits of pleasure, and impatient of interruption, when his mind was intent upon it. The viceroy of one of the provinces of that vast empire that lay most remote from the imperial city, had wrongfully confiscated the estate of an honest merchant, and reduced his family to the extremest misery. The poor man found means to travel as far as to the emperor's court, and carried back with him a letter to the viceroy, commanding him to restore the goods which he had taken so illegally. Far from obeying this command, the viceroy put the merchant in prison; but he had the good fortune to escape, and went once more to the capital, where he cast himself at the emperor's feet, who treated him with much humanity, and gave orders that he should have another letter. The merchant wept at this resolution, and represented how ineffectual the first had proved, and the reason he had to fear that the second would be as little regarded. The emperor, who had been stopped by this complaint, as he was going with much haste to dine in the apartments of

a favourite

a favourite lady, grew a little discomposed, and answered with some emotion, ' I can do no more than send my commands ; and if he refuses to obey them, put thy foot upon his neck.' " I implore your majesty's compassion," replied the merchant, holding fast the emperor's robe, " his power is too mighty for my weakness, and your justice prescribes a remedy, which your wisdom has never examined." The emperor had, by this time, recollected himself, and raising the merchant from the ground, said, ' You are in the right; to complain of him was your part, but it is mine to see him punished. I will appoint commissioners to go back with you, and make search into the grounds of his proceeding, with power, if they find him guilty, to deliver him into your hands, and leave you viceroy in his stead: for since you have taught me how to govern, you must be able to govern for me.'

CURIOUS ANECDOTE

OF DR. DIMSDALE'S INOCULATION OF THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

WHEN Count Czernichew, the Russian ambassador, sent for Dr. S—— to ask him if he would go to Russia to inoculate the Empress, he replied in the affirmative, if his Excellency would insure him 4000*l*. The ambassador replied, that he could not make any such promise, but did not doubt that his mistress would reward his merit with her usual liberality and generosity. His excellency then asked Dr. S—— if he knew Dr. Dimsdale, to which he replied, he did; the minister continued, " he had read a treatise the Doctor had written on inoculation, and if his practice was as successful as his theory was plausible, he must be a very able physician." Upon Dr. Dimsdale's coming to town, Dr. S—— acquainted him that the Russian ambassador had made a favourable mention of him, and would be glad to see him. Dr. Dimsdale accordingly waited upon Count Czernichew, who proposed to him the voyage, and his

^{mistress}
 x Thomas Dimsdale, 1712-1800. He inoculated Catherine about 1768. She made him a baron and first physician to the court and gave him a pension of £500 a year.

mistress for the patient, and asked the Doctor what were his terms. Dr. Dimsdale, though a quaker, was so polite as to say, he should not pretend to prescribe terms to so great a princess as the Empress of Russia, as he was convinced of her magnanimity and beneficence, and should leave the recompence entirely to her majesty.

Dr. Dimsdale repaired to Petersburg, and after a short time inoculated the Czarina, when the symptoms were as favourable as possible. He was not, however, without some apprehensions from her corpulency, that a fever, or some other disorder, might ensue. She had been inoculated about ten days, when one morning, very early, prince Gallitzin, a near relation to the general who commanded against the Turks, and one of the principal officers of her majesty's household, came to the doctor, and told him, he must accompany them immediately, his coach and six being in waiting. The Doctor was still in bed; but the prince told him, he must immediately dress and come with him. A panic struck the doctor, and he immediately concluded that his fate was banishment for life to Siberia, in consequence of some unlucky symptom that had appeared on the Czarina; and this opinion was still more strongly corroborated by the silence the prince observed for near a dozen miles. At length the coach stopped, and a general tremor seized the doctor, when he perceived the empress coming running to him in an Amazonian dress, in full health. She presented him with a fowling-piece, to take the pleasure of shooting; adding, that as he had been lavish in his praises of the excellence of his countrymen in that diversion, she had taken this opportunity to let him partake of the sport; which they did, after she had rallied him smartly upon his groundless terrors and apprehensions.

It were needless to add how magnificently, nobly, and generously, the Czarina rewarded the Doctor, as his honours, titles, and presents, have been repeatedly published.

ANECDOTE

OF THE DOWNING FAMILY.

THE late Sir George Downing, of Gamlingay in Cambridge, bart. had left his estate to the late Sir Jacob Garrard, and his heirs male; and for want of such issue, to the Rev. Mr. Peters, late lecturer of St. Clements Danes, and his heirs male; both of whom having died without issue, the estate was to be applied towards founding a college in Cambridge. The original of the family was Dr. Calybeat Downing, one of the preachers in the rebel army, and a great man with the Rump; and his son, afterwards Sir George Downing, and the first baronet of the family, was made envoy from Cromwell to the States-General, and got a great estate, owing to the following incident. When King Charles the Second was travelling in disguise in Holland, to visit the queen mother, attended only by Lord Falkland, and putting up at an inn, after he had been there some time, the landlord came in to these strangers, and said there was a beggar man at the door, very shabbily dressed, who was very importunate to be admitted to them; on which the king seemed to be surprized, and after speaking to Lord Falkland, bid the landlord admit him. As soon as this beggar-man entered, he pulled off his beard, (which he had put on for a disguise) fell on his knees, and said he was Mr. Downing, the resident from Oliver Cromwell; that he had received advice of this intended visit from his majesty to the queen, and that if he ventured any farther, he would be assassinated; and begged secrecy of the king, for that his life depended upon it, and departed. The king was amazed at this, and said to Lord Falkland, how could this be known; there were but you and the queen knew of it; therefore the queen must have mentioned this to somebody, who gave advice of it to his enemies. However, the king returned back, whereby the design was prevented. Upon this, after the restoration, Mr. George Downing was rewarded, made a baronet, and farmer of the customs, &c. &c. whereby this large estate was raised.

THE

THE FATAL EFFECTS OF
HATRED AND PASSION.

JOHN de Medici, when young, was made a cardinal through his father's interest; but never could conciliate to himself the affection or friendship of his brother Garcias, who was known to be of a furious, vindictive disposition. One day the two brothers, while at hunting, found themselves alone in following the chace, far removed from all their attendants; and Garcias took that opportunity of quarrelling with his brother, whom he stabbed to the heart with his dagger. He then rejoined his company, without discovering, in his countenance or manner, the smallest emotion, as if any thing extraordinary had happened. The cardinal's horse, however, returning without his rider, the company, by tracing back the prints of his hoofs, discovered the place where John lay murdered. His body being carried to Florence, the grand duke, his father, ordered that the circumstance of the murder should be concealed; and gave out that his son died of an apoplectic fit, while he was hunting. He then ordered the dead body to be conveyed into an inner apartment, and sending for Garcias, to whose malignant disposition he was no stranger, he taxed him with the murder. The youth denied it at first with great warmth, and in the strongest manner; but being introduced into the room where the body lay, it is said to have bled (very possibly by chance) at his approach. He then threw himself at his father's feet, and confessed the charge. The father, who had resolved on the part he was to act, solemnly desired his son to prepare for death; adding, that he ought to account it a happiness, that he was about to lose that life, of which his crime had rendered him unworthy, by no other hand than that of him who gave it. He then plucked out of his sheath the dagger with which Garcias had murdered the cardinal, and which still hung by his side, and plunging it into his bosom, he fell dead by his brother's side. This dreadful catastrophe happened in 1562, when the cardinal was no more than eighteen,

This incident is the subject of some verses in Rogers's Italy, and

and Garcias fifteen years of age. The father ordered the facts to be concealed; and all but they from whom it could not be concealed, believed the two brothers died of a pestilential distemper, which then raged at Florence. To give this report authenticity, both bodies were buried with great pomp, and a funeral oration was pronounced over that of Garcias.—This tragedy, however, proved fatal to the mother, who was so affected with the death of her two sons, that she survived them but a few days.

AN INSTANCE OF
TURKISH JUSTICE.

A Grocer of the city of Smyrna had a son, who with the help of the little learning the country could afford, rose to the post of naib, or deputy of the cadi, or mayor of the city, and as such visited the markets, and inspected the weights and measures of all retail dealers. One day, as this officer was going his rounds, the neighbours, who knew enough of his father's character to suspect that he might stand in need of the caution, advised him to move his weights, for fear of the worst; but the old cheat depending on his relation to the inspector, and sure, as he thought, that his son would not expose him to a public affront, laughed at their advice, and stood very calmly at his shop door, waiting for his coming. The naib, however, was well assured of the dishonesty and unfair dealing of his father, and resolved to detect his villainy, and make an example of him. Accordingly he stopped at the door, and said coolly to him, 'Good man, fetch out your weights, that we may examine them.' Instead of obeying, the grocer would fain have put it off with a laugh, but was soon convinced his son was serious, by hearing him order the officers to search his shop, and seeing them produce the instruments of his fraud, which, after an impartial examination, were openly condemned and broken to pieces.

pieces. His shame and confusion, however, he hoped would plead with a son to excuse him all farther punishment of his crime: but even this, though entirely arbitrary, the naib made as severe as for the most indifferent offender, for he sentenced him to a fine of fifty piaftres, and to receive a bastinado of as many blows on the soles of his feet. All this was executed on the spot, after which the naib, leaping from his horse, threw himself at his feet, and watering them with his tears, addressed him thus: ‘Father, I have discharged my duty to my God, my sovereign, and my country, as well as my station; permit me now, by my respect and submission, to acquit the debt I owe a parent. Justice is blind—it is the power of God on earth—it has no regard to father or son—God and our neighbours’ rights, are above the ties of nature—you had offended against the laws of justice, you deserved this punishment—you would, in the end, have received it from some other. I am sorry it was your fate to have received it from me. My conscience would not suffer me to act otherwise; behave better for the future, and instead of blaming, pity my being reduced to so cruel a necessity.’ This done, he mounted his horse again, and then continued his journey, amidst the acclamations and praises of the whole city for so extraordinary a piece of justice; report of which being made to the Sublime Port, the sultan advanced him to the post of cadî, from whence, by degrees, he rose to the dignity of mufti, who is the head of both religion and law among the Turks.

ANECDOTE OF NELL GWYN.

AFTER the death of Charles II. Lord W——, struck with the charms of Mrs. E. Gwyn, made proposals of marriage to her; at first she rallied him about it, but finding him not only very serious, but very pressing in the business, she replied, ‘No, my lord, it is not fit the *dog* should lie where the *lion* slept.’

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE

OF ADDISON, STEELE, AND SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

THE character of *Sir Roger de Coverley* in *the Spectator*, is universally known to have been drawn by the pen of Mr. ADDISON. When in one of the papers, he had brought *Sir Roger* to town, he left him for a day in the hands of Sir RICHARD STEELE, and he, not quite so scrupulous as his friend ADDISON, made the good-humoured knight perambulate Covent-garden with a nymph of the compliant kind. This angered ADDISON exceedingly; he called upon STEELE, and told him, 'that he had destroyed that consistency of character which he had been so anxious to preserve.'

STEELE smiled at this, alledging, that he had not made the knight do more than the most rigid moralist might have done. This did not satisfy ADDISON, who told STEELE, 'he would put it out of his power to injure *Sir Roger* in future, by killing him immediately.'

He kept his word; for, making the knight take his leave of London, the next paper contained an account from Coverley-hall of his death.

 DIVINE JUDGMENTS.

I.

NOT from the dust my sorrows spring,
 Nor drop my comforts from the lower skies;
 Let all the baneful planets shed
 Their mingled curses on my head.
 How vain their curses, if th' Eternal King
 Look through the clouds, and bless me with his eyes.

Creatures

Creatures with all their boasted sway
Are but his slaves, and must obey;
They wait their orders from above,
And execute his word, the vengeance, or the love.

II.

'Tis by a warrant from his hand
The gentler gales are bound to sleep;
The north wind blusters, and assumes command
Over the desert and the deep;
Old Boreas with his freezing pow'rs
Turns the earth iron, makes the ocean glass,
Arrests the dancing riv'lets as they pass,
And chains them moveless to their shores:
The grazing ox lows to the gelid skies,
Walks o'er the marble meads with withering eyes,
Walks o'er the solid lakes, snuffs up the wind, and dies.

III.

Fly to the polar world, my song,
And mourn the pilgrims there, (a wretched throng!)
Seiz'd and bound in rigid chains,
A troop of statues on the Russian plains,
And life stands frozen in the purple veins.
Atheist, forbear; no more blaspheme:
God has a thousand terrors in his name,
A thousand armies at command,
Waiting the signal of his hand,
And magazines of frost, and magazines of flame,
Dress thee in steel to meet his wrath;
His sharp artillery from the north
Shall pierce thee to the soul, and shake thy mortal frame.

Sublime on winter's rugged wings;
He rides in arms along the sky,
And scatters fate on swains and kings;
And flocks, and herds, and nations die;
While impious lips profanely bold,
Grow pale; and quivering at his dreadful cold,
Give their own blasphemies the lie.

IV.

The mischiefs that infest the earth,
When the hot dog-star fires the realms on high,
Drought and disease, and cruel dearth,
Are but the flashes of a wrathful eye
From the incens'd divinity.
In vain our parching palates thirst,
For vital food in vain we cry,
And pant for vital breath;
The verdant fields are burnt to dust,
The sun has drunk the channel dry,
And all the air is death.
Ye scourges of our Maker's rod,
'Tis at his dread command, at his imperial nod,
You deal your various plagues abroad.

V.

Hail, whirlwinds, hurricanes, and floods,
That all the leafy standards strip,
And bear down with a mighty sweep
The riches of the field, and honours of the woods;
Storms that ravage o'er the deep,
And bury millions in the waves;
Earthquakes, that in midnight sleep

Turn

Turn cities into heaps, and make our beds our graves;
 While you dispense your mortal harms,
 'Tis the Creator's voice that sounds your loud alarms,
 When guilt with louder cries provokes a God to arms.

VI.

O for a message from above
 To bear my spirits up!
 Some pledge of my Creator's love,
 To calm my terrors and support my hope!
 Let waves and thunders mix and roar,
 Be thou my God, and the whole world is mine:
 While thou art sovereign, I'm secure;
 I shall be rich till thou art poor;
 For all I fear, and all I wish, heav'n, earth, and hell, are thine.

THE CITIZEN OF ABBEVILLE.

A Rich trader of *Abbeville*, having got entangled in disputes and law-suits with a very powerful family, formed the resolution, in order to prevent his utter ruin, of emigrating from his native place, and settled with his wife and family at *Paris*. There he rendered homage to the king, and became his subject. The knowledge that he had acquired of business, of which he took the advantage to carry on a little traffic, afforded him the means of adding something to his property. He was much beloved in the neighbourhood for his civility and plain-dealing. How easy is it, when one wishes it, to gain the good opinion of the world! all that is requisite is a sincere intention: in general it does not cost a farthing.

S. s 2

Thus

Thus did our honest citizen pass seven years in his new residence; at the expiration of which, God was pleased to take away his wife. For thirty years they had been united, without ever having the least difference. The son for several years was so greatly afflicted at the loss, that his father was obliged to try all in his power to console the youth. 'Your mother is gone,' said he, 'it is a misfortune that cannot be remedied. Let us only pray to God to have mercy on her; our tears will not restore her to us. For my own part, all I can expect, is very soon to go and join her. At my age we must not look far forward. It is in you, my son, that all my hopes centre. All my relations and friends are left behind me in *Ponthieu*; and I shall never expect to see any of them more. Strive to improve yourself, and to become an accomplished youth. If I can find a young lady of good birth and character, whose family may furnish us with an agreeable society, I will give her whatever portion may be demanded, and will end my old days with her and you.'

Now in the same street with our citizen, and almost directly opposite, lived three brothers, knights and gentlemen, both by the father and mother's side, and all three esteemed for their valour. The eldest was a widower and had a daughter. The whole family was poor; not that they were originally without fortune, but in a moment of difficulty, having been obliged to have recourse to usurers, their debt by rapid accumulation of interest, had amounted to three thousand livres, for which their property was either pledged or taken in execution; very little remaining with the father besides the house in which he resided. This was so good, that he might easily have let it for twenty livres. He would rather have sold it had it been in his power; but it had been his wife's property, and reverted to the daughter.

The citizen went to demand the girl in marriage of the three brothers. They, before they gave him their answer, demanded to know what was his fortune. 'In money and effects,' said he, 'I am worth fifteen hundred livres; all which I have honestly acquired. Half of it I will give immediately to my son; and the other half will go to him after my death.'

"Honest

"Honest friend," replied the brothers, "that will not do. You now promise, that you will leave half your property to your son after your decease, and you promise it in so ingenuous a manner, that we have no doubt of your sincerity. But before that may happen, you may take it into your head to be made a monk or a templar; and then all must go to the convent. Your grandchildren will not have any thing."

The three brothers then required that, before the contract was concluded, the citizen should make a grant of all his property; otherwise they would not agree to the marriage. The good man did not at first fully approve these conditions; but paternal affection getting the better at length of his scruples, he consented; and in the presence of some witnesses, who were convoked on the occasion, he relinquished and renounced solemnly all his effects, not leaving himself wherewithal to purchase a dinner. Thus did he pave the way to his own misery, by throwing himself into an entire dependance on his children. Alas! if he had been aware of what awaited him, he would have been careful how he devoted himself to such wretchedness.

The young couple soon after had a son; who, as he grew up, gave the most flattering testimonies of a great fund of good-sense, and many amiable qualities. In the mean while, the old man lived, sometimes better and sometimes worse, at his son's house. He was just tolerated because he gained something by his industry. But with years, his infirmities increased; and when he was no longer able to work, they found him an incumbrance. The wife, especially, being of a proud, haughty disposition, could not bear him. Every day she threatened to leave the house, unless he was removed; and she became so importunate with her husband upon this head, that he, like an ungrateful monster, forgetting the debt of gratitude and of nature, went to intimate to his unhappy father, that it was necessary for him to seek an asylum in some other place.

"What is it you tell me, son," cried the old man? "What! have I given you the produce of sixty years labour, and established you in affluence, to be turned out of my house! Will you punish me then for the
the

the excess of my parental love? In the name of God, my dear son, I conjure you not to let me die of want. You know that I am unable to walk; grant me, at least, some useless corner in the house. I ask neither for a bed, nor for the provisions of the table. A little straw thrown under a shed, with some bread and water, will satisfy me. At my age life requires so little! and besides, with all my infirmities and cares, I cannot possibly be long a burden to you. If you are disposed to give alms in expiation of your sins, let it be to your father; can any charity be more praise-worthy? Recollect, my dear son, what bringing you up in the course of thirty years cost me: think of the blessings that God has promised to those that have regard to their parents here on earth; and dread his eternal anger, if you should venture to be yourself the murderer of your father."

This pathetic speech caused an emotion in the son; he nevertheless alledged the aversion and discontent of his wife; and for the sake of family quiet, required the old man's departure. "Where would you have me go," replied the father? "Will strangers receive me, when my own son turns me out of doors? Without money, without resource, I must then beg the bread necessary for subsistence." As he spoke, the old man's face was bathed in tears. He took, however, the stick that helped to keep himself erect, and, rising, prayed to God to forgive his son. But before he went out, he asked a last favour. "The winter," said he, "is approaching, and if I am condemned to exist till then, I shall have nothing to defend me from the cold. My coat is in rags. In return for the many that I have been obliged to provide you with during your life, grant me one of yours. I require only one of the worst,—one that you have entirely cast off." This slender boon was also denied him. The wife answered, that there was no coat in the house that would suit him. He then intreated that they would at least give him one of the horses' body-cloths; when the son, finding that he could object no longer, made the young boy a signal to bring one.

This youth could not see, without being deeply affected, the distress of his grandfather. He was now ten years old, and was endowed, as was said before, with many amiable qualities. He went and took out of the
stable

stable, the best of the housings, which he cut into two parts, and brought one of them to the old man. "All then are conspired to seek my death," said the old man, sobbing, "I had obtained the promise of that poor solace, and yet I am envied the whole of it!" The son could not avoid reproving his boy for going beyond the directions he had received.—'Pardon me, Sir,' said the youth, 'but I thought you wanted to kill your father as soon as possible, and I wished to second your design. As for the other half of the horse-cloth, it shall not be lost; I intend keeping it to give to you, when you are old.'

So well contrived a rebuke had its effect on the ungrateful son; he perceived his fault, and asked pardon of his father;—led him once more into the house, put him in possession of his former property, and thenceforward behaved towards him with the respect and regard due to his age and condition.

Remember this story, ye fathers, who have children to marry. Be wiser than this old man; and do not, like him, precipitate yourselves into a gulph from which you may find it impossible to be extricated. Your children, no doubt, will have a regard for you; and you ought to be persuaded of it; but the surest method is not to trust to it. Whoever reduces himself to a dependance on others, exposes himself to a great deal of sorrow.

CONTEMPT

OF THE

TRIFLES OF THIS WORLD.

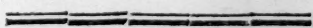
IF we look upward to heaven, we shall behold there all the inhabitants looking down with a sacred contempt upon the trifles, amusements, busineses and cares of this present life, that engross our affections, awaken our desires, fill our hearts with pleasure or pain, and our flesh with
constant

constant labour. With what holy scorn, do you think, those souls, who are dismissed from flesh, look down upon the hurries and bustles of the present state in which we are engaged? They dwell in the full sight of those glories which they hope for here on earth; and their intimate acquaintance with the pleasures of that upper world, and the divine sensations that are raised in them there, make them condemn all the pleasures of this state, and every thing below heaven. This is a part of eternal life; this belongs in some degree to every believer: for he is not a believer, that is not got above this world in a good measure; he is not a Christian, who is not weaned, in some degree from this world: "For this is our victory, whereby we overcome the world, even our faith." 1 John v. 4. "He that is born of God overcometh the world; he that believes in Jesus, is born of God." Whence the argument is plain, he that believes in Jesus the Son of God, overcomes this present world. And where christianity is raised to a good degree of life and power in the soul; where we see the Christian got near to heaven, he is, as it were, a fellow for angels, a fit companion for the 'spirits of the just made perfect.' The affairs of this life are beneath his best desires and his hopes; he engages his hand in them so far as God his Father appoints his duty; but he longs for the upper world, where his hopes are gone before. When shall I be entirely dismissed from this labour and toil? The gaudy pleasures this world entertains me with, are no entertainments to me; I am weaned from them, I am born for above.' This is the language of that faith that overcometh the world; and faith, where it is wrought in the soul, hath, in some measure, this effect; and where it shines in its brightness, it hath, in a great degree, this sublime grace accompanying it; or rather (shall I say) this piece of heavenly glory. Pain and sickness, poverty and reproach, sorrow and death itself, have been condemned by those that have believed in Jesus Christ, with much more honour to christianity than ever was brought to other religions.

The UNION of PIETY and MORALITY.

THIS forms the consistent, the graceful, the respectable character of the real christian, the man of true worth. Either of them left out, one side of the character is only fair; the other side will always be open to much reproach. Hence we dishonour ourselves, and do great injustice to religion; as by division it is exposed to the censure of the world.

The unbeliever will scoff at such piety, where he sees neglect of moral duties. The bigot will decry all morality; where he sees a pretence of virtue, though a contempt of God. Whereas he who fears God, and is at the same time just and beneficent to men, exhibits religion to the world with full propriety, His character is above reproach. It is at once amiable and venerable. Malice itself is afraid to attack him; and even the worst men respect and honour him in their hearts. He who fails materially either in piety or virtue, is always obnoxious to the anguish of remorse.



The MAN of PLEASURE.

TO a man of pleasure every moment appears to be lost, which partakes not of the vivacity of amusement. To connect one plan of gaiety with another is his sole study, till in a very short time nothing remains but to beat the same round, to enjoy what they have already enjoyed, and to see what they have often seen.

Pleasures thus drawn to the dregs become vapid and tasteless. What might have pleased long, if enjoyed with temperance and mingled with retirement, being devoured with such eager haste, speedily surfeits and disgusts. Hence having run through a rapid course of

S f

pleasure

pleasure, after having glittered for a few years in the foremost line of public amusements, such men are the most apt to fly at last to a melancholy retreat; not led by religion or reason, but driven by disappointed hopes and exhausted spirits to the pensive conclusion, that all is vanity.

A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT
OF THE LATE
LORD SACKVILLE'S DEATH.

WHEN Lord Sackville was at the point of death, Sir John Elliot was called in and consulted. His Lordship asked him if every thing proper had been done? The Doctor answered in the affirmative, his Lordship with firmness replied, "I am aware of my fate and am perfectly resigned." He then wished to know if there might be time to send for his attorney from London, for the purpose of making a codicil to his will, and expressed much satisfaction, on being told there would. After which he called his family about him, and desired to send for the Clergyman of his parish, that they might together receive the sacrament. He could have wished, he said, to have seen his son at age, but acquiesced in his present lot, believing it to be for the best. The last act of his life manifested a magnanimity rather uncommon, and afforded a circumstance, that will be considered by some as curious. He called to the bedside Mr. Cumberland. "You see," said his Lordship, "the state I am in, and I charge you to mind what I now say to you. I have seen much of life, and have experienced its vicissitudes but in no one situation throughout my life, did I ever feel a failure in my fortitude, any more than I do at this present moment."

Convulsions

Convulsions soon apprized him of the approach of death, when he calmly ordered his family to withdraw, and with unshaken composure closed the awful scene.

ANECDOTE of QUIN.

RYAN requested his friend Quin to repeat his performance of Falstaff for his benefit, in answer to which, he wrote the following laconic epistle:

“ I would play for you if I could ; but I will not whistle for you.
“ I have willed you a thousand pounds. If you want money, you
“ may have it, and save my executors trouble.

JAMES QUIN.”

ANECDOTE of Dr. JOHNSON. ^x

WHEN Dr. Johnson was in Scotland, amongst other curiosities shewn him, he was taken to a very ancient and high castle, which was reckoned to command the most extensive view of any in the country: “ Well, Sir, says the guide, what do you think of this prospect ? ” “ By much the finest in all Scotland, says the Doctor, for I can here see the road to England.”

ANECDOTE of an IRISH GENTLEMAN.

AT a race in the North, sometime ago, among other horses, one called Botheram started for the plate. The Irishman taking a fancy

S f 2

fancy

U. Roswell's Life of Johnson, published 1791.

fancy to the name, betted large odds in his favour. Towards the conclusion of the race, -his favourite was unluckily in the rear, on which he exclaimed—" Ah! by Jafus, there he is, Botheram for ever! See how he drives them all before him."

ANECDOTE of Dr. JOHNSON.

DR. Johnson being at dinner at Mrs. Macauley's, the conversation turned on the equality of mankind, which the lady of the house contended for with all the energy of a republican. Johnson made a few short answers, in hopes to change the subject, but finding she would go on, he finished his dinner with as much haste as possible, and then giving the plate to the footman, begged he'd take his place: " Good God! what are you about Doctor," said the lady?—" Oh! nothing, Madam, but to preserve the equality of mankind."

ANECDOTE of FREDERIC the SECOND.

WHEN Frederic built the palace of Sans Souci, there happened to be a mill which greatly straitened him in the execution of his plan, and he desired to know how much the miller would take for it. The Miller replied, that, for a long series of years, his family possessed the mill from father to son, and that he would not sell it. The king employed solicitations, offered to build him a mill in a better place, besides paying any sum which he might demand. The obstinate miller persisted in his determinations to preserve the inheritance of his ancestors. The king irritated at this resistance, sent for him, and said to him angrily, " Why do you refuse to sell your mill, notwithstanding all the advantages which I have offered to you?" The miller repeated

repeated all his reasons. "Do you know" continued the king, "that I could take it without giving you a farthing?" "Yes," replied the miller, "if it was not for the chamber of justice at Berlin." The king was extremely flattered with this answer, which shewed that he was incapable of an act of injustice. He acquiesced in the miller's refusal, and changed the plan of his gardens. x

The VIRTUOUS VILLAGER:

A MORAL TALE.

THERE are but too many of the Fellows of Fire in this gay metropolis who, in consequence of a licentious education, loose principles, and fortunes sufficient to render them extremely insolent, are led to imagine that they may take the most unwarrantable liberties with the fair sex, and seduce as many women as they possibly can. The success which they meet with in the female world, gives them, it must be owned, too much encouragement to believe that their powers of seduction are irresistible; yet they often find themselves unable, with all their rhetoric and treachery into the bargain, to carry their iniquitous designs into execution; and to their additional mortification, sometimes receive noble repulses from those women whom they consider, from the lowness of their stations, as created entirely for their pleasure, and of course attack them with far less ceremony than they would others in a higher sphere; not thinking any delicacy of address necessary with such poor creatures, they proceed at once to the application of their golden arguments, without having the least doubt concerning the efficacy of them. Such arguments have too much force over the best educated and most accomplished fair ones, as well as over the inferior part of the female sex: when we therefore see them

rendered

This mill is still shown at Sans Souci (1893).

rendered unavailing by a virtuous opposition among the latter, we are doubly charmed with the spirit by which they are defeated.

Sir Charles Spearman, as fine a young fellow as nature ever formed, and as seducing as art could make him, presumed so much upon his purse, his person, and his address, that he fancied every woman he met with was in love with him; his vanity was excessive, but it would have been a venial failing if it had not prompted him to actions not to be defended in a court of honour, though they might be laughed at in a court of justice.

Being of an amorous complexion, and agreeable in the most extensive sense of the word, Sir Charles naturally employed his talents of pleasing in order to triumph over female frailty, and his gallantries, indeed his victories, though not brilliant in the eye of reason, gave him no small importance in the eye of the world; and every new conquest of the same kind increased it.

In an excursion one day thro' a village in the West of England, his attention was suddenly engaged by the appearance of a very pretty girl at work with several fun burnt women, who were admirable foils to her, though she had evident marks in her face of the power of the solar rays over it. Her complexion was certainly brown, but her features were so elegantly arranged, and she had a pair of such bright eyes in her head, that Sir Charles could not for some moments take his eyes from her: he sat upon his horse as if he was glued to his saddle, and stared at the handsome villager before him as if he had never seen a female figure till then. In short, her face, form, and *tout ensemble* had such an effect upon him—(though he had been *un homme de bonne fortune* among some of the first-rate females of the age) that he determined to be very intimately acquainted with her. Charmed with her person, he was sufficiently encouraged by the humility of her dress and employment to believe that he possessed, what would not only facilitate the completion of his wishes but exclude disappointment.

Animated

Animated with these considerations, and spurred on by presumption, he ordered his servant to make all the enquiries in his power, about the girl who had occasioned such a violent commotion in his bosom, and rode towards a public house, which was, he knew, at no great distance from the new object of his wishes.

Tom having been long accustomed to any employ of his master, as well as to the other duties of a domestic, very readily undertook to procure all the information he could, and accordingly, upon his master's trotting away, had recourse to a stratagem, in order to force the attention of the females labouring in the adjacent field. Throwing himself from his horse, with a great deal of dexterity, and roaring out while he lay upon the ground, as if much hurt, he soon brought the very person to his assistance whose notice he had chiefly wished to attract, the rustic herself, whose beauty had so powerfully operated upon his master, and raised such a disturbance in his breast.

This girl being much nearer the road than any of her companions in a few moments appeared upon the spot where the pretended accident had happened; and as she was naturally of a benevolent disposition, she, with an eagerness which evidently proceeded at once from her fears and her good nature, asked the loudly complaining stranger, where he had hurt himself.

Tom told her the truth when he said that none of his bones were broken, but he stepped over the line of veracity, when he added, that he was bruised from head to foot, and never had received so confounded a fall in his life. Upon some occasion, a lie of this sort might have been honoured with the fashionable appellation of a *white one*; but as Tom uttered it with a wicked design, it was perhaps rather a *black one*. However, it answered his purpose better than he expected, for, in consequence of his dismal groans and wry faces, Patty Fielding (that was the villager's name) pressed him to follow her, if he was able, to her
uncle's

uncle's cottage, assuring him, at the same time, with a heartiness which he little merited, that both her uncle and aunt would do the best they could to set him upon his horse again.

With this Invitation Tom complied, as it may be easily imagined, without the slightest demurring; and to the care of his innocent conductress. We shall leave him for awhile, and give some account of the Baronet's proceedings.

Sir Charles, upon his arrival at the house at which he intended to put up, made the minutest enquiries after the poor people in the neighbouring cottages, and by asking mine host of the Red Lion, if there were any pretty girls near him, received an Answer very much to his satisfaction. By that answer he discovered that the girl who had flung him into a fever of love, was the niece of an industrious old couple, who made a shift to gain a bare subsistence, and who were then particularly to be pitied, as their landlord, a sour, severe man, had threatened to turn them out of their dwelling, and to seize their goods, as some late losses had prevented them from paying their rent.

As a man not destitute of good nature, Sir Charles felt for the distresses of the worthy pair, struggling with the pressures of poverty and age; but as a libertine, he rejoiced at the tyrannic menace of their ruthless landlord, concluding that his purse, properly employed, would be of singular service to him. He waited therefore with the utmost impatience for Tom's intelligence to confirm the information he had himself received.

In a few hours Tom made his appearance. In consequence of his communications, Sir Charles hurried to Farmer Fielding's, supplied him with money more than sufficient to answer his landlord's demands, and only desired, in return, to occupy, for a few days, the room in his house which was then vacant, he had been informed, by the absence
of

of the lady who hired it for the summer, as he had some private reasons for living in a very obscure manner in that part of the country.

Fielding was struck dumb by his generosity: And his dame was not able, though a loquacious woman—to articulate a syllable. When they had recovered the use of their tongues, they expressed the most grateful acknowledgments in language which wanted no tricks of oratory to set it off; it was the language of the heart; and on that account more valuable than the richest flowers of elocution.

Sir Charles's gratitude was by no means equal to that of the honest people under whose roof he was entertained in an homely, indeed, but truly hospitable manner. He was, it is true, entertained, in a great measure, at his own expence; but he plainly perceived that the Fieldings, if fortune and education had placed them in an exalted sphere of life, would have exhibited princely dispositions.—In return for all the civilities which he received from this humble, happy pair—civilities which no money could buy, he attempted to seduce their Patty, whom they loved as well as if she had been their own daughter, from the paths of innocence. His every attempt was fruitless; for she was neither to be deceived by his promises, nor dazzled with his gold; but nobly rejected all his dishonourable offers and told him, when he made his last efforts to stagger her virtue, “that she had rather work from morning to night for her bread, for an honest livelihood, than be the mistress of a king: While I am virtuous, “added she,” if I am ever so poor, I shall not envy the finest lady in the land who has lost her honour.

Struck with the conclusion of this speech, Sir Charles, libertine as he was, found himself so much shaken by it, that he resolved (looking upon her as a jewel of considerable value, and thinking that she only wanted to be well set to appear with a lustre equal, if not superior, to

the sparklers of a court) to talk to her in a different style. To drop the metaphor, he made honourable addressees to her, provided the most eminent masters of all kinds for her; and as she had an excellent natural understanding, as well as a beautiful person, she in a few months afterwards was, in the character of Lady Spearman, distinguished even in the Circle.

A CHINESE ANECDOTE.

A MANDARINE who took much pride in appearing with a number of jewels on every part of his robe, was once accosted by an old fly Bonze, who following him through several Streets, and bowing often to the ground, thanked him for his jewels. What does the man mean? cried the Mandarin, Friend, I never gave thee any of my jewels. No replied the other, but you have let me look at them, and that is all the use you can make of them yourself; so there is no difference between us, except that you have the trouble of watching them, and that is an employment I don't like.

A CHINESE TALE.

A PAINTER of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole world. When therefore, he had drawn a picture, in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public market place, with directions at the bottom for every spectator to mark with a brush, which lay by, every limb and every feature which seemed erroneous. The spectators came, and in general applauded; but each willing to shew his talent at criticism, mark'd whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came, he was
mortified

mortified to find the whole picture one universal blot; not a single part that was not stigmatized with marks of disapprobation. Not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner; and exposing his picture as before, desired that every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired. They complied, and the artist returning, found his picture replete with the marks of beauty; every stroke that had been yesterday condemned, now received the character of approbation. Well cries the painter, I now find that the best way to please one half of the world, is not to mind what the other half says; since what are faults in the eyes of these, shall be by those regarded as beauties.

The VANITY of WEALTH,

AN ODE.

NO more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
 With Avarice painful vigils keep;
 Still unenjoy'd the present store,
 Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.
 O! quit the shadow, catch the prize,
 Which not all India's treasure buys!
 To purchase heaven has gold the power?
 Can gold remove the mortal hour?
 In life can love be bought with gold?
 Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
 No—all that's worth a wish—a thought,
 Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
 Cease then on trash thy hopes to blind,
 Let nobler views engage thy mind.

T t 2

With

With science tread the wond'rous way,
 Or learn the mufes' moral lay;
 In focial hours indulge thy foul,
 Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl;
 To virtuous love resign thy breast,
 And be by bleffing beauty—bleft.

Thus taste the feaft by nature fpread,
 Ere youth and all its joys are fled;
 Come taste with me the balm of life,
 Secure from pomp, and wealth, and strife.
 I boast whate'er for man was meant,
 In health, and ftella, and content;
 And fcorn! Oh! let that fcorn be thine!
 Mere things of clay, that dig the mine.

Of CÆSAR's SUCCESS, his TRIUMPHS, AND HIS DEATH.

CÆSAR purfued his prosperous fortune with great rapidity. Besides his conquefts in Alexandria, and over Pompey's party in Africa, he went into Spain, and marched in perfon againft the two fons of Pompey, who under Labienus, had raifed a powerful army. The armies came to an engagement in the plains of Munda. Cæfar, after great hazard of being entirely routed, animated his foldiers with the greateft refolution, and gained a complete victory over the enemy. Thirty thoufand were killed on the fpot, the generals were difperfed, and all Spain fubmitted to the conqueror.

When Cæfar returned to Rome, he triumphed four times in one month.

month. He rewarded his foldiers with great liberality, & exhibited public shows with great magnificence, for the diversion of the people; and to remove every cause of jealousy, he bestowed the honours of the state on Pompey's friends equally with his own adherents.

Many of the senators, however, who had received these favours at the hands of Cæsar, secretly upbraided themselves for accepting of his kindness, at the expence of public liberty. Many were also dissatisfied with the change of government, and the ambitious conduct of Cæsar, who now attempted to assume the regal title. These sought to accomplish his ruin, and in private cabals it was agreed, that the liberty of the common wealth could not be longer maintained without the death of the dictator.

Brutus and Cassius were, by Cæsar's appointment, prætors for that year. Those men were at the head of that party. The conspirators carried on their plot, with all imaginable caution and secrecy; and the better to justify their designs, deferred it till the Ides of March, on which day Cæsar was to be declared king. A famous augur told Cæsar, that great dangers threatened him on the Ides of March; and those writers, who would add horror to the description of this day, tell us that the world wore a gloomy and heavy presage of Cæsar's fate; that wild beasts came into the most frequented parts of the city; that there were apparitions in the Streets, and illuminations in the skies; and that inauspicious sacrifices damped the hearts of all men, except the assassins, who, with an incredible serenity of mind, waited the approaching opportunity of sacrificing the usurper."

Cæsar's wife having had frightful and ominous dreams the preceding night, persuaded him not to go abroad that day; but Decimus Brutus one of the conspirators, calling on him in the morning, and laughing at those silly omens, took him by the hand, and led him out of his house.

As

As Cæsar was going into the senate-house, he met the augur who had forewarned him of the dangers of that day. The Ides of March are come, said Cæsar. "True" replied the augur, "but they are not yet past."

Scarce had Cæsar taken his seat, but all the assassins pressed about him, and sued for favours, which they knew would not be granted. The sign was given. Immediately one, oppressed with the greatness of the attempt, made an irresolute pass at him. Cæsar then rushed upon Casca, and beat him to the ground. But while they were struggling, another of the conspirators came behind him, and plunged his dagger into his bosom. At the same time Cassius wounded him in the face, and Brutus in the thigh. Till this time he had made a very vigorous resistance, but now made no more, and submitting to the strokes of a person who owed to him his life, he only uttered these words: And thou too, my son Brutus!" Cæsar used to call him by this tender name, supposing him to be his illegitimate son by an intrigue with Servilia. Growing now faint with the loss of blood, he reeled to Pompey's statue, where covering his face with his robe, and drawing his skirts to his knees, that he might fall decently, he sunk down and expired, having received twenty-three wounds.

Cæsar had long before been advised by his friends to be more cautious of the security of his person, and not to walk, as was his common practice, among the people, without arms or any one to defend him. But to these admonitions he always replied, He that lives in fear of death, every moment feels its tortures: I will die but once." At last, thus fell in the fifty-sixth year of his age, the conqueror of the Gauls, of Pompey, and of the Senate, the master of the Roman republic and the world, who died without uttering the least complaint, or shewing any mark of grief or weakness, in the year before Christ forty-three.

It

It is not to be omitted here, that among many other noble schemes and ordanances, which tended to the grandeur of the city of Rome, and the enlargement of the Roman empire, Cæsar reformed the Calendar; and with the assistance of the most able astronomers, regulated the year according to the course of the sun. Two months were added to the Calendar, and the whole year was divided into three hundred and sixty five days. He also added one day to every fourth year in the month of February, and that year was named Biffextile or Leap Year. This reckoning of time from this regulation, was called the Julian account of time; and some ages after the Old Style, in opposition to the New, or Gregorian Style. This last is now generally followed in most parts of Europe, and reckons eleven days forwarder. With the death of Cæsar ended the first Triumvirate, or government of the Roman empire by three persons, Pompey, Cæsar, and Craffus.

HAPPINESS NOT INDEPENDENT.

NO individual can be happy unless the circumstances of those around him be so adjusted as to conspire with his interest. For in human society, no happiness or misery stands unconnected and independent. Our fortunes are interwoven by threads innumerable: one man's success or misfortune, his wisdom or folly, often, by its consequences, reaches through multitudes.

Such a System is too far complicated for our arrangement.—It requires adjustments beyond our skill and power.—It is a chaos of events into which our eye cannot pierce, and is capable of regulation only by Him who perceives at one glance the relation of each to all. We are ignorant of the influence which the present transactions of our life may have upon those which are future.

The

The important question is not, what will yield to a man a few scattered pleasures, but what will render his life happy on the whole amount. There is not any present moment that is unconnected with some future one. The life of every man is a continued chain of incidents, each link of which hangs upon the former. The transition from cause to effect, from event to event, is often carried on by secret steps, which our foresight cannot divine and our sagacity is unable to trace. Evil may at some future period bring forth good; and good may bring forth evil, both equally unexpected.

FILIAL DUTY.

DARIUS, the Emperor of Persia, having invaded Scythia, with the whole force of his empire, the Scythians retreated by degrees, 'till they came to the utmost deserts of Asia, when Darius sent to know by what end they proposed flying from him, and where it was they would begin to fight. They returned him for answer, that they had no cities or cultivated lands for which they had occasion to give him battle, but when once he was come to the place of their fathers' monuments, he should then understand after what manner the Scythians could fight. Thus we see what public testimony even the most barbarous nations have given of their affection for their parents.

The VALUE of TIME.

WHEN we consider what we were created for, whither we are hastening to, and what we must 'ere long be, surely we cannot but acknowledge the work that lies before us to be truly great, interesting, and important. No less than the advancement of our Maker's glory,

glory, the pursuit of those objects which belong to our eternal peace, and the preparation for death, judgment, and a world to come; these are matters of the highest moment, and equally concern every son and daughter of Adam, as candidates for a blissful immortality. If so, then we may well lament the shortness of our time for such an arduous work, and impressed with a sense of the necessity of completing it before we go the way of all flesh, exclaiming with Dr. Young,

How much is to be done !

Life, like a winter's day, is short. Time, like the shadow upon a dial, is fleeting and hastening to be gone, and an awful eternity approaching, which must be either a state of happiness or misery, according to the waste or redemption of the precious NOW.

From these considerations we may learn the inestimable value of our passing moments, and the danger of delaying suitably to improve them, while we feel, if I may so express myself, the propriety of the Poet's observation and excellent advice, in the following lines:

Time wasted is existence, us'd is life;

Part with it as with money, sparingly :

Should the reader wish for directions in the improvement of his time, I would earnestly recommend the ensuing couplet from Mr. Pope's Essay on Man, as a daily rule for practice:

Make every day a critic on the past,

And live each hour as though it was your last.

} cf. p. 72, ante.

* Young: Night-Thoughts. 46. p. 72, ante.

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The

The following **LITTLE STORY** is related by an ingenious and polite Foreign Author, who asserts the Truth of it, and that the Parties are still living in France.

IN a great sea-port, in one of the most distant provinces of that kingdom, there lived a merchant, who had carried on trade with equal honour and prosperity, 'till he was turned of fifty years of age, and then, by a sudden series of unexpected and unavoidable losses, found himself unable to comply with his engagements, and his wife and children, in whom he placed his principal happiness, reduced to such a situation as doubled his distress. His sole recourse, in this dilemma, was the reflection, that upon the strictest review of his own conduct, nothing either of iniquity or imprudence appeared. He thought it best therefore to repair to Paris, in order to lay a true state of his affairs before his creditors, that being convinced of his honesty, they might be induced to pity his misfortunes, and allow him a reasonable space of time to settle his affairs. He was kindly received by some, and very civilly by all; from whence he conceived great hopes, which he communicated to his family. But these were speedily dashed by the cruelty of his principal creditor, who caused him to be seized, and sent to a gaol. As soon as this melancholy event was known in the country, his eldest son, who was turned of nineteen, listening only to the dictates of filial piety, came post to Paris, and threw himself at the feet of the obdurate creditor, to whom he painted the distress of the family, in the most pathetic terms, but without effect. At length, in the greatest agony of mind, he said, "Sir, since you think nothing can compensate for your loss, but a victim, let your resentment devolve upon me. Let me suffer instead of my father, and the miseries of a prison will seem light in procuring the liberty of a parent, to console the sorrows of the distracted and dejected family that I have left behind me. Thus,

Sir,

x John
died
and

Sir, you will satisfy your vengeance, without fealing their irretrievable ruin."

And there his tears and sighs stopped his utterance. His father's creditor beheld him upon his knees in this condition for a full quarter of an hour; he then sternly bid him rise, and sit down, which he obeyed. The gentleman then walked from one corner of the room to the other, in great agitation of mind, for about the same space of time. At length, throwing his arms about the young man's neck, "I find, (said he) there is yet something more valuable than money. I have an only daughter, for whose fate I have the utmost anxiety. I am resolved to fix it; in marrying you she must be happy. Go, carry your father's discharge, ask his consent, bring him instantly hither, and let us bury in the joy of this alliance all remembrance of what has formerly happened." Thus the generous gratitude of the son relieved the calamity of the worthy father.

The man who had considered wealth and happiness as synonymous terms, was freed from that fatal error; and Providence vindicated the manner of its proceeding, by thus bringing light out of darkness, and through a short scene of misery, rewarded a virtuous family with lasting peace, in the enjoyment of that prosperity which they so well deserved.

ANECDOTE of JOHN ELWES, Esq. *

WHEN Mr. Elwes was at Marcham, two very ancient maiden ladies, in his neighbourhood, had, for some neglect, incurred the displeasure of the spiritual court, and were threatened with immediate "*excommunication*."—The whole import of the word they did not perfectly understand, but they had heard something about standing

^{U u 2}
 * John Meggot Elwes, 1714-89, the famous miser. He is said to have died worth over £500,000. There are numerous stories of his kindness and eccentricity. — See p. 350, note; 380. ⁱⁿ

in a church, and a penance; and their ideas immediately ran upon a *white sheet*. They concluded, if they once got into that, it was all over with them; and as the excommunication was to take place the next day, away they hurried to Mr. Elwes, to know how they could make submission, and how the sentence might be prevented. No time was to be lost.—Mr. Elwes did that which, fairly speaking, not one man in five thousand would have done; he had his horse saddled, and putting, according to usual custom, a couple of hard eggs in his pocket, he set out for London that evening, and reached it early enough the next morning to notify the submission of the culprit damsels. Riding sixty miles in the night, to confer a favour on two antiquated virgins, to whom he had no particular obligation, was really what not one man in five thousand would have done; but where personal fatigue could serve, Mr. Elwes never spared it.

The ladies were so overjoyed—so thankful: So much trouble and expence!—What returns could they make? To ease their consciences on this head, an old Irish gentleman, their neighbour, who knew Mr. Elwes's mode of travelling, wrote these words—"My Dears, is it *expence* you are talking of?—send him *six-pence*, and he gains *two-pence* by the journey!"

SINGULAR ANECDOTE of a DIVER.

OF all the divers who have given any information from the bottom of the ocean, the famous Nicholas Pesce, mentioned by Rincher, is the most celebrated; the veracity of this account is not in all respects to be depended on, though Rincher assures us he had it from the archives of the Kings of Sicily. This famous diver, by his great skill in swimming, and perseverance under water, was surnamed the Fish.

x *Niccola, or Cola, Pesce, famous as a swimmer circa 1360-80. This*

This man from his infancy had been used to the sea, and gained a livelihood by diving for corals and oysters, which he sold to the villages on shore. From his long acquaintance with the sea, it at length became almost his natural element: he has been known to spend five days amongst the waves, without any other provision than what he caught there. He often swam ^{from} ~~over~~ Sicily to Calabria, a most dangerous passage; and frequently would swim among the gulphs of the Lipari islands, without the least apprehension of danger.

Some mariners one day observed something at a distance from them in the sea, which they supposed to be a sea-monster; but upon a nearer view, they found to be Nicholas, whom they took into their ship. When they questioned him where he was going on so rough a sea, and at such a distance from land, he produced a packet of letters, fastened up in a leather bag, which he was carrying to one of the towns in Italy. After stopping with them some time, and eating a hearty meal, he took his leave, and jumped into the sea, to pursue his voyage.

Nature seemed to have assisted him in a peculiar degree to bear the hardships of the deep; for the spaces between his fingers and toes were webbed like a goose, and his chest became so very capacious, as to enable him to take in at one respiration as much breath as would last him a long time.

The fame of this extraordinary man soon reached the ears of Frederic, King of Sicily, who, excited by a natural curiosity, ordered that he should be brought before him. The king thought this a fair opportunity to gain some certain intelligence concerning the Gulph of Charybdis; he therefore commanded the poor diver to explore the bottom of this dreadful whirlpool, and ordered a golden cup to be flung into it, by way of incitement. Nicholas, conscious of the danger he was exposed to, ventured to remonstrate; but the hopes of reward, the

* From Messina to Reggio across the Straits of Messina is about 8 ^{desire} miles.

* Frederick II. (also called III.), succeeded his brother Louis in 1335; died 1377.

desire of pleasing the King, and the increasing of his own fame, at length prevailed.—He immediately jumped into the gulph, and was instantly invisible. The King and his attendants waited with great anxiety for three quarters of an hour on the shore, and at last perceived him buffeting the waves with one hand, and holding the cup in triumph in the other: the cup was immediately made the reward of his bold adventure. He was allowed time to refresh himself, and was then brought again before the King, to relate the wonders he had been witness of. He declares, if he had been apprized of half the dangers he had to encounter, he should never have obeyed the King's command. There are four obstacles, he says, which render the gulph terrible, not only to men, but even to the fishes who inhabit it. The first, is the great force of water bursting up from the bottom, which requires great strength to resist, secondly, the abruptness of the rocks, threatening destruction on every side; thirdly, the force of the whirlpool, dashing against those rocks; and, fourthly, the quantity, and size of the polypus fish, some of which appear as large as men, and stick against the rocks, projecting their fibrous arms to entangle every thing that approaches. He was then asked how he so readily found the cup; he replied, that it had been carried by the waves into the cavity of a rock, against which he himself struck in his descent. The King wishing for further information, prevailed on this unfortunate man to venture a second time.—He went down, but was never since heard of.

IRISH NONCHALANCE.

SOMETIME ago, in consequence of a dispute, two Gentlemen of the Army had occasion to settle a matter honourably—the one, with his second, were from Ireland—the other a native of this country.

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As the Irish Gentleman was about to fire—his second came up and whispered him to know, whether he could not remember a bit of a prayer for the occasion? “*Upon my Soul and I don’t remember any,*” replied the principal, *except what our Chaplain says before dinner,—For what we are going to receive, the Lord make us thankful !”*

A N E C D O T E.

A YOUNG Italian gentleman being led by curiosity into Holland, where having lived sometime conversing with the most ingenious, was one day set upon by a protestant minister, who would needs engage him in a controversy about religion. The young gentleman knowing himself too weak for the encounter, begged his pardon, and endeavoured to wave the discourse, but the more he avoided it, the more hotly he was pressed by the minister, whereupon the young Italian, in a very great passion, conjured him by all that was good, to let him alone in peace with his religion. “For,” said he, “I cannot embrace yours, and if you make me lose my own, I will never make choice of any other.”

OF BENEFITS TO OTHERS.

CATO, in Tully, boasts of this as the great comfort and joy of his old age, that nothing was more pleasant to him than the consciousness of a well-spent life, and the remembrance of many benefits and kindnesses done to others.

Seneca observes, that he who preaches gratitude pleads the cause both of God and man; for without it we can be neither sociable nor religious.

BON

As quoted by Cicero in "de Senectute".

B O N M O T.

WHEN the Duchefs of Bedford was laft at Buxton, and then in her eighty fifth year, it was the medical farce of the day for the faculty to refolve every complaint of whim and caprice into “a fhock of the nervous fyftem;”—Her Grace, after enquiring of many of her friends in the rooms, what brought them there.—and being generally answered, for a nervous complaint, was asked in her turn, “What brought her to Buxton?”—“I came only for pleafure,” answered the hale Duchefs—“for, thank God, I was born before Nerves came into fafhion.”

 ANECDOTE of Dr. SMOLLETT. *

A BEGGAR asking the Doctor for alms, he gave him through abfence, or miftake for a lefs valuable piece, a Guinea. The poor fellow on perceiving it, hobbled after him and told him of it. Upon which Smollett returned it to him with another guinea, as a reward for his honefty, exclaiming at the fame time, “My God, what a lodging honefty has taken up with!”

 ANECDOTE of Dr. JOHNSON.

AN eminent carcafe butcher, as meagre in his perfon as he was in his underftanding, being one day in a bookfeller’s fhop, took up a volume of Churchill’s Poems, and by way of fhewing his tafte, repeated with great affectation the following line:

“Who rules o’er freemen fhould himfelf be free.” *

Then turning to the Doctor,—“What think you of that, Sir, faid he?”

* Tobias George Smollett, the novelist and hiftorian, 1721-71.

* The line is from Henry Brooke’s play of *Lycidas Vasa*.

he?"—" Rank nonsense, replied the other! it is an assertion without a proof, and you might with as much propriety say,

" Who ^{drives} ~~lays~~ fat oxen, should himself be fat."

Anecdote of a Lord and an Archbishop.

L ORD A----- having some words with the archbishop of Y-----, in the house of peers, who was not descended from a Lord's family, but advanced himself by his great learning and abilities, Lord A----- was highly offended with the manliness of the prelate's arguments, in replying to him, " you had better," said the noble Lord, with an angry countenance, remember your original." " I do remember it very well, answered the Archbishop, calmly; and am fully assured that had you been son to my father, you, had at this time, been a swine herd."

The inhuman MURDER of Miss LLOYD.

T HE murderer was a labourer by profession, had formerly been in the service of Miss Lloyd, and lived at no great distance from her. It is a happiness to reflect, that that divine intervention, which seldom allows the mind of man to sleep long in security, after the commission of a deed which so forcibly stamps its depravity, did in this case interpose, and prompted the murderer to a candid confession of the foul crime. On the evening of the day on which the murder was committed, he went to Tregaron fair, where some of his neighbours perceiving that he was possessed of money, entertained suspicions, which, however, were only momentary, as the circumstances of the robbery were not then known; but on the Sunday following, the

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subject

subject was generally talked of, and in going to an adjoining meeting-house, an acquaintance who had given him change for half-a-crown, asked him if he knew of the robbery or murder, when he bluntly acknowledged his guilt, and was immediately taken into prison. On his confession he said, that upon going to Kilrhyg, he found all the servants were from home, and immediately proceeded to the parlour, where Miss Lloyd was sitting alone; here he made a pretended demand of money which was owing to him for hay-making. Alarmed at his coming to her in that part of the house, she ran into the Kitchen, where the villain followed her, and making a spring, caught her by the throat, and instantly choak'd her! He then dragged the body into the parlour, and rifled her pockets, wherein he found two crown pieces, two crooked shillings, and a bunch of keys. In one of the pockets was a bag of money which he mistook for a pincushion, and left it behind.

He afterwards proceeded up stairs, where seeing the people (from a front window) driving the cattle into the yard, he effected his escape through the back part of the house, and fled into an adjoining wood, where he secreted two bottles of liquor which he had brought out with him.

From thence he set out to the fair as above related, and had change for one of the crowns, which led to a discovery of the whole.

ANECDOTE of a TAYLOR.

IN a cause in chancery, wherein a taylor happened to be a chief witness, Sir Fletcher N-----, the counsel on the other side, knowing his profession, gave him this caution, " I understand friend, you are by trade a taylor ; I would therefore advise you to use more conscience

science in your depositions, than you do in your bills, or else we shall none of us believe you." " Truly Sir, says the taylor, I confess our trade lies under a great deal of scandal ; but if you and I were in a room together, and the d—l was to come in, and to ask for the greatest rogue, I wonder, Sir Fletcher, whether you or I should be the most frightened."

S P R I N G.

THE Spring leads on the pleasant hours,
 For shame, ye sleepers, rise !
 See, how the ground is drest with flow'rs,
 How bright the smiling skies !

The pretty birds their voices raise,
 What sounds can be more sweet ?
 In yonder fields the lambkin plays ;
 There, see the milk-maid neat.

The glorious Sun now melts the dews,
 That glitter'd on the thorn :
 Then, tell me, who would now refuse
 To rise at early morn ?

I knew, indeed, how *Thoughtless* slept,
 When he from School was freed ;
 He slept, 'till sloth upon him crept,
 And sloth produc'd his need.

Poor and despis'd, by all forsook,
 Who made him here their care ;

To foreign lands his way he took,
And sadly perish'd there.

So happy let our moments be,
Nor such engagements cease,
But pass from faults and troubles free.
In innocence and peace.

On the NATIVITY of CHRIST.

A WAKE from silence every voice,
Each chearful pipe, and sounding string;
Let ev'ry grateful heart rejoice,
And ev'ry tongue in rapture sing.

On this distinguished day of grace,
Th' Eternal Prince of Glory came,
To purge the guilt of human race,
And save them by his pow'rful name.

Bow down your heads, ye lofty pines,
Ye mountains crown'd with cedars tall;
Be still, ye rude imperious winds,
Throughout the wide terrestrial ball.

Let nought but harmony and love
O'er all th' expanded surface reign,
And let the sacred choir above
Approve, and join the heav'nly strain.

When we in bondage were exil'd,
And rebels to th' eternal God,

Our

Our souls, with blackest guilt defil'd,
Obnoxious to th' impending rod.

That from his seat of perfect bliss
The son of Glory shou'd descend;
To offer man the terms of peace,
And his unbounded grace extend.

Such goodness, such stupendous grace!
Nor men, nor angels can explore;
Then let us, what we cannot trace,
With awful reverence adore.

Ye wing'd inhabitants of air,
All ye that graze the verdant plain;
Ye herds, that to the wilds repair,
And ye that skim the surging main.

Some signs of exultation show,
While grateful minds your voices raise,
'Tis all that mortals can below,
To hail the day in songs of praise.

While skilful hands the chorus join,
And tune the rapture-raising lyre,
While grateful strains of love divine,
Serene, extatic joys inspire.

Thus sacred be the happy day,
While sun, and moon, and stars endure;
'Till nature feels her last decay,
And time itself shall be no more.

ANECDOTES

OF THE LATE

SIR HERVEY ELWES. *

AS he had no acquaintance, no books, and no turn for reading, the hoarding-up and counting his money was his greatest joy. The next to that was partridge setting; at which he was so great an adept, and game was so plentiful, that he has been known to take five hundred brace of birds in one season. But he lived entirely upon partridges he and his whole household, consisting of one man and two maids. What they could not eat he turned out again, as he never gave away any thing. During the partridge season Sir Hervey and his man never missed a day, if the weather was tolerable, and his breed of dogs being remarkably good, he seldom failed in taking great quantities of game. At all times he wore a black velvet cap much over his face, a worn-out full dressed suit of cloaths, and an old great coat, with worsted stockings drawn up over his knees. He rode a thin thorough bred horse, and the horse and the rider both looked as if a gust of wind would have blown them away together.

When the day was not so fine as to tempt him abroad, he would walk backwards and forwards in his own hall to save the expence of fire. If a farmer in his neighbourhood came in he would strike a light in a tinder box that he kept by him, and putting a single stick in the grate would not add another 'till the first was nearly burnt out. As he had but little connection with London, he always had three or four thousand pounds at a time in his house. A set of fellows, who were afterwards known by the appellation of the Thackstead gang, and who were all hanged, formed a plan to rob him. They were totally unsuspected at the time, as each had some apparent occupation during

* Cf. E. Topham: *Life of J. Elwes*. - Cf. also *Retrospec. Rev.*, vol. ix., 1824, the
See also pp. 339, 380.

the day, and went out only at night, and when they had got intelligence of any great booty.

“ It was the custom of Sir Hervey to go up into his bed-chamber about eight o’clock, when, after taking a basin of water-gruel, by the light of a small fire, he went to bed to save the unnecessary extravagance of a candle. The gang who knew the hour when his servant went to the stables, leaving their horses on the Essex side of the river, walked across and hid themselves in the church-porch till they saw the man come up to his horses. They then immediately fell upon him, and after some little struggle bound and gagged him; they then ran up to the house, tied the two maids together, and going up to Sir Hervey, presented their pistols and demanded his money.

“ At no part of his life did Sir Hervey behave so well as in this transaction. When they asked for his money, he would give them no answer till they had assured him that his servant, who was a great favourite, was safe; he then delivered them the key of a drawer, in which were fifty guineas; but they knew too well, he had much more in the house, and again threatened his life if he would not discover where it was deposited. At length he shewed them the place, and they turned out a large drawer, in which there were two thousand seven hundred guineas; this they packed up in two large baskets, and actually carried off.”

A N E C D O T E.

TWO gentlemen disputing about religion in Burton’s coffee-house, said one of them, I wonder, Sir, you should talk of religion, when I’ll hold you five guineas you can’t say the Lord’s Prayer: Done, said the other, and Sir Richard Steel here shall hold stakes. The money

ney being deposited, the gentleman began with, I believe in God, and so went cleverly through the Creed: Well said the other, I own I have lost; I did not think he could have done it.

The MARQUIS DE LA SCALLAS,

An ITALIAN NOBLEMAN,

HAVING invited the neighbouring gentry to a grand entertainment, where all the delicacies of the season were provided, some of the company arrived very early, for the purpose of paying their respects to his Excellency. Soon after which the Major-Domo entering the dining-room in a great hurry, told the marquis that there was a most wonderful fisherman below, who had brought one of the finest fish in all Italy, for which, however, he demanded a most extravagant price. Regard not his price, cried the marquis; pay him the money directly.—So I would, please your highness, but he refuses to take any money.—What then would the fellow have?—An hundred strokes of the strap-pado on his bare shoulders, my lord; he says he will not bate a single blow. On this the whole company ran down stairs, to see so singular a man. A fine fish! cried the marquis: What is your demand, my friend?—Not a quatrini, my lord, answered the fisherman. I will not take money. If your lordship wishes to have the fish, you must order me an hundred lashes of the strappado on my naked back; otherwise I shall apply elsewhere.—Rather than lose the fish, said the marquis, we must e'en let this fellow have his humour.—Here cried he, to one of his grooms, discharge this honest man's demands: but don't lay on too hard; don't hurt the poor devil very much! The fisherman then stripped, and the groom prepared to execute his lordships orders. Now my friend, said the fisherman, keep an exact account I beseech you; for I
don't

don't desire a single stroke more than my due. The whole company were astonished at the amazing fortitude with which the man submitted to the operation, till he had received the fiftieth lash; when addressing the servant—Hold my friend, cried the fisherman: I have now had a full share of the price.—Your share! exclaimed the marquis; what is the meaning of all this? My lord, returned the fisherman, I have a partner, to whom my honour is engaged that he shall have his full half of whatever I receive for the fish; and your lordship, I dare venture to say, will by and by own that it would be a thousand pities to defraud him of a single stroke.—And pray honest friend, said the marquis, who is this partner?—Your porter, my lord, answered the fisherman, who keeps the outer-gate, and refused to admit me, unless I would promise him half of what I should obtain for the fish—Ho! ho! exclaimed the marquis laughing very heartily, by the blessing of heaven, he shall have double his demand in full tale. The porter was accordingly sent for; and being stripped to the skin, two grooms were directed to lay on with all their might, till he had fairly received what he was so well entitled to. The marquis then ordered his steward to pay the fisherman twenty sequins; desiring him to call annually for the like sum, as a recompense for the friendly service he had done him.

The BROTHER and SISTER.

A GENTLEMAN had two children, the one a daughter that was very plain in her person; the other a boy that was a great beauty. As they were at play together one day, they saw their faces in a looking glass that stood in their mother's chair; upon which the boy seeing his beauty, was so charmed with it, that he extolled it mightily to his sister, who took these praises of his beauty, as so many reflections on her disagreeableness. She went to her father, acquainted him with the affair,

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and

and made very great complaints of her brother's rudeness to her. Upon this, the old prudent gentleman, instead of being angry, took them upon his knees, and embracing both with the greatest tenderness, gave them this excellent advice.—I would have you both look at yourselves in the glass every day; you my son, that you may be reminded never to dishonour the beauty of your face by the deformity of your actions; and you, my daughter, that you may take care to hide the defect of beauty in your person, by the superior lustre of a virtuous and amiable conduct.

ANECDOTE of DOCTOR FRANKLIN. (1706-90).

THE late Doctor Franklin, in the early part of his life, followed the business of a printer, and had occasion to travel from Philadelphia to Boston. In his journey he stopped at one of their inns, the landlord of which possessed the true disposition of his countrymen, which is, to be inquisitive even to impertinence into the business of every stranger.—The doctor, after the fatigue of the day's travel, had sat himself down to supper, when his landlord began to torment him with questions. The doctor well knew the dispositions of these people; he apprehended, that, after having answered his questions, others would come in and go over the same ground, so he was determined to stop him. Have you a wife landlord? Yes Sir.—Pray let me see her. Madam was introduced with much form. How many children have you? four sir, I should be happy to see them.—The children were sought and introduced. How many servants have you? Two sir! a man and a woman.—Pray fetch them. When they came, the doctor asked if there were any one else in the house; and being answered in the negative, addressed himself to them with much solemnity: My good friends, I sent for you here to give you an account of myself; my
name

x B.

name is Benjamin Franklin; I am a printer, of — years of age; reside at Philadelphia, and am now going on business from thence to Boston. I sent for you all, that, if you wish for any further particulars, you may ask, and I will inform you; which done, I flatter myself you will permit me to eat my supper in peace.

PLUTARCH.

PLUTARCH relates a story of one Belfus, who having murdered his father, was so haunted by a guilty conscience, that he thought the swallows when they chattered, were saying, "Belfus has killed his father;" whereupon being unable to bear the horror of mind occasioned by his guilt, he confessed the fact, and received condign punishment.

HENRY of MONMOUTH.

HENRY of Monmouth, afterwards Henry V. was seduced by a set ^x of minions, who endeavoured to endear themselves to him, by administering to his pleasures; they succeeded so far as to lead him into some excesses, and to be the occasion of his failing in the duty and reverence he owed his father, but his good sense, and natural sweetness of disposition brought him back into the paths of virtue and honor. He was heartily ashamed and concerned that he had ever given the least cause of uneasiness to his father, who had so true and tender an affection for him; and never rested, till he had prostrated himself before him, and obtained pardon and forgiveness. The King was at least reconciled to him, and immediately restored him to his favour. This prince afterwards became the darling of the people, and the terror of his enemies.

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ANECDOTE

^x Born 1388, succeeded his father (Henry IV.) 1413; died 1422.

ANECDOTE of a PHYSICIAN.

A PHYSICIAN who lived in London, visited a Lady who lived in Chelsea. After continuing his visits for some time, the Lady expressed an apprehension, that it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account. Oh! Madam, replied the Doctor; I have another patient in this neighbourhood, and by that means, you know, *I kill two birds with one stone.*

ŒCONOMY and BENEVOLENCE.

WHEN a collection was made to build the hospital of bedlam, those who were employed to gather the money, came to a small house, the door of which was half open; and from the entry they overheard an old man scolding the servant maid, who, having made use of a match in kindling the fire, had afterwards indiscretely thrown it away, without reflecting, that the match having still the other extremity dipped in sulphur, might have been of further service.—After diverting themselves awhile with the dispute, they knocked, and presented themselves before the old gentleman. As soon as they had told him the cause of their coming, he went into a closet, from whence he brought four hundred guineas, and reckoning the money in their presence, he put it into their bag. The collectors being astonished at this generosity, and testifying their surprise, told the old fellow what they had heard. Gentlemen, said he, your surprise is occasioned by a thing of little consequence.—I keep house, and save and spend money my own way; the one furnishes me with the means of doing the other, and both equally gratify my inclination. With regard to donations, always expect most from prudent people who keep their own accounts.—When he had thus spoken, he turned them out of the house without further ceremony, and shut the door.

HYMN

HYMN TO HUMANITY.

PARENT of virtue, if thine ear
 Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
 If now the pity-streaming tear
 Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
 Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!

Come, ever welcome to my breast!
 A tender, but a chearful guest:
 Nor always in the gloomy cell
 Of life-consuming sorrow dwell;
 For sorrow, long indulg'd and flow,
 Is to Humanity a foe;
 And grief, that makes the heart a prey,
 Wears sensibility away.
 Then comes, sweet nymph! instead of thee,
 The gloomy fiend, Stupidity.

O may that fiend be banish'd far,
 Though passions hold eternal war!
 Nor ever let me cease to know
 The pulse that throbs at joy or woe:
 Nor let my vacant cheeks be dry,
 When sorrow fills a brother's eye;
 Nor may that tear that frequent flows
 From private or from social woes,
 E'er make this pleasing sense depart.—
 Ye cares, O harden not my heart!

If the fair star of Fortune smile,
 Let not its flattering power beguile,
 Nor, borne along the fav'ring tide,
 My full sails swell with bloating pride.

Let

Let me from wealth but hope content,
Remembering still it was but lent;
To modest merit spread my store,
Unbar my hospitable door;
Nor feed, for pomp, an idle train
While want unpitied pines in vain.

If Heaven, in every purpose wise,
The envied lot of wealth denies;
If doom'd to drag life's painful load
Thro' Poverty's uneven road,
And, for the due bread of the day,
Destin'd to toil as well as pray;
To thee, Humanity, still true,
I'll wish the good I cannot do;
And give the wretch that passes by,
A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.

Howe'er exalted, or deprest,
Be ever mine the feeling breast,
From remove the stagnant mind
Of languid indolence, reclin'd;
The soul that one long sabbath keeps,
And through the sun's whole circle sleeps;
Dull peace, that dwells in Folly's eye,
And self-attending Vanity
Alike, the foolish, and the vain,
Are strangers to the sense humane.

O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,
When the prophetic eye survey'd
Sion in future ashes laid!

Or,

Or, rais'd to heaven, implor'd the bread
That thousands in the desert fed!
Or, when the heart o'er friendship's grave,
Sigh'd, and forgot its power to save!
O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow!

It comes; it fills my labouring breast;
I feel my beating heart oppress.
Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail!
See her dim eye! her aspect pale!
To heaven she turns in deep despair;
Her infants wonder at her prayer,
And mingling tears they know not why,
Lift up their little hands and cry.
O God! their moving sorrow see!
Support them, sweet Humanity!

Life, fill'd with Grief's distressful train,
For ever asks the tear humane.
Behold in yon unconscious grove,
The victims of ill-fated love!
Heard you that agonizing throe?
Sure this is not romantic woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er;
And now they part—to meet no more.
Assist them, hearts from anguish free!
Assist them sweet Humanity!

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!

Noble

Noble Behaviour of Chinese Mandarines.

IN China, no man is a Gentleman by his birth; but the Mandarines, or Gentlemen, become such purely by their real merit. These Mandarines, by a fundamental law of the Chinese empire, are allowed to tell their Monarch, in respectful but in plain terms, whatever they think it amiss in his conduct; and we are assured, that whenever they imagine the Honour of their Prince, or the good of their Country makes it necessary, they never fail of making use of their privilege.

There was a remarkable instance of this in the reign of one of their Emperors, who was very obstinate and very imperious. This Emperor's conduct, in some certain particular, was directly repugnant to the precepts of the great Confucius. One of the wisest, and most learned of the Mandarines thereupon demanded an audience; and having told his prince boldly what he conceived was wrong in his conduct, he shewed him, with great strength of reason, the ill consequences that would probably attend it. The Emperor, who was not of a humour to think he could be in the wrong, instead of making the least reformation, ordered the Mandarin to be put to death for his insolent deportment. The next day another Mandarin demanded an audience, made the same remonstrance as the first, and met with the same fate. The day after a third Mandarin made the like attempt; but to shew, at the same time, that he expected nothing less than to die for the good of his Country, he ordered his hearse to follow him, and wait at the palace gate. Having so done, he boldly went up to the Emperor, and told him, that if he did not immediately determine to alter the present course of his behaviour, his reign would appear the most shameful to future ages, of any yet recorded in the Chronicles of China. The Emperor, incensed at his insolent harangue (as he termed it) not only put him to death, but ordered him to expire under the most exquisite torture.

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The Mandarin, upon this, assembled in a body; and come at last to this generous resolution, that tho' the consequence should prove ever so fatal, they would not see their Prince persist in a conduct which would terminate in the most indelible disgrace to himself, and render the fundamental principles of their government utterly useless and ineffectual. They determined, therefore, by lot, what members of their body should go next, and wait upon the Emperor. Each man went accordingly, and did his duty.—A great number, indeed, were cut off; but as the Emperor's eyes were happily opened by their invincible loyalty; and, conscious of his error, he not only made a thorough reformation but ordered most magnificent monuments, at his own expence, to be built over the bodies of those intrepid Mandarines, who had fallen a sacrifice to his resentment, lamenting, at the same time, that all the power he was possessed of, could make no adequate compensation for the loss of so many faithful subjects who had gloriously preferred his Honour, and the Welfare of their Country to all other consideration.

On E T E R N I T Y.

WHAT is eternity?—Can aught
 Paint its duration to the thought?
 Tell ev'ry beam the sun emits,
 When in sublimest noon he sits;
 Tell ev'ry light-wing'd mote that strays
 Within its ample round of rays;
 Tell all the leaves, and all the buds,
 That crown the gardens and the woods;
 Tell all the spires of grass the meads
 Produce, when spring propitious leads

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The new-born year ; tell all the drops
 The night upon their bended tops,
 Sheds in soft silence, to display
 Their beauties with the rising day ;
 Tell all the sands the ocean laves,
 Tell all its changes, all its waves ;
 Or tell, with more laborious pains,
 The drops its mighty mass contains ;
 Be this astonishing account
 Augmented with the full amount
 Of all the drops that clouds have shed,
 Where'er their wat'ry fleeces spread,
 Through all time's long protracted tour,
 From Adam to the present hour ;
 'Till short the sum ; nor can it vie
 With the more numerous years, that lie
 Embosom'd in Eternity. }

Was there a belt that could contain
 In its vast orb the earth and main,
 With figures was it cluster'd o'er,
 Without one cypher in the score :
 And could your lab'ring thought assign
 The total of the crowded line ;
 How scant th' amount ! Th' attempt how vain,
 To reach duration's endless chain !
 For when as many years are run,
 Unbounded age is but begun.

Attend O man, with awe divine,
 For this eternity is thine !

Gelaleddin

GELALEDDEEN of BASSORA.

IN the time when Bassora was considered as the School of Asia, and flourished by the reputation of its professors and the confluence of its students, among the pupils that listened round the chair of Albu-mazor was Gelaleddin, a native of Tauris in Persia, a young man amiable in his manners and beautiful in his form, of boundless curiosity, incessant diligence, and irresistible genius, of quick apprehension and tenacious memory, accurate without narrowness, and eager for novelty without inconstancy.

No sooner did Gelaleddin appear at Bassora, than his virtues and abilities raised him to distinction. He passed from class to class, rather admired than envied by those whom the rapidity of his progress left behind; he was consulted by his fellow-students as an oraculous guide, and admitted as a competent auditor to the conferences of the Sages.

After a few years, having passed through all the exercises of probation, Gelaleddin was invited to a Professor's seat, and entreated to increase the splendour of Bassora. Gelaleddin affected to deliberate on the proposal, with which, before he considered it, he resolved to comply; and next morning retired to a garden planted for the recreation of the students, and, entering a solitary walk, began to meditate on his future life.

If I am thus eminent, said he, in the regions of Literature, I shall be yet more conspicuous in any other place: If I should now devote myself to study and retirement, I must pass my life in silence, unacquainted with the delights of wealth, the influence of power, the pomp of greatness, and the charms of elegance, with all that man envies and desires, with all that keeps the world in motion, by the hope of gaining or the fear of losing it.—I will therefore depart to Tauris, where

the Persian Monarch resides in all the splendour of absolute dominion; my reputation will fly before me, my arrival will be congratulated by my kinsmen and my friends: I shall see the eyes of those who predicted my greatness sparkling with exultation, and the faces of those that once despised me clouded with envy, or counterfeiting kindness by artificial smiles. I will shew my wisdom by my discourse, and my moderation by my silence; I will instruct the modest with easy gentleness, and repress the ostentatious by seasonable superciliousness. My apartments will be crowded by the inquisitive and the vain, by those that honour, and those that rival me; my name will soon reach the Court; I shall stand before the throne of the Emperor; the Judges of the Law will confess my wisdom; and the Nobles will contend to heap gifts upon me. If I shall find that my merit, like that of others, excites malignity, or feel myself tottering on the seat of elevation, I may at last retire to academical obscurity, and become, in my lowest state, a Professor of Bassora.

Having thus settled his determination, he declared to his friends his design of visiting Tauris, and saw, with more pleasure than he ventured to express, the regret with which he was dismissed. He could not bear to delay the honours to which he was destined; and therefore hastened away, and in a short time enter'd the capital of Persia. He was immediately immersed in the crowd, and passed unobserved to his father's house. He enter'd, and was received, though not unkindly, yet without any excess of fondness or exclamations of rapture. His father had, in his absence, suffered many losses; and Gelaleddin was considered as an additional burthen to a falling family.

When he recovered from his surprise, he began to display his acquisitions, and practised all the arts of narration and disquisition; but the poor have no leisure to be pleased with eloquence; they heard his arguments without reflection, and his pleasantries without a smile. He then

then applied himself singly to his brothers and sisters, but found them all chained down by invariable attention to their own fortunes, and insensible of any other excellence than that which could bring some remedy for indigence.

It was now known in the neighbourhood, that Gélaleddin was returned, and he sat for some days in expectation that the Learned would visit him for consultation, or the Great for entertainment. But who will be pleased or instructed in the mansions of poverty? He then frequented places of public resort and endeavoured to attract notice by the copiousness of his talk. The sprightly were silenced, and went away to censure in some other place his arrogance and his pedantry; and the dull listened quietly for awhile, and then wondered why any man should take pains to obtain so much knowledge which would never do him good.

He next solicited the Vifiers for employment, not doubting but his service would be eagerly accepted. He was told by one that there was no vacancy in his office; by another, that his merit was above any patronage but that of the Emperor; by a third, that he would not forget him; and by the Chief Vifier, that he did not think literature of any great use in public business. He was sometimes admitted to their tables where he exerted his wit and diffused his knowledge; but he observed, that where, by endeavour or accident, he had remarkably excelled, he was seldom invited a second time.

He now returned to Bassora, wearied and disgusted, but confident of resuming his former rank, and revelling again in satiety of praise. But he who had been neglected at Tauris was not much regarded at Bassora; he was considered as a fugitive, who returned only because he could live in no other place; his companions found that they had formerly over rated his abilities; and he lived long without notice or esteem.

Of the WALLS of BABYLON.

THESE walls were built of large bricks cemented together with bitumen, a glutinous slime arising out of the earth in that country, which binds in building much stronger and firmer than lime, and soon grows much harder than the bricks or stones, which it cements together. They were of a square form, each side of which was fifteen miles.—Their breadth was eighty seven feet, and their height three hundred and fifty.

The walls were surrounded on the outside with a vast ditch, full of water, and lined with bricks on both sides. The earth that was dug out of it made the bricks wherewith the walls were built; and therefore, from the vast height and breadth of the walls, may be inferred the greatness of the ditch.

On every side of this great square were twenty five gates, that is, an hundred in all. These gates were made of solid brass. Hence it is, that when the Supreme Being promised to Cyrus the conquest of Babylon, he tells him, “ That he would break in pieces before him the gates of brass.”

Between every two of the gates were three towers, and four at the four corners of this great square, and three between each of these corners and the next gate on either side.—Every one of these towers was ten feet higher than the walls.—But this is to be understood only of those parts of the wall, where there was need of towers.

From these twenty five gates, on each side of this great square, went twenty five streets, in strait lines to the gates, which were directly opposite to them on the other side; so that the number of the Streets were fifty, each fifteen miles long, whereof, twenty went one way, and twenty five the other, crossing each other at right angles. And besides

besides these, there were also four half streets, which had houses, only on one side, and the wall on the other. These went round the four sides of the city next the walls, and were each of them, two hundred feet broad.—The rest were about an hundred and fifty. By these streets thus crossing each other, the whole city was divided into six hundred and seventy six squares, each of which was four furlongs and an half, on every side, that is, two miles and a quarter in circumference.

Round these squares, on every side towards the streets, stood the houses, which were not contiguous, but had void spaces between them. They were built three or four stories high, and beautified with all manner of ornaments towards the streets. The space within, in the middle of each square, was employed for yards, gardens, and other such uses; so that Babylon was greater in appearance than reality, near one half of the city being taken up in gardens and other cultivated lands.

ORTOGRUL of BASRA.

AS ORTOGRUL of BASRA was one day wandering along the streets of Bagdat, musing on the varieties of merchandize which the shops offered to his view, and observing the different occupation which busied the multitudes on every side, he was wakened from the tranquility of meditation by a crowd that obstructed his passage. He raised his eyes, and saw the chief Visier, who, having returned from the Divan, was entering his Palace.

ORTOGRUL mingled with the attendants, and being supposed to have some petition for the Visier, was permitted to enter. He surveyed the spaciousness of his apartments, admired the walls hung with golden tapestry,

tapestry, and the floors covered with filken carpets, and despised the simple neatness of his little habitation.

Surely, said he to himself, this palace is the seat of happiness, where pleasure succeeds to pleasure, and discontent and sorrow can have no admission.—Whatever nature has provided for the delight of sense, is here spread forth to be enjoyed. What can mortals hope or imagine, which the master of this palace has not obtained? The dishes of luxury cover his table; the voice of harmony lulls him in his bowers; he breathes the fragrance of the groves of *Java*, and sleeps upon the down of the cygnets of *Ganges*. He speaks, and his mandate is obeyed; he wishes, and his wish is gratified; all whom he sees obey him, and all whom he hears flatter him.—How different *ORTOGRUL*, is thy condition, who art doomed to the perpetual torments of unsatisfied desire, and who hast no amusement in thy power that can withhold thee from thy own reflections! They tell thee that thou art wise; but what does wisdom avail with poverty? None will flatter the poor; and the wise have very little power of flattering themselves.—The man is surely most wretched of the sons of wretchedness, who lives with his own faults and follies always before him, and who has none to reconcile him to himself by praise and veneration. I have long sought content, and have not found it: I will from this moment endeavour to be rich.

Full of this new resolution, he shut himself in his chamber for six months, to deliberate how he should grow rich; he sometimes purposed to offer himself as a Counsellor to one of the Kings of *India*; and sometimes resolved to dig for diamonds in the mines of *Golconda*.—One day, after some hours passed in violent fluctuation of opinion, sleep insensibly seized him in his chair; he dreamed that he was ranging a desert country in search of some one that might teach him to grow rich; and as he stood on the top of an hill shaded with cypresses, in doubt whither to direct his steps, his father appeared on a sudden
standing

standing before him. "ORTOGRUL," said the old man, "I know thy perplexity; listen to thy father; turn thine eyes on the opposite mountain." ORTOGRUL looked, and saw a torrent tumbling down the rocks, roaring with the noise of thunder, and scattering its foam on the impending woods. "Now," said his father, "behold the valley that lies between the hills." ORTOGRUL looked, and espied a little well, out of which issued a small rivulet. "Tell me now," said his father, "dost thou wish for sudden affluence, that may pour upon thee like the mountain torrent, or for a slow and gradual increase, resembling the rill gliding from the well?" "Let me be quickly rich," said ORTOGRUL; "let the golden stream be quick and violent." "Look round," said his father, "once again." ORTOGRUL looked, and perceived the channel of the torrent dry and dusty; but following the rivulet from the well, he traced it to a wide lake, which the supply, flow and constant, kept always full. He waked, and determined to grow rich by silent profit, and persevering industry.

Having sold his patrimony, he engaged in merchandize, and in twenty years purchased lands on which he raised a house, equal in sumptuousness to that of the Visier, to which he invited all the ministers of pleasure, expecting to enjoy all the felicity which he had imagined riches able to afford. Leisure soon made him weary of himself, and he longed to be persuaded that he was great and happy.—He was courteous and liberal; he gave all that approached him hopes of pleasing him, and all who should please him, hopes of being rewarded.—Every art of praise was tried, and every source of adulatory fiction was exhausted. ORTOGRUL heard his flatterers without delight, because he found himself unable to believe them.—His own heart told him its frailties; his own understanding reproached him with his faults.—"How long," said he, with a deep sigh, "have I been labouring in vain to amass wealth, which, at last, is useless! Let no man hereafter wish to be rich, who is already too wise to be flattered."

MARQUIS of ANNANDALE.

ONE of his Ancestors being at the English Court, a plot was laid to take his life.—Receiving a pair of spurs from an unknown hand, he immediately understood the meaning of the present, and fled. It was from this incident the family took a spur for their crest, to which they added a wing as a mark of their activity.

FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

THE EMPEROR AUGUSTUS having taken ADIATORIGES, a Prince of Cappadocia, together with his wife and children, in war; and led them to Rome in triumph, gave orders that the father and the elder of the brothers should be slain. The designed ministers of this execution were come to the place of confinement to this unhappy family, and there enquiring which of the brethren was the eldest, there arose a vehement and earnest contention betwixt the two young Princes, each of them affirming himself to be the elder, that by his death he might preserve the life of the other.—When they had long continued in this pious emulation, the mother at last, not without difficulty, prevailed with her son DYTENTUS, that he would permit his younger brother to die in his stead; as hoping that by him she might most probably be sustained.—AUGUSTUS was at length certified of this great example of brotherly love, and not only lamented that act of his severity, but gave an honourable support to the mother and her surviving son, by some called CLITANUS.

TRUTH,

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TRUTH, FALSHOOD, and FICTION: *

AN ALLEGORY.

IT is reported of the *Persians*, by an ancient writer, that the sum of their education consisted in teaching youth *to ride, to shoot with the bow, and to speak truth.*

The bow and the horse were easily mastered, but it would have been happy if we had been informed by what arts veracity was cultivated, and by what preservatives a *Persian* mind was secured against the temptations to falshood.

There are indeed, in the present corruption of mankind, many incitements to forsake truth; the need of palliating our own faults, and the convenience of imposing on the ignorance or credulity of others, so frequently occur; so many immediate evils are to be avoided, and so many present gratifications obtained, by craft and delusion, that very few of those who are much entangled in life, have spirit and constancy sufficient to support them in the steady practice of open veracity.

In order that all men may be taught to speak truth, it is necessary that all likewise should learn to hear it; for no species of falshood is more frequent than flattery, to which the coward is betrayed by fear, the dependent by interest, and the friend by tenderness: Those who are neither servile nor timorous, are yet desirous to bestow pleasure; and while unjust demands of praise continue to be made, there will always be some whom hope, fear, or kindness, will dispose to pay them.

The guilt of falshood, is very widely extended, and many whom their conscience can scarcely charge with stooping to a lie, have vitiated the morals of others by their vanity, and patronized the vice which they believe themselves to abhor.

Truth

The antique Persians taught three useful things, —
To draw the bow, to ride, and speak the truth.

This was the mode of Cyrus — best of Kings. — Don Juan, Canto xvii. st. 1.

Truth is, indeed, not often welcome for its own sake; it is generally unpleasing, because contrary to our wishes and opposite to our practice; and as our attention naturally follows our interest, we hear unwillingly that we are afraid to know, and soon forget what we have no inclination to impress upon our memories.

For this reason many arts of instruction have been invented, by which the reluctance against truth may be overcome; and as physic is given to children in confections, precepts have been hidden under a thousand appearances, that mankind may be bribed by pleasure to escape destruction.

While the world was yet in its infancy. TRUTH came among mortals from above, and FALSHOOD from below.—TRUTH was the daughter of JUPITER and WISDOM; FALSHOOD was the progeny of FOLLY impregnated by the wind. They advanced with equal confidence to seize the dominion of the new creation, and as their enmity and their force were well known to the celestials, all the eyes of heaven were turned upon the contest.

TRUTH seemed conscious of superior power and juster claim, and therefore came on towering and majestic, unassisted and alone; REASON indeed always attended her, but appeared her follower, rather than companion.—Her march was slow and stately, but her motion was perpetually progressive, and when once she had grounded her foot, neither gods nor men could force her to retire.

FALSHOOD always endeavoured to copy the mien and attitudes of TRUTH, and was very successful in the arts of mimicry. She was surrounded, animated, and supported by innumerable legions of appetites and passions; but, like other feeble commanders, was obliged often to receive law from her allies.—Her motions were sudden, irregular, and violent; for she had no steadiness nor constancy.—She often gained conquests

conquests by hasty incursions, which she never hoped to keep by her own strength, but maintained by the help of the passions, whom she generally found resolute and faithful.

It sometimes happened that the antagonists met in full opposition.—In these encounters, FALSHOOD always invested her head with clouds, and commanded FRAUD to place ambushes about her.—In her left hand she bore the shield of IMPUDENCE, and the quiver of SOPHISTRY rattled on her shoulder. All the passions attended at her call; VANITY clapped her wings before, and OBSTINACY supported her behind. Thus guarded and assisted, she sometimes advanced against TRUTH, and sometimes waited the attack; but always endeavoured to skirmish at a distance, perpetually shifted her ground, and let fly her arrows in different directions; for she certainly found that her strength failed, whenever the eye of TRUTH darted full upon her.

TRUTH had the awful aspect though not the thunder of her father; and when the long continuance of the contest brought them near to one another, FALSHOOD let the arms of SOPHISTRY fall from her grasp, and holding up the shield of IMPUDENCE with both her hands, sheltered herself amongst the passions.

TRUTH, though she was often wounded, always recovered in a short time; but it was common for the slightest hurt, received of FALSHOOD, to spread its malignity to the neighbouring parts, and to burst open again when it seemed to have been cured.

FALSHOOD, in a short time, found by experience that her superiority consisted only in the celerity of her course, and the changes of her posture.—She therefore ordered SUSPICION to beat the ground before her, and avoided with great care to cross the way of TRUTH, who, as she never varied her point, but moved constantly upon the same line, was easily escaped by the oblique and desultory movements, the quick
retreats

retreats and active doubles, which FALSHOOD always practised, when the enemy began to raise terror by her approach.

By this procedure FALSHOOD every hour incroached upon the world, and extended her empire through all climes and regions. Wherever she carried her victories she left the PASSIONS in full authority behind her; who were so well pleased with command, that they held out with great obstinacy when TRUTH came to seize their posts, and never failed to retard her progress, though they could not always stop it: They yielded at last with great reluctance, frequent rallies, and sullen submission; and always inclined to revolt when TRUTH ceased to awe them by her immediate presence.

TRUTH, who, when she first descended from the heavenly palaces, expected to have been received by universal acclamation, cherished with kindness, heard with obedience, and invited to spread her influence from province to province, now found, that wherever she came, she must force her passage.—Every intellect was precluded by PREJUDICE, and every heart preoccupied by PASSION.—She indeed advanced, but she advanced slowly; and often lost the conquests which she left behind her, by sudden insurrections of the appetites, that shook off their allegiance, and ranged themselves again under the banner of her enemy.

TRUTH, however, did not grow weaker by the struggle, for her vigour was unconquerable; yet she was provoked to see herself thus baffled and impeded by an enemy, whom she looked on with contempt, and who had no advantage but such as she owed to inconstancy, weakness, and artifice.—She therefore, in the anger of disappointment, called upon her father JUPITER to re-establish her in the skies, and leave mankind to the disorder and misery which they deserved, by submitting willingly to the usurpation of FALSHOOD.

JUPITER

JUPITER compassionated the world too much to grant her request, yet was willing to ease her labours, and mitigate her vexation. He commanded her to consult the muses by what methods she might obtain an easier reception, and reign without the toil of incessant war.—It was then discovered, that she obstructed her own progress by the severity of her aspect, and the solemnity of her dictates; and that men would never willingly admit her, 'till they ceased to fear her, since by giving themselves up to FALSHOOD they seldom made any sacrifice of their ease or pleasure, because she took the shape that was most engaging, and always suffered herself to be dressed and painted by DESIRE. The muses wove, in the loom of *Pallas*, a loose and changeable robe, like that in which FALSHOOD captivated her admirers; with this they invested TRUTH, and named her FICTION.—She now went out again to conquer with more success; for when she demanded entrance of the PASSIONS, they often mistook her for FALSHOOD, and delivered up their charge; but when she had once taken possession, she was soon disrobed by REASON, and shone out, in her original form, with native effulgence and resistless dignity.

A SUSPICIOUS MAN JUSTLY SUSPECTED.

SUSPICION, however necessary it may be to our safe passage through ways beset on all sides by fraud and malice, has been always considered, where it exceeds the common measures, as a token of depravity and corruption; and a *Greek* writer of sentences has laid down as a standing maxim, that *he who believes not another on his oath, knows himself to be perjured*.

We can form our opinions of that which we know not, only by placing it in comparison with something that we know: whoever therefore

therefore is over-run with suspicion, and detects artifice and stratagem in every proposal, must either have learned by experience or observation the wickedness of mankind, and been taught to avoid fraud by having often suffered or seen treachery, or he must derive his judgment from the consciousness of his own disposition, and impute to others the same inclinations, which he feels predominant in himself.

To learn caution by turning our eyes upon life, and observing the arts by which negligence is surpris'd, timidity overborne, and credulity amus'd, requires either great latitude of converse, and long acquaintance with business, or uncommon activity of vigilance, and acuteness of penetration. When therefore a young man not distinguished by vigour of intellect, comes into the world full of scruples and diffidence; makes a bargain with many provisional limitations; hesitates in his answer to a common question, lest more should be intended than he can immediately discover; has a long reach in detecting the projects of his acquaintance; considers every caress as an act of hypocrisy, and feels neither gratitude nor affection from the tenderness of his friends, because he believes no one to have any real tenderness but for himself; whatever expectations this early sagacity may raise of his future eminence or riches, I can seldom forbear to consider him as a wretch incapable of generosity or benevolence, as a villain early completed beyond the need of common opportunities, and gradual temptations.

Upon men of this class instruction and admonition are generally thrown away, because they consider artifice and deceit as proofs of understanding; they are misled at the same time by the two great seducers of the world, vanity and interest, and not only look upon those who act with openness and confidence, as condemned by their principles to obscurity and want, but as contemptible for narrowness of comprehension, shortness of views, and slowness of contrivance.

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The world has been long amused with the mention of policy in public transactions, and of art in private affairs; they have been considered as the effects of great qualities, and as unattainable by men of the common level; yet I have not found many performances either of art or policy, that required such stupendous efforts of intellect, or might not have been effected by falsehood and impudence, without the assistance of any other powers. To profess what he does not mean, to promise what he cannot perform, to flatter ambition with prospects of promotion, and misery with hopes of relief, to soothe pride with appearances of submission, and appease enmity by blandishments and bribes, can surely imply nothing more or greater than a mind devoted wholly to its own purposes, a face that cannot blush, and a heart that cannot feel.

These practices are so mean and base, that he who finds in himself no tendency to use them, cannot easily believe that they are considered by others with less detestation; he therefore suffers himself to slumber in false security, and becomes a prey to those who applaud their own subtlety, because they know how to steal upon his sleep, and exult in the success which they could never have obtained, had they not attempted a man better than themselves, who was hindered from obviating their stratagems, not by folly, but by innocence.

Suspicion is, indeed, a temper so uneasy and restless, that it is very justly appointed the concomitant of guilt. It is said, that no torture is equal to the inhibition of sleep long continued; a pain, to which the state of that man bears a very exact analogy, who dares never give rest to his vigilance and circumspection, but considers himself as surrounded by secret foes, and fears to entrust his children or his friend, with the secret that throbs in his breast, and the anxieties that break into his face.—To avoid, at this expence, those evils to which easiness and friendship might have exposed him, is surely to buy safety at too dear

a rate, and in the language of the *Roman* satirist to save life by losing all for which a wise man would live.

When in the diet of the *German* empire, as *Camerarius* relates, the princes were once displaying their felicity, and each boasting the advantages of his own dominions, one who possessed a country not remarkable for the grandeur of its cities, or the fertility of its soil, rose to speak, and the rest listened between pity and contempt, 'till he declared, in honour of his territories, that he could travel through them without a guard, and if he was weary, sleep in safety upon the lap of the first man whom he should meet; a commendation which would have been ill exchanged for the boast of palaces, pastures, or streams.

Suspicion is not less an enemy to virtue than to happiness; he that is already corrupt is naturally suspicious, and he that becomes suspicious will quickly be corrupt.—It is too common for us to learn the frauds by which ourselves have suffered; men who are once persuaded that deceit will be employed against them, sometimes think the same arts justified by the necessity of defence. Even they whose virtue is too well established to give way to example, or be shaken by sophistry, must yet feel their love of mankind diminished with their esteem, and grow less zealous for the happiness of those by whom they imagine their own happiness endangered.

Thus we find old age, upon which suspicion has been strongly impressed by long intercourse with the world, inflexible and severe, not easily softened by submission, melted by complaint, or subdued by supplication.—Frequent experience of counterfeited miseries and dissembled virtue, in time overcomes that disposition to tenderness and sympathy, which is so powerful in our younger years, and they that happen to petition the old for compassion or assistance, are doomed to languish without regard, and suffer for the crimes of men who have formerly been found undeserving or ungrateful.

Historians

Historians are certainly chargeable with the depravation of mankind, when they relate without censure those stratagems of war by which the virtues of an enemy are engaged to his destruction.—A ship comes before a port, weather beaten and shattered, and the crew implore the liberty of repairing their breaches, supplying themselves with necessaries, or burying their dead.—The humanity of the inhabitants inclines them to consent, the strangers enter the town with weapons concealed, fall suddenly upon their benefactors, destroy those that make resistance, and become masters of the place; they return home rich with plunder, and their success is recorded to encourage imitation.

But surely war has its laws, and ought to be conducted with some regard to the universal interest of man. Those may justly be pursued as enemies to the community of nature, who suffer hostility to vacate the unalterable laws of right, and pursue their private advantage by means which, if once established, must destroy kindness, cut off from every man all hopes of assistance from another, and fill the world with perpetual suspicion and implacable malevolence. Whatever is thus gained ought to be restored, and those who have conquered by such treachery may be justly denied the protection of their native country.

Whoever commits a fraud is guilty not only of the particular injury to him whom he deceives, but of the diminution of that confidence which constitutes not only the ease but the existence of society.—He that suffers by imposture has too often his virtue more impaired than his fortune.—But as it is necessary not to invite robbery by supineness, so it is our duty not to suppress tenderness by suspicion; it is better to suffer wrong than to do it, and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust.

ANECDOTE of JOHN ELWES, Esq.*

A SON of Mr. Elwes having paid his addresses to a niece of Doctor Noel, of Oxford, who, of course, thought it proper to wait upon old Mr. Elwes, to apprise him of the circumstance, and to ask his consent.—Old Mr. Elwes had not the least objection.—Doctor Noel was very happy to hear it, as a marriage betwixt the young people might be productive of happiness to both. Old Mr. Elwes had not the least objection to any body marrying whatever. “This ready acquiescence is so obliging!” said the Doctor—“but, doubtless, you feel for the mutual wishes of the parties.”—“I dare say I do” replied the old gentleman.—“Then, Sir,” said Doctor Noel, “you have no objection to an immediate union? you see I talk freely on the subject.” Old Mr. Elwes had no objection to any thing. “Now then, Sir” observed Doctor Noel, “we have only one thing to settle; and you are so kind, there can be no difficulty about the matter; as I shall behave liberally to my niece—What do you mean to give your son?”—*Give!* said old Elwes, “sure I did not say any thing about *giving*; but if you wish it so much, I will *give my consent*.”

The word *give*, having stuck in the throat of the Elwes family for two generations—the transaction ended altogether.

That the above anecdote is literally a fact, Doctor Noel can testify, who that day discovered there was more than *one short word* in the English language, to which there is no reply.

ANECDOTE of a COUNTRY CURATE.

A CLERGYMAN being one Friday in Lent to examine his young Catechumens, and the bell tolling for prayers, he was obliged to leave

x Cf. pp. 339, 350.

leave a game of *All-Fours* unfinished, in which he had the advantage; but told his antagonist, he would soon dispatch his audience and see him out. Now for fear any tricks should be played with his cards in his absence, he put them in his cassock; and asking one of the children how many commandments there were, which the boy not readily answering, by accident one of the cards dropt out of his sleeve.—He had the presence of mind to bid the boy take it up, and tell him what card it was, which he readily did: When turning to the parents of the child, said, “Are you not ashamed to pay such little regard to the eternal welfare of your children, as not to teach them their commandments? I suspected your neglect, and brought this card with me, to detect your immorality, in teaching your children to know their cards before their commandments.”

TITUS ANTONIUS.

TITUS ANTONIUS, a citizen of Rome, was so well beloved by his fellow citizens, as well as his relations, on account of his many virtuous actions, that they strove who should give the greatest proof of their affection for him, and numbers of the most wealthy of them, left him considerable legacies at their death, by which he received vast wealth.—Riches, which commonly corrupt the heart of man, served, on the contrary to display to still greater advantage the virtues of Titus Antonius. He flew to the relief of all who were in distress, assisted them with his purse, and comforted them by his friendly advice.—He ever preserved the same regard for his friends, and the same affection for his relations, as before the increase of his fortune.—Not forgetful of the duty he owed to his father, who was advanced to a great age, he served him both as a guide and a support whenever he had occasion to go abroad. One day, the Emperor Adrian having convoked

convoked the senate, Titus Antonius conducted thither his infirm and aged father, who was one of the members, holding him under the arm, and supporting in a manner, the whole weight of his body.—The Emperor, struck with the extraordinary tenderness and affection which Titus shewed towards the feeble old man, resolved immediately to adopt him as his heir to the crown, that he might have the pleasure of passing the remainder of his days with a man who shewed such attention to his parent; being certain from the sweetness of his disposition, that the Romans would enjoy peace and happiness under his reign.—This was a most extraordinary reward indeed, for the filial piety of this deserving young man. And it appears that Adrian was not disappointed in his expectations; for he assisted that Emperor in his government with great wisdom and assiduity, and comforted him with all the affection of a son during his illness. After the death of Adrian, Titus ascended the throne, to the great happiness of the people.—He remitted all that was due to the Emperor's treasury, abolished many taxes that were too burthenfome, examined into the conduct of those who had the administration of justice, rewarded the learned and ingenious, relieved the distressed, kept his soldiers in exact discipline; his virtues were admired by all foreign nations, he was a friend to all the sovereigns of his time, being often besought by them to adjust their disputes, which were submitted to his determination.—In fine, during his reign, the Roman empire was in a flourishing condition, the world was at peace, and then enjoy'd a happiness to which they were strangers before.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE of a NOBLE LORD,
AND HIS TUTOR.

A NOBLE LORD, when he was under the tuition of the Reverend ———, who used to call him his little chancellor, one day replied, that when he was so he would give him a good living. One happening to fall soon after he was chancellor, he recollected his promise, and ordered the presentation to be filled up for his old master, who soon after came to his Lordship, to remind him of his promise, and to ask for this living.—“Why, really,” said my lord, “I wish you had come a day sooner, for I have given it away already, and when you see to whom, I dare say you will not think me to blame;” so putting the presentation into his hands, convinced him that he had not forgot his promise.

EMPEROR SOLYMAN,

THAT haughty sovereign of the Turks, whose talents were so great, and whose ambition was without bounds, in his attack on Hungary, took the city of BELGRADE, which was considered as the bulwark of Christendom. After this important conquest, a woman of low rank approached him, and complained bitterly, that some of his soldiers had carried off her cattle, in which consisted the whole of her wealth.—You must then have been in a very deep sleep, said the Sultan, smiling, if you did not hear the robbers.—Yes, my sovereign, replied the woman, I did sleep soundly, but it was in the fullest confidence, that your highness watched for the public safety.—The prince who had an elevated mind, far from resenting this freedom, made her ample amends for the loss which she had sustained.

Consolatory

CONSOLATORY VERSES

To Mrs. H—.

On the DEATH of her Infant Girl.

AT length sweet BABE, thy tortur'd frame's at rest;
Life's bands are loos'd, and thou art with the blest:
No more shall pain thy prattler's limbs annoy,
Mounted on seraphs wings to realms of joy.
Fain would I sooth thy woe, relieve thy pain,
And urge, thy loss is her transcendent gain;
Yet the fond MOTHER cries, with actions wild,
Deaf to all comfort—"Oh, my child!—my child!"
Busy Reflection yet, with pointed dart,
Recals each look to wound a mother's heart,
Smiles as her infant smil'd—her voice, the same,
Thrills through her ears, and lips a mother's name;
Clings round her neck—too poignantly displays
Her dear, lost child, with all its winning ways.

"Ah! where's the bounding step, the laughing eye?
Pale thy dear lips which wore the coral dye!
Mute is that voice o'er which with joy I've hung,
And stopp'd the honey'd prattle of thy tongue;
Nipp'd are thy budding graces, in their prime,
Like flowers in spring, cut off before their time.
Oh! I must ever mourn my hopes beguil'd;
Pride of my life—my child! my child! my child!"

Ye soothing friends, ah! let her breathe her woes—
From griefs imparted, consolation flows.

Turn,

Turn, gentle MOURNER, think to thee 'tis given
To see thy first-born wear the crown of HEAVEN.
See through thy tears—tears will awhile remain;
For sighs and tears by nature spring from pain.
See through the eye of faith, disrob'd of clay,
Thy BABE a cherub, join'd eternal day:
A smiling seraph gain'd the heavenly road,
Chaunting sweet hallelujahs to her God.

Would'st thou—if yet thou could'st, allure her down,
And rob th' exulting Angel of her crown?

Ah, no!—'tis anxious, trembling nature yearns—
The Christian yields her—but the mother mourns.—
Could'st thou but see her, rob'd in spotless white,
How would her wond'rous glories charm thy fight!
Then would she say—" Ah! weep for me no more;
" I am not lost—but gone awhile before:
" Absent, indeed, but we shall meet again
" In realms of bliss, 'midst yon celestial train!

" O! turn thy eyes from that distressing night,
" When death and anguish wrung thee from my fight:
" Soon as the soul was from this body driven,
" I did but close my eyes, and wak'd in heaven!

" Think what a blaze of glory round me smil'd;
" Myr'ads of angels met thy happy child;
" Ten thousand gracious forms appear'd to view,
" Smil'd in my face, as thou wert wont to do:

" Deck'd me in heavenly robes, each bliss display'd,
" Whilst round my flaxen locks a rainbow play'd;

C c c

" Around

" Around my neck a golden harp they hung,
 " And with sweet hallelujahs tun'd my tongue:
 " A branch of palm my little fingers grasp'd,
 " And oft, uplift with joy and wonder, clasp'd,
 " With Cherubs wing, upon a sun-beam's ray,
 " O'er silver clouds I wing'd my glorious way!
 " Ah! 'tis in vain, cloath'd as thou art with sense,
 " To paint the wonders of OMNIPOTENCE;
 " But thou wilt know, wilt unincumber'd see,
 " When thou hast shot the gulph 'twixt me and thee,
 " Then will I tune my harp, and meet thy love,
 " Though form'd my infant mind for joys above;
 " I'll join thy mounting spirit, as it flies,
 " And both together seek our native skies!"
 " Yes we shall meet, sweet love, and never part;
 " I yet shall see thee, darling of my heart:
 " Prostrate before thy throne, O! POWER divine,
 " I'll kiss the rod, and patiently resign;
 " Fully convinc'd, in trembling nature's spite,
 " Whate'er thou doest, is just—is good—is right!"

The UNIVERSAL HALLELUJAH.

PSALM CXLVIII. PARAPHRAS'D.

I.
PRaise ye the Lord with joyful tongue,
 Ye pow'rs that guard his throne;

Jesus

Jefus the man fhall lead the fong,
The God inspire the tune.

II.

Gabriel, and all th' immortal choir
That fill the realms above,
Sing; for he form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.

III.

Shine to his praife, ye chryftal fkies,
The floor of his abode,
Or veil your little twinkling eyes,
Before a brighter God.

IV.

Thou reftlefs globe of golden light,
Whofe beams create our days,
Join with the filver queen of night,
To own your borrowed rays.

V.

Blufh and refund the honours paid
To your inferior names:
Tell the blind world your orbs are fed
By his o'erflowing flames.

VI.

Winds, ye fhall bear his name aloud
Thro' the ethereal blue,
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

VII.

Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms
And speak his awful hand.

VIII.

Shout to the Lord, ye furling seas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.

IX.

While monsters sporting on the flood,
In scaly silver shine,
Speak terribly their maker God,
And lash the foaming brine.

X.

But gentler things shall tune his name
To softer notes than these,
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whisp'ring thro' the trees.

XI.

Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bid ye grow;
Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines,
On every thankful bough.

XII.

Let the shrill birds his honour raise,
And climb the morning sky;

While

While groveling beasts attempt his praise
In hoarser harmony.

XIII.

Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals take the sound,
Echo the glories of your king
Thro' all the nations round.

XIV.

Th' Eternal name must fly abroad
From Britain to Japan ;
And the whole race shall bow to God,
That owns the name of man.

ANECDOTE of the late KING of FRANCE. (*Louis XVI.*)

NOTHING can more endear a Monarch to his subjects, or render him more illustrious in the estimation of the Thinking and the Good in all countries, than when he dispenses his bounties with a single eye to the claims of Humanity, uninfluenced by the ignoble views of Party, or the interested solicitations of the Great and Affluent.—Of this his most Christian Majesty has given an instance, which, while it bespeaks the goodness of his heart, cannot fail to give him the noblest right to the appellations of the GREAT and the WELL-BELOVED, with which Adulation had dignified his two immediate Predecessors. The Prince de Mont barey lately presented a list to his Majesty of the young Gentlemen, who were candidates for the vacant places in the Military school.—In this list were a great number who were very strongly recommended by persons of the highest rank.—“ Since these,” said the King, “ have no protectors, I will be their Friend ;” and he instantly gave the preference to them.

VERSES on the DEATH of a FRIEND.

Inscribed to a YOUNG LADY.

WHENEVER HE, who since the world began,
 Has felt for all the miseries of man ;
 Who, Folly's mean suspicions to remove,
 Requests us to remember HE IS LOVE ;
 Who guides all Nature to a noble end,
 By ways our weakness cannot comprehend ;
 When, from the tiresome scene of trifling here,
 He takes his favourites to a higher sphere,
 While the freed spirit leaves her load of clay,
 And wonders we behind submit to stay,
 The feelings of false pity are obey'd
 And mortals mourn for those they call the dead.

How many Lectures have we heard in vain ?
 But truths, neglected, must be told again :
 Stupidity herself can scarce forget
 That Death is an inevitable debt.
 That too much pleasure must itself, destroy,
 That something still is wanting in our joy ;
 That modest Merit rarely meets her due,
 That Happiness recedes as we pursue ;
 That Pride's poor play-things are not worth a sigh,
 That 'tis our highest privilege to die,
 And all our grief must fairly be confess'd
 But selfishness, or ignorance, at best.

You, Madam, answer,—“ That our friend was young,
 “ That scandal never stain'd his faultless tongue ;
 “ That

" That all his words were free from fordid art;
 " That virtue never fir'd a purer heart—
 " How cruelly cut off before his time—
 " His every joy just rising in the prime!"
 Let me, from sad experience of the past,
 Wish my first minute might have been my last;
 And think, with fondness, of that happy shore
 Where HE, who shar'd our sorrows, sighs no more;
 Where Envy shall not interrupt our peace,
 And human anguish finds a full release.

The young, when rushing on their quicksand stage,
 Avoid, and pity, and despise old age;
 With fullen hatred hear its frigid rules,
 And fancy that their fathers have been fools;
 That they the manners of the world will mend,
 That every gay companion is a friend;
 That native merit their success ensures,
 That she they doat on, has a heart like yours.
 But soon, by life's calamities oppress'd,
 Conviction, bursting on the tortur'd breast,
 Their blasted hopes the bitter truth reveal,
 That men may talk of what they do not feel;
 Nay, that the best ne'er practise as they know—
 That words are all a wise man can bestow:
 Then venerable Misery fails to move,
 Suspicion freezes every source of Love;
 They feel no pleasure, they forbear to please,
 And who would ransom life on terms like these?

Come, let each thought in grateful rapture swell,
 Since HE who lov'd us, hath escap'd so well;

Without

Without one pang, from tendernefs forgot,
With scarce one caufe to murmur at his lot :
To all which goodness infinite can give—
'Twas in *expiring* HE began to *live*.

From this low fcene, when fuch a foul retires,
What heart could censure, what the heart infpires ;
A parting tear to Nature muft be paid—
Nature, in fpite of pride, muft be obey'd ;
And, kindling, like his friend, at beauty's charms,
While every honour'd paflion's up in arms,
The coldeft of all fongfters muft avow,
Life worth ambition, if enjoy'd with you.

A U T U M N.
A N O D E.

I.

ALAS! with fwift and filent pace,
Impatient time rolls on the year ;
The feafons change, and nature's face
Now fweetly fmiles, now frowns fevere.

II.

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow ;
The flowers of Spring are fwapt away,
And Summer fruits defert the bough.

III.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the weftern breeze,

Now

Now trod in dust neglected lie,
As Boreas strips the bending trees.

IV.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As russet heaths are wild and bare;
Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain,
Nor health, nor pleasure wanders there.

V.

No more while thro' the midnight shade,
Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,
Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.

VI.

From this capricious clime she soars,
O! would some god but wings supply!
To where each morn the Spring restores,
Companion of her flight I'd fly.

VII.

Vain wish! me fate compels to bear
The downward seasons iron reign,
Compels to breathe polluted air,
And shiver on a blasted plain.

VIII.

What blifs to life can Autumn yield,
If glooms, and showers, and storms prevail;
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flowers, and fruits, and Phoebus fail?

D d d

Oh!

IX.

Oh! what remains, what lingers yet,
To cheer me in the dark'ning hour?
The grape remains! the friend of wit,
In love, and mirth, of mighty power.

X.

Haste—prefs the clusters, fill the bowl;
Apollo! shoot thy parting ray:
This gives the sunshine of the soul,
This god of health, and verse, and day.

XI.

Still—still the jocund strain shall flow,
The pulse with vigorous rapture beat;
My Stella with new charms shall glow,
And every bliss in wine shall meet.

A N E C D O T E

Of the EMPEROR CHARLES V. (1500-58).

THE EMPEROR CHARLES V. having wandered up and down for a good while in a forest, where he had lost his way in hunting, found himself at last near a public house, whether he went to refresh himself.—As he came in, he spied four fellows, whose looks forbode him no good; however, he put a good face upon the matter, sat down and called for something to eat and drink.—The fellows, who were lying down and pretended to be asleep, thought fit to awake. I dreamed said one of these ruffians, coming near the Emperor, *that I was taking off your hat*; and so he took it.—For my part, says another, *I dreamed that*

that your great coat would fit me exactly; and without any more ado, he fairly stript him of it.—The third paid him the same compliment, and stript him of his buff coat.—The fourth rogue, with the same good manners, went about to take from off his neck a gold chain, where a whistle was hanging.—“Hold a little,” says the Emperor, putting back his hand, “before you take this dear whistle from me, give me leave to teach you the virtue of it; you must do so.”—Then having given a loud whistle, his attendants, who were looking for him, and by chance were got near that house, as soon as they heard the whistle, came in and were very much surprized to find him in that condition.—“Why,” says the Emperor to them, here is a parcel of fellows who have just now made an end of dreaming whatever they pleased; for my part I have a mind to dream too.”—Then having paused awhile, “Well,” added he, “I have been dreaming that these four rare dreamers were a pack of rogues, and deserve to be hanged; and I will have my dream out this very minute.” This command was no sooner given but executed, and all the four knaves were, without any more ado, hanged before the door of that nest of thieves.—The old saying was verified in the case of these rogues, *That dreams go by contraries*.

A N E C D O T E.

A PRUSSIAN Clergyman applied to the late King of Prussia, for his permission to preach in his chapel, and to honour him with his presence.

His Majesty thought it rather presumptuous for a country Clergyman to ask such a favour, but nevertheless granted his request, and told him he would give him a text to preach on, that he should preach the Sunday following, when he would be there to hear him.

The Clergyman waited with anxiety from day to day, for the text, as he wished to have it in time, that he might make a fine sermon on it—but Sunday morning came, and no text.

He, however, went into the pulpit with an intent to preach one of his old sermons, thinking the King had forgot to send him a text.

The King came to the chapel soon after, and sent the Clergyman a letter, which he opened, and read; the contents were—"The inclosed is your text, and you will preach immediately."

He opened the bit of paper that was inclosed; when, to his great astonishment, he found it quite blank; he looked at the other side—it was blank there too.

He held it out for the audience to look at, and said, "*Here* is nothing."—and then turning it, "and *there* is nothing, and of *nothing* God created Heaven and Earth."

Then quoting a verse in the first chapter of Genesis, he preached a sermon on it extempore.

The King was so delighted at the great presence of mind the Clergyman had shewn, that he made him his almoner.

B E R A N G E R.

IN LOMBARDY, a country that has not been remarkable for the valour of its inhabitants, there lived a knight, a widower with an only daughter. He had contracted debts, and was obliged to have recourse to an usurer; but this temporary shift, as it generally happens, only served to plunge him the deeper into difficulties; so that in a short
time

time, being unable to satisfy his creditors in any other manner; he was obliged to compound matters by offering his daughter in marriage to the son.—The offer was accepted, and the damsel espoused the son of the usurer. It is thus that the noblest race is destroyed, that chivalry degenerates, and that brave men are succeeded by a generation of reptiles who have no passion but for silver and gold.

The old gentleman himself was ashamed of this alliance, and mortified in his soul that he had cast a blot upon the birth of his grandchildren. He created however, his son-in-law a knight, and armed him with his own hand.—Puffed up with his new title our young plebeian thought himself elevated into a hero. His nobility was the constant theme of his conversation.—All he would listen to, especially at table, was tournaments, arms, and combats.—He hoped by that to give his wife a great opinion of him; but he found that it subjected him the more to her contempt. To impose on her then in a manner somewhat more specious, he declared that, ashamed to have suffered love to chain down his valour, he was resolved at length to shew her what a husband she had got, and engaged that if he could shortly fall in with an adversary, he would give proofs of such prowess, as all her ancestors combined together would have been unable to exhibit.

The next day he rose early; sent for arms quite new and shining with extraordinary lustre; then mounted a shewy charger, and sallied forth courageously.—The only difficulty was to determine whither he should bend his course thus equipped; and by what means he should continue to acquire with his rib the reputation of a gallant knight.—Not far distant there fortunately was a wood.—Thither he repairs with full speed; ties up his horse, and looking round to see that he was observed by nobody, he hangs his shield on the trunk of a tree, and with all his force begins to exercise his sword upon it.—He likewise shivers
his

his lance to pieces against a tree; after which he returns home with his shield, all hacked and cut, suspended from his neck.

His wife, as he dismounted from his horse, came to hold the stirrups.—He commanded her to retire, and displaying his shattered arms, the pretended evidence of his combat, observed, with an air of contempt, that the whole family from which she was so vain of deducing her origin, could not, together united, have borne the dreadful assault which he had just sustained.—She made no answer, but went in again, not a little surprised, however, to see his shield battered as if he had been at a tournament, whilst neither knight nor horse had received a scratch.

The following week our hero sallied out again, and with the same success.—He had even the insolence, on this last occasion, when the wife came on his return to assist him in getting off his horse, to put her from him rudely with his foot, as if she were not fit to touch a man of his extraordinary merit. The horse, notwithstanding, had come back as fresh as when he went out; the sword, which was hacked like a saw, did not shew the least trace of blood, and neither the helmet nor the coat of mail appeared to have received a single blow.—All these circumstances excited a degree of mistrust in the wife.—She strongly suspected the truth of these terrible combats, and to know with certainty what to think of it, she in the secret provided herself with the arms of a knight, and resolved to follow her husband the next time he went out, and, if possible to retaliate by some kind of artifice.

He soon returned to the wood, to dispatch, as he gave out, three knights who had dared him to combat. The wife pressed him to take some attendants along with him, armed, if it were only to guard against treachery.—But this was what he would by no means agree to; and declared that he had confidence enough in his own arm to meet three men without apprehension, or even more, if they had the audacity

city to present themselves against him.—As soon as he was gone the wife made haste to arm herself.—She laced on a coat of mail, hung a sword by her side, tied a helmet on her head, and galloped after the braggadocia.

Already had he reached the wood, where with a dreadful noise, he was paying away upon his new shield.—The wife at the first sight, was seized with a violent fit of laughter; but composing herself, came up, addressed him in the following abrupt manner.—“Slave, by what authority dost thou come here to cut down my trees, and interrupt my progress with this disagreeable uproar? Is it to put it out of thy power to give me satisfaction that thou destroyest thy shield? Coward as thou art, cursed be he that does not despise thee as much as I do! I here arrest thee as my prisoner; follow me instantly to rot in one of my dungeons.”

The poor knight was at this address ready to drop down with fear.—He found himself caught without the least chance of escaping, and did not feel courageous enough to fight.—If a child that moment had advanced towards him, he durst not have put himself on the defensive. His sword soon dropped from his hands, he intreated forgiveness, and promised never to enter the wood more during life; and further offered if he had done any damage, to make it good an hundred times over.—“Base-minded wretch, to imagine that gold can repress the indignation, and avert the vengeance of a brave man.—I shall shortly teach thee another language.—Before we leave this place, our quarrel must be decided by arms.—Quickly mount thy horse, and think of defending thyself, for I never grant quarter; and I give thee notice before hand, that if thou art vanquished, thy head instantly flies off thy shoulders.” At the same time she lets fall a smart blow on his helmet. The terrified wretch answered trembling, that he had made a vow to
God

God never to fight, and asked, if it were not possible by any other means to make reparation.—He was informed that there was one method, and one only, and that was to go down on his knees and ask pardon, which he instantly complied with. When he had risen up, he took the liberty of asking the name of his conqueror.—“Of what consequence is that to you? However, I will not conceal it from you, whimsical as it is, and though I am the only one of my family that has borne it, my name is BERANGER, and my business is to shame cowards.” This said, the Lady mounted her horse again and rode off.—On her way was the residence of a knight, who had long been in love with her, and whose suit ’till then she had always rejected. But now she went into his house, told him that at last she accepted his vows, and even took him home behind her.—Soon after the husband entered, affecting to put on his usual confidence: When his people asked him the issue of his recent combat; “I am now at length,” said he, “going to enjoy quiet—my lands are entirely cleared of the free booters that infested them.”

After he had disarmed, he went in to give his wife an account of his last exploit, and was greatly surprised to see a man sitting by her side upon the couch, and to observe her embracing the stranger instead of getting up to receive him. He began to assume that imperious and threatening tone that had become familiar to him, and even pretended to go and bring his sword.—“Hold your peace,” said she, “you poltroon! or if you dare so much as to breathe, I shall send for BERANGER;—you know how he treats cowards.”

That word closed his mouth.—He withdrew in confusion; and whatever liberties his wife indulged in afterwards, he durst not throw out the least reproach, lest she should publish his adventures in the forest.

COLUMBUS.

C O L U M B U S.

WHEN COLUMBUS, after having discovered the Western hemisphere, was, by order of the king of Spain, brought home from America in chains, the captain of the ship, who was intimately acquainted with his character, his knowledge and abilities, offered to free him from his chains, and make his passage as agreeable as possible.—But COLUMBUS rejected his friendly offer saying, “ Sir I thank you; but these chains are the rewards and honour for my services, from my King, whom I have served as faithfully as my God: and as such I will carry them with me to my grave.”

O L D A G E.

OLD Age is a stage of the human course which every one hopes to reach; it is a period justly entitled to general respect.—Even its failings ought to be touched with a gentle hand. For though in every part of life vexations occur; yet, in former years, either business or pleasure, served to obliterate their impressions to the mind.

Old age begins its advances by disqualifying men either from relishing the one, or for taking an active part in the other; while it withdraws their accustomed supports, it imposes, at the same time, the additional burden of growing infirmities.

In the former stages of their journey, hope continued to flatter them with many a fair and enticing prospect; but as old age increases these illusions vanish.—Life is contracted within a narrow and barren circle.—Year after year steals somewhat away from their store of comfort,—deprives them of some of their ancient friends,—blunts some of their powers of sensation,—and incapacitates them for some functions of life.

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The querulous temper, to them imputed, is to be considered as a natural infirmity, rather than a vice; the same apology cannot be made for that peevish disgust at the manners, and that malignant censure of the enjoyments of the young, which is sometimes found to accompany declining years.

It is too common to find the aged at declared enmity with the whole system of present custom and manners; perpetually complaining of the growing depravity of the world, and of the astonishing vices and follies of the rising generation.—All things, according to them, are rushing fast into ruin.—Decency and good order have become extinct, ever since that happy discipline, under which they spent their youth, has passed away.

Former follies vanish, and are forgotten.—Those which are present, strike observation and sharpen censure.—Had the depravation of the world continued to increase in proportion to those gloomy calculations, which, so many centuries past, have estimated each race as worse than the preceding; by this time, not one spark of piety and virtue, must have remained unextinguished among mankind.

ANECDOTE of BISHOP ATTERBURY.

IN the debates on the occasional conformity and schism bills, in the house of Lords, December, 1718, Lord Coningsby fell foul of the Bishop of Rochester, (Dr. Atterbury) for calling himself a *prophet* the day before, and added—"As I am sure I have read as much scripture as he, or any Bishop of them all, so I have found there a prophet very like him, namely, BALAAM, who like that Right Reverend, drove so very furiously, that he constrained the very ass he rode on to open his mouth,

mouth, and reprove the madness of the prophet." The Bishop, when his Lordship had finished his fiery transports, rose up, in a very demure and humble way, and thanked his Lordship for the notice he took of him, which he received as an honour, it coming from so polite and noble a Lord, tho' accompanied with so acute a reflection; that he confessed the ingenious Peer had wittingly and happily applied BALAAM to him, a prophet, priest, and preacher being often promiscuously used; but there still wanted the application of the Afs; and his Lordship being the only one that reproved him, he must of necessity, take the Afs upon himself.—From that day his Lordship was called Atterbury's Pad.

The POOR SCHOLAR.

A YOUNG provincial scholar had travelled to Paris, with the design of finishing his studies in the schools; but after some stay there, having sold piece by piece, the whole of his little property, he was obliged at last by necessity to leave the capital, and to travel homeward. He set out then, and walked with all his speed, as having no time to spare upon the road; he continued his march at the same rate, the whole day, without taking any refreshment; for he was not worth a half-penny.

When night, however, approached, it was necessary for him to think of an asylum.—Happily he discovered a solitary habitation; thither he bent his way, and being arrived at the door, prayed, in the name of God, that they would admit him. The master of the house, an honest and industrious man, was gone to the mill; and there was none at that time within, except the wife and a female servant.—The former answered our traveller in a dry way, that she never admitted

any person in the absence of her husband. The poor scholar redoubled his intreaties; he urged the unhappy condition he was in, and declared that the only favour he should expect, would be a bundle of straw in the stable, and a morsel of bread; but he received a harsher answer than before, and was ordered to go about his business.

As he was going away, he saw a valet enter, with a basket containing two bottles of wine, which the wife took and placed in a corner.—The maid servant, at the same time, put into a cupboard, a cake, which she had just made, and a piece of pork which she drew out of the pot.—And not long after a priest made his appearance, wrapped up in his black mantle, who passed the scholar, without saying a word, and slipped into the house.

All these circumstances increased the vexation of the traveller.—Full of dismal thoughts, as one may suppose, oppressed by fatigue, almost fainting with hunger, and uncertain what would be his fate, he sat down a few paces distant, on one side of the road, to lament his wretched condition.—A countryman, passing by with a loaded horse, heard his lamentations, and asked him the cause of them, “You behold,” said the Scholar, “one in the last extremity of despair, reduced for want of an asylum, to pass the night on this spot.”—“For want of an asylum!” answered the countryman, “why do you not go and knock at the door of that house opposite to you?” Alas! Sir, I did, and was turned away.”—“Turned away! say you? know that the house is mine.—Follow me; and we’ll see whether a lodging cannot be provided for you.”

The countryman took the traveller by the hand, and knocking at the door with the authority of a master, called his wife. She not expecting him, was greatly surprized at his arrival.—“Sir,” said she to the priest, “hide yourself under this table; I will make him go to bed early,

early, and then you may have an opportunity to escape."—Whilst the priest was withdrawing himself, she went to open the door.—The countryman desired the scholar to enter.—“Friend,” said he, “lay down your hat, and take a seat; I desire that you will make yourself at home: I am a man that loves ease, and hates ceremony; so, housewife, what have we in the house to set before our guest?” Nothing, husband. You know that when you went to the mill, I did not expect that you would return to night, I therefore provided nothing.”—That’s true; they sent me back sooner than I looked for, there being nothing for them to do; and I am glad of it, since it has been the cause of my falling in with this good man.—But by St. Clement, nothing is rather too little.”—“There was a piece of bread left; but *Catherine* and I dispatched it.”—“It is not on my own account,” replied the husband, “that I speak; but for the sake of this poor traveller, whose walk must have given him a keen appetite.”—“Well, since you have brought some flour, *Catherine* has nothing to do but to make you up something.—A scanty meal is soon digested.”

The husband swore bitterly at this bad luck; but there was no remedy. As for the scholar, who knew perfectly what the wife was about, and who had been a witness to the preparations for a good supper, he was secretly enraged, and would gladly have seized an opportunity of being revenged.

Whilst *Catherine* was about her work, the countryman requested the traveller, either to sing or tell them a story. “For my own part,” said he, “I am an ignorant man; but I like men of sense, and those who know how to read and write. Come, friend, let us have something that will entertain us.”—“I know neither song nor fable,” answered the scholar, “and I am not one to lead you astray with falsehoods, or to tell idle stories without truth or reason. But I will relate to you, if you please, an adventure that happened to me this morning,
and

and that put me into a dreadful fright.”—“ Very well, Sir, let us have the account of your fright, and I shall be satisfied.” The scholar then began as follows:

“ I had just crossed a wood, about three o’clock in the morning, when I perceived in the common a large drove of hogs.—There were some of all kinds and sizes, great, small, white, black; in a word, of all manner of shapes and colours; but I particularly admired the leader, it was fat, smooth, and plump, in short, just such another as that must have been, of which *Catherine* not long ago, took a piece out of the pot. “ What! wife,” interrupted the husband, “ you have pork in the house, and did not tell us of it!” The wife reddened, and as she could get nothing by concealing the fact, acknowledged it.—“ Friend,” said the countryman, “ so far as I can see, we are not likely to die of hunger; it was lucky that you happened to fall in with the hogs.—But, come, finish your story.” “ Then, Sir, I was saying that there was in the drove a remarkably fine hog.—Now, this hog wandered a small distance from the rest.—A wolf was laying wait for him; he watched his opportunity, leaped upon him, and carried him off with as much expedition, as the valet went hence some little time ago, after he had delivered the wine.” “ How! by St. Paul, have we got wine too!” cried the husbandman, “ we are lucky rogues: My friend, that will wash down the pork.—But, tell me, were there no dogs to pursue the wolf?”—“ No; the swineherd, I imagine, had not come out of the wood; at least I did not see him. For my own part, I was extremely anxious to stop the plunderer; but how was I to compass it? By good luck, I perceived at my feet a large stone; It was of prodigious size to throw, by my faith, no less than the cake *Catherine* made to night.” At these words the wife was in the utmost confusion.—“ Yes, Sir,” said she, stammering; “ I desired her to prepare a cake—I wished to surprise you—it is made with eggs—you see that I did

did not forget you.”—“ God be thanked, wife; surely I have no reason to be displeased at that.—But, between ourselves, good luck to our guest and his fears, since they produce such good fare.” “ So then, Sir, you threw the stone at the wolf?”—“ I threw it at him, as you say, and struck him with it.—But this is the worst part of the story, and what gave me most alarm; the animal let go the hog, and rushes towards me, grinding his teeth, and looking furiously at me; just as the priest does this moment, who is under that table.”—“ A priest in my house,” cried the countryman! “ Ah! strumpet! you bring gallants to the house when I am away; and it was for him you prepared that fine supper!” On this, he took up a stick, and began to dress his wife handsomely.—The priest, who foresaw that his turn would come next, endeavoured to make his escape, but he was stopped and soundly beaten; after which he was stripped and in that condition turned out of doors. As for the poor scholar, he feasted upon the supper intended for the priest; he drank his wine; and, on his departure in the morning was accoutred in the clerical spoils.

There is a vulgar proverb, that says, refuse relief to nobody, not even to one whom you may never expect to see again. This is a very judicious maxim; for many persons who may appear contemptible and beneath notice, are often capable of causing you a great deal of uneasiness: And this, in fact, was exemplified in our story.—Had the woman granted an asylum to the scholar when he requested it, he would have revealed nothing; the assignation would have been unknown to her husband, and she would have escaped a severe beating.

HYMN.

H Y M N.

I.

THE lark, now high soaring in air,
 Salutes the first blush of the morn,
 And the roses new incense prepare,
 To breathe on the dew-dropping thorn;
 Fresh feelings instinctively spring
 In the steer, as he turns up the clod,
 And creation itself seems to sing,
 In the honour and glory of God.

II.

In what sensual mazes with-held,
 Is man now unhappily lost?
 In the rage of what passion impell'd?
 In the sea of what vice is he lost?
 O instantly let him proclaim
 What the herbage all tells on the sod;
 And, if gratitude cannot, let shame
 Awake to the praises of God.

III.

The eye of some maid in despair
 Does his perjury fatally dim;
 Or some breast does he cruelly tear,
 That beats, and beats only for him:
 All swift as the lightening's keen blaze.
 Let him humble before the dread rod,
 Nor join, so unhallow'd, in praise
 To the honour and glory of God.

IV.

IV.

Some law does he madly defy,
Which the Being of beings commands;
The bolt ready lifted on high,
Shall dash him to dust as he stands.
In thunder Omnipotence breaks,
Fall prostrate, O wretch, at his nod:
See earth to her center deep shakes,
All dismay'd at the voice of her God!

V.

Life's road let me cautiously view,
And no longer disdain to be wise,
But redder such paths to pursue,
As my reason should hate or despise.
To crown both my age and my youth,
Let me mark where religion has trod,
Since nothing but virtue and truth
Can reach to the throne of my God.

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A GOOD FATHER.

FIRST PART.

ONE day when Voltaire was sick, the sage Vauvenarque, the worthy Cideville, and I, then very young, were sitting by his bedside. Voltaire was speaking of Terence, of the beauties of his pure
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and natural style, and of the truth, but at the same time of the weakness of his pencil. "For instance," said he, "that character so singular, and yet so much in nature, of a father who punishes himself for having made use of too much severity to a son, his only hope, whom his vigour has banished from the paternal roof; that character which he might have rendered so affecting, is totally void of force."—We read the first scene.—"Do but see," said Voltaire, "how interesting it promises to be; and yet in the sequel all this interest vanishes, and Menedemus becomes little better than a good, silly kind of old man."

"I know," said Cideville, "in the province I belong to, a Menedemus of eighty years of age, who after having been truly wretched, is now the most happy of mankind." "Let us hear," said Voltaire; and Cideville continued thus.

"I had for my guide and pattern in my profession, the President de Vaneville, a gentleman of the long robe, still more celebrated for his integrity than for his abilities.—I passed the best years of my youth under his care.—He had been a widower, had married a second wife, and had three children; a son by his first wife, whom he had fondly loved, and two by his second, whom he loved more fondly still.—I thought him happy in the interior of his family; and the serenity pictured in his countenance kept up the illusion.—But by degrees I perceived his temper grow worse; and soon learned that he had sent his eldest son to a distance from town, to the school of a master who was well spoken of, and who was the Prior of a village in the vicinity of the forest of Lyons.

"Some months after, M. de Vaneville appeared violently agitated; he was not one of those men who let people see into what is going forward in their minds; and I, too respectful to ask him, contented myself with paying him greater respect than ever.—He saw that I was not
insensible

insensible to his sorrows, and felt the obligation, but he did not tell me their cause. A few years after he lost his other two children and his second wife.—When I expressed my affliction on the occasion, *Heaven is just*, answered he, with a gloomy look.—These words were followed by a sigh and a long silence.—At length he told me, that he was going to quit the world, and to retire to a little solitary domain, called Flamais, in the neighbourhood of Neufchâtel. Our parting was sorrowful, and when I bade him farewell, I asked his permission to write to him, and to go and see him sometimes.

“ My good friend,” said he, with a melancholy gentleness, “ I shall never forget you; however, I must beg you to leave me for sometime to myself; as soon as I shall have recovered my taste for society, it is certainly your’s that I shall desire.—Wait ’till I write to you.”—Then embracing me, he added, “ Farewell, Cideville, and never think of marrying twice.”

“ This advice, which seemed to escape him in spite of himself, had however no relation to his present situation.—He had had two wives, but he was then a widower; and it was particularly since his widowhood that his existence seemed embittered.—This I attributed to the solitude he was reduced to, and to the *ennui* of which I saw he was the prey.—He set off, and as I was three years without hearing from him, I thought he had forgot me.—At length he wrote to me to come and see him.—I hastened to avail myself of the invitation; and when I arrived, found him at the table by the side of a young and pretty country girl.—Opposite him was a young villager, and a man more advanced in years, who though plainly dressed, still looked like a man of the world.—As to himself, nothing in his half rustic appearance recalled to mind my old acquaintance the President; instead of the abundant and false locks to which my eyes were accustomed, I saw nothing

but a bald head besprinkled with white hairs; infomuch, that I could hardly recollect him.

"Come, my good friend," said he, "come and sit you down in the midst of my family, and embrace my son and his wife.—Yes, in this plain dress you see Mademoiselle de Leonval, my daughter-in law, and the ward of that worthy man, M. de Nelcour, my neighbour, to whom I am indebted for all the happiness of my old age.—I would lay a wager that you took these two young people for my gardener and his wife; well, you were not mistaken; for that is their condition as well as mine: we cultivate together the garden you shall see presently."

"The dinner was good, although frugal, and not unlike that of the disciples of Pythagoras; little meat, but an abundance of excellent vegetables, and wicker baskets loaded with delicious fruit."

"As delicious as you please," said Voltaire, "but prithee let us get into the garden; I am impatient to hear what the old man has to say to you."

"No, no, for Heaven's sake!" said Vauvenarque; "let us stay a moment at table with the good old man and his children; one feels so comfortable when one sees worthy people happy."

"They were all three so," continued Cideville, "each in his own way: the father like a man, whose heart long oppressed by sorrow, has just given way to joy; the son like a man, who is proud of having at last found means to make his father contented; while the young woman, with a look of equal modesty and sensibility, congratulated herself on adding to the happiness of both, and enjoyed their mutual tenderness as much as the affection with which she inspired them."

"The afternoon's walk dispersed us about the garden, where it was
easy

easy to perceive the eye and hand of the master. It was the luxury of nature, in all its abundance, and agreeable variety, disposed without regard to symmetry.—The branches of the plum tree were interwoven with the vine; a quincunx of cherry trees threw its fertilizing shade on beds of strawberries; and fruitful espaliers formed an inclosure round the compartments; where the golden melon ripened, and the cauliflower bloomed.” “All this,” said Voltaire, “with a little harmony, would be very pretty in verse; but, my good friend, the art of relating in prose consists in dwelling little on description, and in proceeding quickly to the scene.”

“Behold me there,” said Cideville.

“As soon as the rest of the party perceived that M. de Vaneville wished to be left alone with me, they retired to a distance.—We then sat down in a bower of honey-suckle, and that virtuous man taking me by the hand, addressed me thus:” “You see the life I lead at present; it is tranquil, and fully and agreeably employed: labour, a good appetite, sound sleep, a mind at ease, a pleasing and peaceful concern in the various scenes the seasons afford, my pains rewarded, almost every year my hopes faithfully fulfilled; and what I value above all, the cheering sight of the love and happiness of my children; such are the good things Heaven reserved for your friends old age.—It is not the evening of a fine day, but the fairest evening after a day of the most gloomy and horrible kind.

“You saw my heart a prey to affliction, of which I hid from you the cause; but now, Cideville, I can at length deposit in your friendly bosom the secret I so long concealed.

“After having lost an amiable and affectionate wife, who left me only one son, then in his infancy; I felt painfully the vacancy left in
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my heart, and the solitude of my house. Instead of having as before, the labours of the day rewarded by the comforts of the evening, the image of silent and solitary grief that I met at home, rendered my future prospect every day more gloomy, and I began to despair of accustoming myself to it, when I heard mention made in the world of a girl of a good disposition, and of an age at which the mind, the manners, and the temper, have generally taken their bent.—She was spoken of as a pattern of reason, goodness, prudence, and modesty. I was desirous of being acquainted with her, and I saw, in reality, or at least, I thought I saw, that she merited all this praise.—I married her, and she was what I had been promised, 'till the moment she became a mother; or rather she was always the same to me 'till the moment of her death.—It was only in regard to the son of my first wife, and unknown to me, that her disposition changed, and that the excess of maternal love swallowed up every other sentiment.

“ In the early days of our marriage, I had seen her fondle my son with almost as much tenderness as if he had been her own, and when she altered, she made use of so much address in hiding the aversion she had conceived for the boy, that I never perceived it.

“ Entirely taken up with the functions of my office, you know how little I was at liberty to attend to the education of my children. I left the care of it to my wife, who made it her sole occupation: those that she employed under her were entirely at her command; so that, even when I consulted them, I only knew what she chose I should know, or wished me to believe.

“ Her deep and secret chagrin was the idea, that the child of my first wife had the same right as her's in the division of my fortune.—He was in her eyes a stranger who came to rob them of their property.—You will easily conceive what my son suffered in his early years from this aversion.

aversion.—At that age man is endowed with a very lively sense of natural equity; and my son soon felt that he was unjustly treated.”

“ I have remarked it,” said Voltaire, “ a child when justly punished, submits without murmur; he has pronounced judgment on himself; when he is stubborn, it is because he has not deserved the chastisement he undergoes.” “ There is then,” said Vauvenarque with his soft voice, “ a primitive law engraved at the bottom of his heart, and who is the engraver?” “ The same as my watch-maker,” said Voltaire, “ the same as the maker of the great time-keeper, of which Newton discovered the balance and the spring. But let us get on; for I am in love with this old man, and he is waiting for us.”

“ I perceived,” continued M. de Vaneville, “ that my son’s temper was altered.—Sadness, distrust, and I know not what kind of gloomy timidity were pictured upon his countenance.—As the cares of business were also habitually impressed in mine, my child never saw in me that look of fondness, nor met that kind and tender reception, that announces the easy and indulgent father, and would have given him courage.—Under the name of respect, care was taken to inspire him with a dread of me, that stifled his complaints.—Thus slighted, chastised severely, and on every frivolous pretence; jealous above all of the preference shewn to his brothers, and comparing in his little wounded heart, the complaisance they experienced with the rigorous treatment he had to suffer; he became from day to day more sad and peevish.—I completed the souring of his temper by cruel reproof.—He thought himself slighted by me; he thought himself hated by his father; and nature thus losing her last hope and her last consolation, he fell into a state of stupid despondency, that was taken for an obstinate determination to apply to nothing.

“ I sometimes reasoned with him; but in a harsh unpleasant manner;

ner; I scolded him, and while he listened to me, I saw the tears standing in his eyes, which my lips, wretched father that I was, ought sometimes at least to have dried! but I attributed his silence, which was that of despair, to a hardened and stubborn disposition.—Alas! the hardness was all on my side. At last I sent him out of my sight, and then it was that he became indeed untoward.—Poor boy! what flights was he obliged to suffer and put up with!

“His nurse’s arms were his only asylum; and when she came to see him, he threw himself headlong into them, and bathed her bosom with his tears.—“O my good nurse! O my only mother!” would he say sobbing aloud, “I have nobody but you in the world; you alone have pity on me; but why did you suckle me? why did my own mother, my mother, alas! that I have lost, why did she bring me into the world? Why did not both of you smother me in my cradle? Poor orphan that I am! for what else am I? I am destitute of both father and mother.—There is no more father for me; a step-mother has hardened his heart against a son that is not her’s.” His nurse used to burst into tears, kiss him, and give him the best consolation her tenderness could suggest; but nothing could appease him; and to complete her cruelty, my wife having been apprized of the sorrowful scenes that passed between my son, and his nurse Juliana, and foreseeing that she would perhaps inform me of them, forbade her the house.

“My son heard it.—He was then twelve years old, and his passions had acquired strength.—He broke out for the first time, into violent reproaches against his mother-in-law, and told her, “that out of respect for me, he had endured all her other injustice; but to envy him his last and only consolation, to prevent his seeing his nurse, that not even the shadow of a mother might remain, was a trait of barbarity of which, none but a step-mother could be capable, and that since she was no better than a fury to him he was determined to get out of her way.

way.—“Prevail,” said he, “upon a father, whom your arts have rendered unnatural, prevail upon him to turn me out of his house; it is the only favour that his child requires.”

“You will take it for granted, that this abuse was the only part of these complaints that came to my ears. *A step-mother, a fury, an unnatural father*:—“See,” said my wife, “see how at twelve years old, he speaks of you and me. I afflict you, and I am grieved myself to see such a disposition declare itself in a child.—But nature in so tender an age is not perhaps inflexible.—I have heard of a worthy man in a priory, near the forest of Lyons, who takes children to board with him, and brings them up with the greatest care.—He has above all the gift of correcting their disposition, rendering the most stubborn tempers gentle and simple.”—She then mentioned several instances, and seeing me overwhelmed: “There is no help for it,” said she, “it is an evil from whence a good may spring.—Your son’s mind announces a great deal of energy; but it must be mastered, if you do not wish to see his fiery temper lead him to commit the most dreadful excesses.”

“What could I oppose to this advice, persuaded as I was that my son’s violence was natural to him.—I consented to his leaving the house, which he himself seemed to desire. A village, a solitude in the heart of a forest, nothing seemed to shake his resolution.

“The day of his departure, when he came to take leave of me, he advanced with a serious and steady air that would have surprized me in a man.—“Go son,” said I, “go and learn to govern your temper, and come back sometime hence with more docility and moderation.—Give me a kiss and bid me farewell.” It was at this moment that his poor heart was bursting.—Instead of throwing himself into my arms, he fell at my feet, and took my hand.—Ah! my good friend, I think I still feel upon this hand, the impression of his burning lips. “You

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are not then unfeeling," said I, seeing him half stifled by his sobs?—"Unfeeling! I! Ah! my good father," said he in the most affecting tone. "Well," rejoined I, "if you be well disposed, if you love your father, promise him to mend."—"Mend!" said he in a faltering voice.—"What then is the crime of your child? is it the no longer having a mother? is it the having ———." Here he stopped, and looking up at me with an expression that pierced one to the heart; "father," said he, "my dear father, in the name of her who is dead and gone, give your blessing to your child, who is going to leave you."—He was at my feet, and while I bid heaven bless him, he watered them with his tears.

"I was as much affected as he, and nature which pleaded in his looks, and in my heart, was about to reconcile us; my arms were opened, and his pardon upon my lips.—Alas!! one word more, and what a world of torments should I have avoided.

"At that moment his mother-in-law made her appearance with her two children. "Rise, son," said I, "kiss your mother's hand, and ask the continuance of her kindness."—At these words his tears stopped, his whole soul took fire, and a look of indignation was the only farewell my wife received from him. I bad him embrace his brothers; but he pushed them scornfully away, and fell again at my feet. "Father," said he, "forgive me! I love and revere you; but do not force me to kiss the hand that oppresses me; do not order me to embrace———" "Get up, unnatural child," said I, "I no longer own you;" and when he was walking away with the wildness of despair upon his countenance, I exclaimed, "Let him go, and never let him appear before my face again."

"What I had seen of the fire and harshness of his temper, the persuasion I was in that his hatred towards his mother-in-law was unjust, and

and my hopes that his removal from home, his advance in age, and the lessons and cares of a good master, would correct his bad temper; all this, I say, softened the impression his departure made upon my mind, and caused his absence to appear advantageous both to him and myself.

“ But the fatal prepossession that had ruined him in his father’s opinion, was equally injurious to him in that of his tutor.—The worthy man was a composition of music and pedantic manners. You may imagine how he went about correcting a spirit that was represented to him as ungovernable, and which, if he could not bend it he was ordered to break. A severe and tiresome discipline, a rough manner, with strict and rigorous rules, for ever attended by threats and chastisement; every thing, in short, that is most oppressive in power, and most painful in slavery, was the system of education to which my son was subjected. His feelings were hurt by it, and he conceived an aversion for every thing imposed by so hard a task-master.

“ But what afflicted him the most was his being told, whenever he complained of the constraint and rigour of his situation, that such was the will of a justly irritated father.—“ Justly irritated!” would he exclaim, shedding tears; “ ah! if he had known, if he could but know the heart of his child? Curse on the wretches who have thus envenomed the heart of a kind parent.—Curse on the serpent whose poison is instilled into it every day, and all the day long!” and when his master reproached him with hating study, he used to answer; “ no, it is not study that I hate, ’tis life; nor do I know why I so long defer my deliverance.”

“ Severe as his master was, he was nevertheless obliged sometimes to relax a little, to appease him.—My son was therefore allowed now and then some moments for diversion; but the only use he made of his liberty was to seek solitude; and when he was found there immersed

in his gloomy melancholy, and asked the cause, he used to say, "he was sick."—"And where is your complaint?"—"It is here," answered he, striking his bosom at the place where his heart was beating.

"If I had then known what I have known since, I should have been sensible of my injustice, and should have gone, in spite of my wife, to embrace and console my unhappy boy.—A single caress, a mark of kindness from me, would have changed his disposition; he would have grown gentle and affectionate in my arms.—But it was never to me that his master wrote; and the most afflicting passages of his letters were the only ones I saw. But a trait of cruelty I cannot pardon, even to the shade of her who was guilty of it, was the keeping back of the letters that my son wrote to me in the paroxysms of his grief.

"It was the despair to which my silence reduced him, that made him take his last resolution.—He ran away; and the vicinity of the forest of Lyons favouring his flight, a single night enabled him to baffle the pursuit of a man, whose means of sending after him were but small.

"When I received the news of his escape, or perhaps of his death, I felt the shock that so fatal an accident must occasion in the mind of a father.—But my wife had address enough to divert my grief, by pretending to look upon this event as a piece of youthful folly, and by assuring me that in a few days my son would either be brought back, or would return of his own accord. In the meantime we agreed to keep the matter private, though I did not spare my endeavours to find him out.—The idea that gave a wrong direction to my search was the supposition that he might be gone on board a merchant ship, as often happens to the children of low people.—I wrote to all the sea-ports, and sent thither his description, although I did not name him.—But the most exact and diligent enquiries were all to no purpose, and at the end of six months deceitful hopes, I fell into the afflicting persuasion that my son was no more.

"No

"No means were neglected to dispel my grief, and to divert my tenderness and attention to the bringing up of my two remaining children under my own inspection; but, as if nature had been resolved to revenge a step-mother's cruelty, both her sons were carried off by a rapid infection.—That contagion, which in our climates is so fatal in the early periods of life, seized them both together, and their inconsolable mother soon followed them to the grave.

"Thus was I left alone, overwhelmed with sorrow; but as I did not think myself to blame, I should have had fortitude enough to bear with patience all the rigour of my fate, if heaven, which leaves nothing unpunished, had not made me discover, at the bottom of a bureau, the affecting letters that my unfortunate son had written to me during his exile, and that my wife had concealed. Ah! my dear friend, it was from that moment that my bosom was haunted by the deep and poignant grief, of which you saw me the prey.

"In what a style were those letters written! I recollect the last, and will repeat it to you: "What, my dear father," said he, "will you never afford a word of consolation to your unhappy son? Ten letters, couched in the most tender and suppliant terms; ten letters, bathed in the tears of an unoffending son, whose only request is that you will cease to hate him, could not obtain that last favour.—O, Sir, write me the consolatory words, the words that will restore me to life."—"My child, I do not hate you. I will kiss the sacred characters a thousand times a day.—They shall be imprinted upon my lips, and engraved on my heart. That heart overflows with respect and tenderness for you. It is not of you that it complains.—Cease then any longer to rend it by your unkindness.—It has hitherto had the fortitude to bear every thing; but the silence, the neglect, the forgetfulness, or the hatred of a father, is an evil it is unable to support.—I feel it will soon sink under the burthen."

"Figure

"Figure to yourself, if it be possible," continued Monsieur de Vauvenille, "the excess of my grief and indignation.—What could have been more criminal than to have intercepted my son's letters; to have made *him* believe that I had given him up, and *me* that he braved my resentment.—It is to you alone that I have revealed this fatal and shameful secret."

"See," says Voltaire, "how the kindest and the most tender sentiment of nature, the affection of a mother for her children, becomes, in its excess, baneful and atrocious."—"Alas!" said Vauvenarque, "all the passions are the offspring of self-love, and to be unjust and cruel, they need only resemble their parent."

"The old gentleman," continued Cideville, then related to me how he was haunted in his solitary abode by the most excruciating reflections. "I recollected," said he, "a thousand traits of the hatred that this unjust woman had conceived against my son, and which I ought to have perceived through all their disguises."

"I was angry with myself for having given way to such infatuation. I sometimes upbraided Nature for not having pleaded in favour of my own blood; and sometimes, considering myself as criminal for not listening to her dictates, my resentment fell upon my own head.—My house was hateful to me.—The world, in which I fancied every eye enquired after my son, became quite insupportable, and I then acquainted you with the resolution I had taken to abandon it, and to hide myself from mankind."

"I was ready to set off, when to complete the rending of my heart, Juliana, the nurse of my unhappy son, having heard that I had lost him, came to me all disconsolate, and in the effusion of her grief disclosed the secret of their conversations.—Never did father suffer as I did, while listening to her. In these declarations I recognized all the mortifications

mortifications and disgusts he had laboured under, without ever having ventured to utter a complaint.—I perceived that cruelly as his heart had been tortured, his affection and respect for me had ever remained unalterable. I perceived, in short, that I had been an unkind father to the best of children. “And perhaps he is no more,” cried I, throwing myself back in my chair, “I am the cause of his death, and my name is imparable.”

“The poor woman, mingling her tears with mine, endeavoured to console me. “No, Sir,” said she, “unless any one has had the cruelty to lay violent hands upon him, which Heaven forbid I should believe, or some accident should have shortened his days, your son cannot be dead. Twenty times have I heard him, in the violence of his sorrow, declare, that if his life were his own, he would have taken his resolution, but instantly the amiable youth, lifting up his eyes and his hands towards Heaven, would cry out, “No, my life is thine, O God! thou hast conferred this gloomy and painful existence upon me, and thou alone hast a right to recal the gift.—But,” added he, “thou art witness to what I endure; in retribution restore me ere long my father’s kindness, and in his arms I will forget all my sufferings.”

“I began then to entertain some hopes; but I was ever figuring to myself what hardships my son might yet undergo, and all comfort was banished from my heart. I considered giving way to the least effusion of joy as a criminal indulgence; a frugal and rustic manner of living was still too full of enjoyment; nor could I forgive myself the moments of diversion which the culture of my garden afforded, in mitigation of my sorrow. “This labour,” said I, “is voluntary and grateful, while that to which necessity has condemned my son is hard and unremitting.—I amuse myself in ornamenting a fertile spot, and he perhaps is sorrowfully occupied in clearing a rugged and ungrateful soil, and watering it with the sweat of his brow.—My table will be covered

covered with plenty of simple viands, while I know not but a morsel of bread, of coarse bread, with no other seasoning than his tears, may sometimes be denied him.—How do I know, but, on board a vessel, at the mercy of the waves, tossed about by tempests, and spent with the fatigue of the day, his nightly slumber may be broken by the storm, whilst I go to enjoy the sweets of a tranquil repose.—O, no, it was not tranquil, the image of my son pursuing me continually, broke my rest.—At table I fancied I saw him standing, pale and languid before me, and every thing I tasted lost its relish.—Shall I tell you all? Whenever I was alone, and impressed with the idea of his image, the tears streamed from my eyes, I stretched out my arms to my son, and asked his pardon.

“ Thus, my friend, did I pass three years of my life in this solitude, partaking of the labours of the rude inhabitants, to whom Nature has given joy in recompence, but who were afflicted at my sorrow; and, believe me, I have but imperfectly described this long and mournful scene of parental grief, this tedious night of sorrow.

“ In the mean while, what was become of my son, and how did I find him? This is what he will himself relate, when you are alone together.”

“ The young couple and their friend having now joined us, we directed our steps towards the rising ground, from whence we enjoyed a view of rural labours, magnificently terminated by a fine setting sun.”

SECOND

SECOND PART.

“THE following day, the young man, while walking with me, took up the history of his flight where his father had left off.

“Sir,” said he, “if my father has spoken to you of my childhood, you cannot be ignorant of my faults: my passions are naturally violent; my sensibility was put to severe trials; I could not keep it within bounds, and that was the source of my misfortunes, I had no longer a mother, and my father was every thing to me. I loved him from the bottom of my heart, and was jealous of his affection. My jealousy rendered me sad, impatient, and gloomy; and my father despairing of my amendment, removed me from his house. In this exile, where I stood in need of nothing, I was severely treated, and thinking I could never be more wretched, I made my escape. I had made an exchange of my coat for the dress of a young peasant, and under this disguise left the country. I trudged along the bye-paths during the night, taking care to avoid the villages, and seeking some lone farm-house where a shepherd might be wanting. At length I found the object of my ambition in a solitary hamlet between Fluery and Aumale.

“In this free and quiet condition, with bread and milk in abundance, sleeping on clean straw, and getting up at the dawn of day to take the command of the docile animals I led forth to feed, my situation would not have been so pitiable, if to the recollection of my sorrows, the remembrance of a father had not been joined, whom I figured to myself irritated, threatening and inexorable, and preparing chastisements for me as soon as I should fall into his hands.

“At the expiration of a few months, this uneasiness wore off, and I had the cruel assurance of being either forgotten or abandoned. My affliction, though it then became more calm, was but the deeper; the

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silence

silence of the country, and the wilds which were spread so wide around me, and over which I wandered, serving only to plunge me farther in my gloomy melancholy. Whenever I fixed my thoughts upon the abysses that separated me from my father, and repeated to myself: "*I shall see him no more.*" I fell into the deepest despondency. My weak brain would never have borne it, but for the pleasing source of diversion I had luckily brought with me; for, less an enemy to study than to constraint, I had not been able to part with my favorite book; Virgil and I were never asunder. The *Eclogues* made me the associate of Tityrus and Mælibius; and accordingly, when I disguised myself, I had taken the name of Alexis. The *Georgicks* gave my new condition a degree of lustre in my eyes; I there saw rural occupations honoured by the poet, and I read him with a sentiment of pride.

"One day, when sitting at the foot of an old willow, after going deeply into this pleasing study, I fell asleep, and during my slumber was noticed by a person who happened to pass by. It was a man who lived retired from the world, and whom a just resentment had rendered a misanthropist; in a word, it was this very M. de Nelcour. He perceived a book open by the side of a young shepherd. Astonished at this novelty, and desirous to know what book it might be, he stooped down, and found it to be Virgil. He would not wake me, but continuing his walk, and loitering about the willow, he contrived to keep me in sight, and stepped up to me as soon as I awoke.

"Young man," said he, "I have just seen something very extraordinary lying beside you; an open book, which I find to be Virgil! Do you read Virgil? And if such has been your education, by what misfortune are you reduced to the condition of a shepherd?"

"It is not impossible," said I, "that an orphan, well brought up, should be reduced to poverty: such a one am I." He then desired to know

know what place I came from? what was my name? and what my family? "My name is Alexis," said I, "I come from yonder farmhouse; it is quite unnecessary that you should know any thing further." And as he seemed astonished at my dissimulation, I, in my turn, expressed my surprise that a passer-by should be so curious. The pride of my answer did not hurt me in his opinion.

"I do not blame you," said he, "for being prudent, although so young. Ah! why like you, did I not earlier know to be upon my guard against passers-by: However, my curiosity is so natural, and so just," added he, "that you ought at least to think it innocent; and the concern inspired by your misfortune and your age, is sufficient for its justification."

"I made him an excuse for having been so little sensible of this mark of kindness. "But, Sir," said I, "what purpose does it answer to remember in adversity, what we have been, and what we are no longer? It is at the best, but heaping care on care.—I wish only to be known for a shepherd as I am.—It is neither in your eyes nor my own that I blush at being so. Virgil tells us, that the Gods have been shepherds; but every body does not know how much the pastoral life has been honoured, and how much it ought to be so still. I therefore dare, without knowing who you are, supplicate you not to betray me. I am a friendless youth; but I earn my livelihood by making myself of use; and you would disturb this innocent life, if you made an improper use of the secret you have stolen from me during my slumber.—In the name of all you hold most dear," added I, "promise me not to divulge it."

"I promise you," said he; "but on condition that I may be allowed to come and spend a few hours with you, while you feed your sheep. Like you, young man, I am familiar with misfortune; like you I have a turn for study.—I am fond of Virgil; we will read him together; and

when we shall be better acquainted, and can better trust one another, a mutual confidence shall mingle its effusions with the pleasure of our conversation."

"What!" cried Voltaire, "he did not take him away with him?" "Patience," cried Vauvenarque, "he does not know him as yet, and Alexis may be no better than a young libertine." "What signifies that?" said Voltaire, "that libertine read Virgil, was proud of keeping a flock, and bore up against misfortune."

"This worthy man," continued Alexis, (for he still retained his name) "came frequently to join me in the pasturage; we there spent together a part of the fine days of the autumnal season, nor did those days pass unpleasantly away. Virgil, Horace, with whom he had made me acquainted, and for whose beauties I began to have a relish as well as he, and some French books he brought for my reading, such as Montagne, La Fontaine, Racine, and Fenolen, contended for the employment of our leisure."

"But in the intervals of our readings, M. de Nelcour tried, from time to time, to come at the secret of my misfortunes. "Is it possible," said he one day, "that a child, like you should not at least have met with somebody in his family, or in the world, to take pity on him?" "I have implored the pity of nobody," said I; "young as I am, I well know, that in the world the wretched are ever looked upon as importunate."

"Ah! you are much in the right," said he, (for without knowing it, I had touched his sensible part;) and then he related that he had been in his youth what is called an agreeable man; that he had ruined himself by his liberality; that out of a hundred good friends who had partaken of his entertainments, not a single one had offered him assistance

tance in the decay of his fortune; that the women, who used to cry him up as a pattern of gallantry and accomplishments, had found him horribly altered as soon as they knew he was ruined; and that grown wiser at his own expence, he had taken without hesitation the resolution of selling his estates to pay his debts, and of retiring to a little farm, the only remains of his property."

"I heard him with concern relate his follies, his idle credulity, his illusions, and his errors; but his confidence did not call forth mine. Perceiving that my secret thus eluded all his attempts to lay hold of it; he came to the wise resolution of leaving me to the dictates of my own discretion."

"Well, my dear Alexis," said he one day, "the Winter will soon be here, and we shall no longer be able to see one another; do you know that the idea afflicts me?" "It afflicts me too," said I, with a sigh. "Why then," said he, "afflict one another? Why should we part? I lead a quiet and solitary life at the village of Fleury, in the vicinity of your farm-house; and I have still enough of the ruins of my fortune to make my old age happy; come hither and partake of my happiness. The dearest object of my cares is a young female orphan, whom I am bringing up, and whom I love with the greatest tenderness; if you partake of her asylum, I shall have two children instead of one."

"Sir," said I, "your kindness wears such an appearance of frankness, that it is incumbent on me to speak to you without disguise.—My ruling passion is the love of liberty; and I know no man free, but he, who dependent on himself and Nature alone, forces the earth by his labour to afford him food. I am determined to be such a man; I am determined to be either the farmer or gardener of Virgil.

"With

"With me," said he, "you will be both; a good farm to conduct, and a handsome garden to cultivate; this is what I propose to you. As to the farming business, I am as yet but a novice myself, and we will learn it together; but in the cultivation of a garden, I think I do not want lessons from any one." This hope brought me to a decision; and after taking leave of the farmer, I followed M. de Nelcour.

"I found at his house a garden that was really in a most desirable state of cultivation, and a little Natalie, nine years old, and as beautiful as the face of day.

"You see," said he, "in this amiable child, the greatest comfort of my solitude. She is not indebted to me for life; but the habit of loving one another is become so natural to us, that the tie of adoption well supplies the place of that of blood. When I married her mother, the widow of M. de Leonval, a Captain of grenadiers, killed at the attack of Denain, I adopted this child, whom he had left destitute, and felt a pride in thus discharging the debt of my country towards so brave a man. Natalie already had fair to be of the most amiable disposition, and almost as dear to me as her mother; she rendered our union still more tender and happy, but my happiness was of short duration; and Natalie and myself were soon left to weep, she a good mother, and I an excellent wife." "My dear," said she on her death bed, "I bequeath you my child; she is all I possess in the world.—Stand her instead of a father and mother." "I promised her I would, and kept my word; but as I have no longer a fortune to leave the dear girl, I bring her up in all the simplicity of rural manners and pleasures.—This farm shall be her portion, and this house her own."

"I do not know what was M. de Nelcour's idea in speaking to me thus; but as for me, from that very moment, I thought I saw some slight probability in the hope of being one day or other Natalie's husband;

band; and conceived a fondness for her, which passing through all the degrees of friendship suited to her age and mine, at last grew into love, as soon as love was in season.

“ Beloved myself by M. de Nelcœur, our labours, our studies, our walks, the attention we paid to the education of Natalie, the most precious of our plants, every thing was in common between us. Our days were entirely taken up, and our nights were peaceful. The months and seasons passed away as swiftly as thought; and M. de Nelcœur was for ever telling us, that he had left nothing in the world worthy of his regret. But I had left a father there; and his image was incessantly before my eyes, reproaching me with being happy out of his sight.

“ The interesting and lovely Natalie repaid our cares with a charming docility. Thanks to the active life she led in following our example, her shape, as she grew up, displayed a thousand charms; it was as supple as the shrubs she had planted; her complexion was as brilliant as the flowers, and as fresh as the fruit her hands had cultivated; and dressed no better than a common country girl, sometimes with a pruning-hook in her hand, and sometimes with a basket on her head, or under her arm, you would have taken her for the goddess, with whose gifts she was loaded.

“ Farewell study,” said Voltaire, “ the garden will engross every thing.” “ Oh ! no,” replied Cideville, “ study had its turn; and then it was that the mind of Natalie, her temper, and the sentiments by which she was animated, shone forth with all their lustre, in a thousand sallies of an ingenious disposition.”

“ Natalie,” said Alexis, perceived, as well as I, the progress a mutual friendship was making in both our breasts; but it was far from giving either of us any uneasiness. Pleased at being together, and
taken

taken up with one another, she with her charming gaiety, and I with my melancholy, we breathed love as others respire air, and enjoyed the sight of each other as others do the light of day, a happy security banishing all idea of danger from our minds. But the time came when M. de Nelcour, more clear-sighted and less infatuated than we were, dared no longer abandon us to ourselves on the strength of our innocence; and when Natalie had completed her sixteenth year, he resolved either to know from me whether I was a suitable match for her, or to remove me from his house.

“Alexis,” said he, “I think I have waited long enough for your confidence; though due to my friendship, and though constantly withheld, I will not complain.—But at your time of life, prudence forbids your longer stay, unless sanctified by the best of titles: it is your’s to say whether you have any right to pretend to it.”

“Yes, Sir, I have that right,” said I; “my birth gives it me, although it is withheld by my ill-fortune. I labour under the disgrace of a father, alas! cruelly deceived, and not less to be pitied than I; for he is beset by the enemies of his blood, and it is of his very goodness that they take the advantage. A just, but a weak man, it is his secret, alas! rather than my own, that I thought it my duty to conceal from you. I did not name him, because I did not wish to be his accuser, because I would not reduce you yourself to the cruel necessity either of giving me up to his anger, or of concealing me from him.—Do not then blame this pious silence, which gives me already too much pain.—You shall know who I am, when Heaven shall have restored to me the indulgence and the affection of a father.—Then, if it be not too late, Alexis will lay at the feet of Natalie, at the feet of your amiable child, the fortune his birth will permit him to hope for.—Till then, I bid you farewell, with a heart full of regret, gratitude, and

and affection. Do not forget me, Sir, deign still to love one who will ever revere your name."

"My friend," said he, "it is a satisfaction to me to know, that your silence proceeded from so virtuous a sentiment. Woe to the children, whose complaints reveal a father's wrongs. But I should be guilty of a great one towards you, if I let you leave me, without providing you with a place: I have one to propose to you. At no great distance from home, near Neufchatel, in the village of Flamais, lives a respectable man, who, retired thither some time since; and who has chosen, I am told, the same occupation as myself. He is looking out for an able gardener; and I think I am sufficiently known to him to recommend you, it is the President de Vaneville."

"You will easily conceive the emotion I felt at the mention of this name. I was so struck with astonishment, that I could hardly breathe and I felt my voice dying away upon my lips. He saw me pale, deprived of speech, and motionless; but he attributed this suspension of my faculties to my love of Natalie, and to the violence I did my heart. "Come, my friend, courage," said he, "it is no doubt a painful resolution we have taken to part; but our situation renders it inevitable."

"I made no answer; my thoughts were far different from what he supposed. I was burning with the desire of returning to my father; but I thought I should find him with my mortal enemy and her two children. What kind of a reception was I about to meet with?"

"The man to whom I am going to propose you," added M. de Nelcour, "is probity itself; and every body agrees that he conceals a great deal of goodness under an air of austerity. He is sad, but his sadness renders him interesting, for he is much to be pitied! He has lost his wife and his two children, the only hopes of his old age, and lives alone."

at Flamais, a prey to grief. I hope it will be a consolation to him to have so good and so worthy a young man as you in the house."

"I was strongly affected by this sudden news; but instead of the joy it might have occasioned, the sentiment that seized me was a religious one; for in such rapid misfortunes, I thought I saw, I must confess, a supernatural chastisement. You will readily suppose, that from that moment my resolution was taken. "Yes, Sir," said I, "write to him, offer my services to the virtuous and solitary man; but do not tell him any thing you know respecting me."

"He wrote, spoke much in praise of my manners, and of my knowledge of the art of cultivation; and, without giving any hint of my first education, made himself answerable for my good behaviour. I was accepted, and set off; but my impatience to see my father did not make me insensible to the regret of leaving my dear Natalie. "Adieu, Mademoiselle," said I, "in bidding you farewell, I do not give up the hope of serving you. May the young trees we have planted and cultivated together, sometimes recal Alexis to your remembrance. May you, in gathering the apples and peaches that resemble you, desire that Alexis were there to gather them with you."

"The dear girl let fall a tear; and said to me in a voice that touched me to the heart, "Farewell, Alexis, I should be very sorry if I were to see you no more. Do not forget Natalie."

"I took the road to Flamais, with a heart full of joy and hope, of uneasiness and fear. I was going to see my father, but I was going to see him weeping the loss of a woman I had offended, and of two children I had slighted. Had I been more submissive and more docile, I should have staid with him; if I had governed my temper, and suffered every thing, he would have had a son in me to wipe away his tears. But, wretch that I was, after my disobedience and my flight, after
criminal

criminal desertion, how appear before his eyes?—Should I remain long enough undiscovered to expiate my faults, soften his resentment, and incline his heart to clemency? Seven years absence and labour, my altered features, my hair and complexion grown darker, my dress, and rustic air, might make me a stranger in any other eyes, but should I be so in those of a father? Well, said I, if nature speak and betray me, I will take that moment to fall at his feet, and, instead of his indulgence, will implore his mercy—But then my pardon will be that of a criminal, to whom his judge remits his punishment; and who knows if he will not look upon M. de Nelcour as his child's accomplice, and as the inhuman favourer of my flight?—Ah! if once that idea strikes him, there will no longer be any hope of conciliating his good will for my charming Natalie. Such were the reflections that occupied my mind, in my journey from Fluery to Flamais, where I arrived trembling, for fear my father should recollect me.

“Alas! whether his eyes, weakened by weeping, could no longer perceive in me any thing but confused and uncertain features, or whether I had really outgrown all recollection, I know not, but he did not suspect that his son was standing before him. But what a sudden and painful impression did the sight of him make on me! Sorrow had wrinkled his forehead more than age; the tears that I had cost him seemed to have furrowed his cheek; and sadness had bowed him towards the grave.

“O God of nature! you know, that impelled by grief and affection, I was going to throw myself prostrate at his feet. But I felt myself suddenly held back by my remorse. I was so struck by his look of austerity, and by the deep gloom spread over his countenance, which indicated a heart long envenomed by its wounds. I trembled when I begged leave to assure him of my obedience, and of my desire to be

serviceable. He bad me follow him; led me about the garden, pointed out my work; conducted me back to the dwelling that was destined for me; and while my little habitation was fitting up, provided for my wants. "Farewell 'till to-morrow," said he, on leaving me; "at the dawn of day I shall be at work myself."

"As you will easily believe, I slept but little that night, I felt inexpressible comfort on finding myself at my father's, and in a situation where I might merit his indulgence, and let him see how much I was changed. "Nothing will be more easy," said I, "than to shew him an unalterable gentleness; a perfect docility; and an obedience without bounds: it shall be my delight, rather than my duty, to prevent his wishes; and it shall be this deep respect, this filial piety, which, in his gardener, shall at length make him discover and forgive his unfortunate child. But I stood in need of courage to disguise and repress the workings of nature; and I promised myself that it should not be wanting."

"Next day the morn and I found him among his trees. Our work was silent, and only interrupted by a few words, with long intervals between. "He asked me, "what was my native place."—I answered, "Anet;" and this was my only fiction.—"Is your father alive?" "Yes, thank Heaven!"—"And your mother?"—"No, I have lost her."—He heaved a deep sigh. "And what is your father's occupation?" "Gardening."—"Is he young?" "He begins to grow old."—"Are you his only child?" "His only one."—"And you have left him?" "He would have it so himself,"—"He is then in easy circumstances, and can do without you?" "Yes, but if I please my master, I hope he will permit us to live together at his house."—"Alexis," said he, "conduct yourself with me as you have done at M. de Nencour's; be sober, labourious, and honest, and I promise you that you shall

shall soon have your father with you; it shall not be I who will deprive you of him. At these words he turned aside, and I saw him wipe away his tears.

"I have since put him in mind of our first conversation, "Ah!" said he, "if you had seen the impression every word you answered, made upon my heart. It was more than a year since the names of father and son had passed my lips. I had not fortitude enough to pronounce them; it was like a load upon my heart; and yet with you, I felt relief in speaking and hearing them."

"Satisfied at seeing me redouble every day my diligence and activity, creating him as it were a new garden, and teaching him with due deference a style of cultivation unknown to him before; my father had sometimes the kindness to moderate the ardour with which I worked; an involuntary inclination making him constantly attend my steps. "Alexis," said he, one day, "how old are you?" "One and twenty."—He repeated one and twenty with a deep sigh, and remained a long time silent.

"Ah!" said Vauvenarque, to Voltaire;

"His and Egistbus' ages are the same."

"After taking a few turns in the garden," continued Alexis, "to calm his agitation, he returned and asked me, "if it was not my intention to marry?" "Yes, Sir, I have been thinking about it, and if you have no objection, and my father consent, I think I have found a sweet girl at Fluery, who would make me happy." "How old is she?" "Sixteen."—"Are her friends descent people?" "She is the daughter of a man who spilt his blood in the service of the state." "A good extraction?" "Like me, she lost her mother when only seven years old." "Poor children! and pray who took care of her?" "M.

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de Nelcour." "She is pretty, without doubt?" "Even if ugly, she would still be amiable; she is as mild and gentle as a dove. M. de Nelcour is as fond of her as if she were his own." "This M. de Nelcour is then a very charitable, benevolent man?" "Yes Sir, as his goodness to Natalie and me sufficiently testify." "He has committed a few follies," rejoined my father, "but they were the pardonable follies of a weak and easy man; and it is very lucky for him that this weakness has cost him nothing but his fortune. It sometimes costs much dearer. Does he know that you love Natalie?" "He suspects it." "That is perhaps the reason he has separated you." "It's possible it may." "Why does not he marry you?" "Ah, Sir, my father's consent is necessary, and as yet I have not dared to ask it." "Why not?"—"The poor orphan has little or nothing in the world."—"She has her gentleness, her virtue, and her happy disposition, and let me tell you that is no bad portion."—"Yes, Sir, but my father!—I dread the speaking to him."—"Your father is then a very severe one?"—"He has been so sometimes, Sir, but he is not the less affectionate for that; and if I dared say it, his goodness is equal to your's."—"In that case, I hope I shall obtain the consent to your happiness. If however he should persist in a refusal, I tell you before hand, that I have no authority to oppose that of a father; and you yourself, Alexis, would be obliged to obey."—"Yes, Sir, yes, I promise that I would, even if my life was at stake. Never did child respect, and love his father better than I do mine, I will not deny that I find in Natalie all that is desirable in woman; that I love her with the greatest tenderness, and that I shall never be happy without her, yet if my father did but say: "Alexis, you must give up all thoughts of her, and never see her more." I would obey without murmuring." "Happy father!" exclaimed mine, "Alexis, go to-morrow and beg M. de Nelcour to do me the honour to come and see me at Flamais, and to bring his orphan with him. I will intercede with your father for both of you. But

But you shall give me your word that while I live you will not leave me. I am an old and solitary man, and stand in need of consolation more than you may perhaps imagine. You and your wife at least will love me, and I will treat you both as if you were my children."

"At these touching words, I fell at his feet, bathed them with my tears, and was on the point of making myself known. But if past displeasure thus re-kindled in his bosom, he should no longer look upon Natalie with so favourable an eye; if he should even refuse to see her.—I trembled for fear of destroying all our hopes; and my father regarded the disorder I was in, merely as that of a young man transported with love and gratitude.

"The next day I arrived at M. de Nelcour's, with a heart beating with joy. "You have," said I, "put the finishing hand to your favours, and I am come to thank you. M. de Vaneville, the virtuous old man, who was wasting away with sorrow, and whom it was the will of Heaven to console.—Join me, Sir, in adoring the hand that directed us: M. de Vaneville is my father. Yes, you are the instrument that Heaven has made use of to send me back to my father: it is to you, Sir, that I am indebted for the hope of appeasing him. Send for Natalie. It depends on her to complete my happiness, and I hope to prevail on her to do so.

"She came; I related to them all that had passed between my father and me; and in proportion as Natalie became acquainted with my secret, her emotion, her blushes, and her innocent and ingenious joy let me into hers. She confessed that she had wept at my absence; that she had often lamented her not being my help-mate in the garden; that her good angel had foretold to her in a dream, that she should never have any husband, but Alexis; and that she had vowed, in case
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of its being fulfilled, to erect an altar to this consoling angel, under a bower we should both plant in concert.

"M. de Nelcour, she, and I, set off together. She appeared before my father dressed like a simple country girl, and enchanted the old man with her grace, her modesty, her ingenious language, and with the turn of her mind, which discovered, unknown to her, a tincture of cultivation. Her beauty rendered her still more interesting in his eyes. He expressed his satisfaction at M. de Nelcour's having taken so much care of her education; made him stay three days at his house; and during all that time was entirely taken up with the amiable orphan. At length when she was going to return to Fluery; "my resolution is fixed," said he, "and I am going to write to your father. You shall carry the letter yourself, and if, as I presume, he approve of the match, bring him along with you. Tell me his name, and tell me that of Natalie's father."

"It was then I felt every fibre in my body tremble, and every pulse beat high.

"Sir," said I, "you see me stand trembling before you at the confession I am about to make. It does not suffice to ask my father's consent, since you are so kind to me, my pardon and forgiveness must first be implor'd." "Your pardon," replied my father with astonishment! "Are you then guilty?"—"Yes, Sir, I am, yes, 'tis a guilty and penitent child, that must be laid at his feet; if my tears touch you, it is by those means he must be moved; for that I may hide nothing from my generous protector, in my early youth I have perhaps given him great cause of affliction." "How so," said he, with a look of disappointment and concern."—"By my ungovernable violence, and impetuous temper."

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"He listened to me with his eyes fixed on mine, and I saw the trembling of his hands and knees redoubled at every word. "Ah! Sir," cried I at length, "in the name of Nature, and your own blood ask pardon for a thoughtless youth, who ran away from his father, and for these seven years past has not dared to appear before him." At these words, I fell at his feet. "Ah! wretched boy! 'tis you," cried he, and running up to me, and taking me in his arms, while I, half stifled by my sobs, felt my face bathed with tears. "These are tears of joy," said I, "let them flow; I have shed many of a bitterer kind. O my dear father! do you forgive my being the cause?"—"Yes, I forgive you, and every thing is forgotten, since you are restored to me; but do you not come to afflict and distress my old age; tell me who is this young girl you wish to marry?"—"Fear nothing, father; Mademoiselle de Leonval is not unworthy to bear your name." These words cleared up every thing.

"Come, Sir," said he to M. de Nelcour, "come and receive my thanks. What do I not owe you? You restore my son; you restore him to me with all his faults corrected. And you, daughter of a man, whose blood I honour, and whose memory I respect, come and be with your husband, the delight of my old age." We were married in this very village; and chose for our wedding clothes, the very same dress we wore at Fluery."

"Such was the narrative of Alexis. As soon as it was finished, we returned to his father."

"Cideville," said the latter, "now you know all, you must be our adviser. My children live happily with me; ought I to let them remain here?"—"M. de Nelcour is of opinion, that in this little spot, leading together an active life in peaceful obscurity, bringing up our children happy at a small expence, and rich enough to afford ourselves

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the pleasure of beneficence, we should form as it were a tribe of friends of the rural style of life, and receive the daily blessings of those about us."

"He is in the right," cried Voltaire, "what he proposes is my favorite project; and they will be supremely happy, if they realize it." I was of Voltaire's opinion; but as he perceived that Vauvenarque was not: "My worthy friends," said he, "in the time of contagion, it behoves us to keep without the line. Do but think that it was then the time of the regency. What, in those days, was the proper place for a man of honour, and a young and innocent wife? Yes, I would have said to the young couple: "Stay where you are, get healthy and vigorous children, inspire them with your own taste for nature and poetry, and let them learn of their father to read Virgil and Horace, and cultivate their garden."

"Vauvenarque smiled, and breaking silence, said: "I would give this advice to minds of a soft and flexible temper; for a man of that disposition would soon become vicious through weakness in the midst of the vices of the age. But if I met with a man of stubborn probity, whose natural goodness should have as strong a spring as that of Alexis; and if by his side I saw a woman accustomed from her infancy to simplicity and modesty of manners, and to place her happiness in innocent pleasures, I would not do them so great an injury as to keep them out of the world; on the contrary I would press them to go and teach it to blush. A fine kind of merit indeed, to be good among the good! It is before the faces of vice, and vice triumphant, that it is praiseworthy to be virtuous; besides, is there nothing to be done to discharge the debt of birth and fortune, but to live like a philosopher? And is the son of a judge intended only to vegetate among the plants in the garden. Let M. de Nelcour, who has left the ruins of his opulence in the world, remain quiet in port, and console himself on his shipwreck;

wreck; let M. de Vaneville, who has grown grey beneath the burthen of an important post, rest after his labour; this is just, nor have I any thing to object. But I should wish that his son not yet too old to learn, and make himself useful, should come in his turn and pay the tribute of his studies, his talents, and his virtues; and that his amiable wife should come to show her sex, that their dignity, their happiness, and purest pleasures, as well as their true glory, consists in the faithful discharge of their duties."

"Such were," replied Cideville, "the sentiments of the good old man, and of the young couple."

"Be it so," said Voltaire, "I grant that there is something greater in all this. But if, when in the world, Alexis should become a libertine, and Natalie a strumpet, I lay it upon your conscience, nor will I answer for this not being the case."

"But I will," said Cideville; "and as they have already passed twenty years together, in the same perfect union, and almost as much in love with one another as when they were at Fluery; taken up as they are with the education of their children, and with the care of inspiring them with virtuous sentiments like their own, I think I may cite them as an instance of conjugal virtue, that the world has not been able to corrupt; and accordingly their father, whom they go to see every year in his retreat at Flamais, has had engraved upon the altar which he has erected in his garden to Natalie's good angel, and on which he has placed the busts of his two children; he has engraved, I say, this testimony, which envy itself has never contradicted:

Fair Arethusa, thus thy happy stream
Flows in the furious bosom of the sea;
A crystal current, ever pure and clear,
And uncorrupted by the briny wave."

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The CRUELTY of PARENTAL TYRANNY.

POLITICIANS remark, that no oppression is so heavy or lasting as that which is inflicted by the perversion and exorbitance of legal authority. The robber may be seized, and the invader repelled, whenever they are found; they who pretend no right but that of force, may by force be punished or suppressed. But when plunder bears the name of impost, and murder is perpetrated by a judicial sentence, fortitude is intimidated and wisdom confounded; resistance shrinks from an alliance with rebellion, and the villain remains secure in the robes of the magistrate.

Equally dangerous and equally detestable are the cruelties often exercised in private families, under the venerable sanction of parental authority; the power which we are taught to honour from the first moments of reason; which is guarded from insult and violation by all that can impress awe upon the mind of man; and which therefore may wanton in cruelty without controul, and trample the bounds of right with innumerable transgressions, before duty and piety will dare to seek redress, or think themselves at liberty to recur to any other means of deliverance than supplications by which insolence is elated, and tears by which cruelty is gratified.

It was for a long time imagined by the *Romans*, that no son could be the murderer of his father; and they had therefore no punishment appropriated to parricide. They seem likewise to have believed with equal confidence, that no father could be cruel to his child; and therefore they allowed every man the supreme judicature in his own house, and put the lives of his own offspring into his hands. But experience informed them by degrees, that they had determined too hastily in favour of human nature; they found that instinct and habit were not able to contend with avarice or malice; that the nearest relation might
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be violated; and that power, to whomsoever intrusted, might be ill employed. They were therefore obliged to supply and to change their institutions; to deter the parricide by a new law, and to transfer capital punishments from the parent to the magistrate.

There are indeed many houses which it is impossible to enter familiarly, without discovering that parents are by no means exempt from the intoxications of dominion; and that he who is in no danger of hearing remonstrances but from his own conscience, will seldom be long without the art of controlling his convictions, and modifying justice by his own will.

If in any situation the heart were inaccessible to malignity, it might be supposed to be sufficiently secured by parental relation. To have voluntarily become to any being the occasion of its existence, produces an obligation to make that existence happy. To see helpless infancy stretching out her hands, and pouring out her cries in testimony of dependence, without any powers to alarm jealousy, or any guilt to alienate affection, must surely awaken tenderness in every human mind; and tenderness once excited will be hourly increased by the natural contagion of felicity, by the repercussion of communicated pleasure, by the consciousness of the dignity of benefaction. I believe no generous or benevolent man can see the vilest animal courting his regard, and shrinking at his anger, playing his gambols of delight before him, calling on him in distress, and flying to him in danger, without more kindness than he can persuade himself to feel for the wild and unsocial inhabitants of the air and water. We naturally endear to ourselves those to whom we impart any kind of pleasure, because we imagine their affection and esteem secured to us by the benefits which they receive.

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There is indeed another method by which the pride of superiority may be likewise gratified. He that has extinguished all the sensations of humanity, and has no longer any satisfaction in the reflection that he is loved as the distributor of happiness, may please himself with exciting terror as the inflictor of pain; he may delight his solitude with contemplating the extent of his power, and the force of his commands, in imagining the desires that flutter on the tongue which is forbidden to utter them, or the discontent which preys on the heart in which fear confines it; he may amuse himself with new contrivances of detection, multiplications of prohibition, and varieties of punishments, and swell with exultation when he considers how little of the homage that he receives he owes to choice.

That princes of this character have been known, the history of all absolute kingdoms will inform us; and since, as *Aristotle* observes, *the government of a family is naturally monarchical*, it is like other monarchies too often arbitrarily administered. The regal and parental tyrant differ only in the extent of their dominions, and the number of their slaves. The same passions cause the same miseries; except that seldom any prince, however despotic, has so far shaken off all awe of the public eye, as to venture upon those freaks of injustice, which are sometimes indulged under the secrecy of a private dwelling. Capricious injunctions, partial decisions, unequal allotment, distributions of reward not by merit, but by fancy, and punishments regulated not by the degree of the offence, but by the humour of the judge, are too frequent where no power is known but that of a father.

That he delights in the misery of others no man will confess, and yet what other motive can make a father cruel? The King may be instigated by one man to the destruction of another; he may sometimes think himself endangered by the virtues of a subject; he may dread the successful general or the popular orator; his avarice may
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point out golden confiscations; and his guilt may whisper that he can only be secure by cutting off all power of revenge.

But what can a parent hope from the oppression of those who were born to his protection, of those who can disturb him with no competition, who can enrich him with no spoils? Why cowards are cruel may be easily discovered; but for what reason, not more infamous than cowardice, can that man delight in oppression who has nothing to fear?

The unjustifiable severity of a parent is loaded with this aggravation, that those whom he injures are always in his sight. The injustice of a prince is often exercised upon those of whom he never had any personal or particular knowledge; and the sentence which he pronounces, whether of banishment, imprisonment or death, removes from his view the man whom he condemns. But the domestic oppressor dooms himself to gaze upon those faces which he clouds with terror, and with sorrow; and beholds every moment the effect of his own barbarities. He that can bear to give continual pain to those who surround him, and can walk with satisfaction in the gloom of his own presence; he that can see submissive misery without relenting, and meet without emotion the eye that implores mercy, or demands justice, will scarcely be amended by remonstrance or admonition; he has found means of stopping the avenues of tenderness, and arming his heart against the force of reason.

Even though no consideration should be paid to the great law of social beings, by which every individual is commanded to consult the happiness of others, yet the harsh parent is less to be vindicated than any other criminal, because he less provides for the happiness of himself. Every man, however little he loves others, would willingly be loved; every man hopes to live long, and therefore hopes for that
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time at which he shall sink back to imbecility, and must depend for ease and cheerfulness upon the officiousness of others. But how has he obviated the inconveniences of old age, who alienates from him the assistance of his children, and whose bed must be surrounded in his last hours, in the hours of languor, and dejection, of impatience and of pain, by strangers to whom his life is indifferent, or by enemies to whom his death is desirable.

Piety will indeed in good minds overcome provocations, and those who have been harassed by brutality will forget the injuries which they have suffered, so far as to perform the last duties with alacrity and zeal. But surely no resentment can be equally painful with kindness thus undeserved, nor can severer punishment be imprecated upon a man not wholly lost in meanness and stupidity, than through the tediousness of decrepitude, to be reproached by the kindness of his own children, to receive not the tribute, but the alms of attendance, and to owe every relief of his miseries, not to gratitude, but to mercy.

A MORNING HYMN.

GOD of my life, this early dawn
 I dedicate to thee:
 As thou hast been, so may'st thou still
 My kind protector be.

When cover'd by the midnight gloom,
 And veil'd in shades of night;
 Thou, Lord, my watchful guardian was,
 And kept me in thy fight.

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The curtains of Almighty love
Were drawn around my bed;
And while I slept, thy providence
Its blessings on me shed.

Thy love deserves my best returns
Of gratitude and praise;
And while I live, I shall delight
To thee my voice to raise.

Bless God, my soul, whose pow'r divine
Has thy protection been;
Who has thy life secur'd from ills,
Which were by thee unseen.

As each return of day declares
The greatness of thy love;
So may each day my thanks renew,
And gratitude improve.

This day safe guard me, O my God,
From every outward ill;
Preserve my health, relieve my wants,
My soul with comfort fill.

Against temptation I would guard,
And flee the paths of sin;
May Satan's pow'r be broke without,
And ev'ry lust within.

With thankful praise for mercies past,
I leave myself with Thee:
O! may I of thy grace partake,
And thy great goodness see.

And may I carefully pursue
 Whate'er is just and right,
 That I may always be approv'd
 In my Creator's fight.

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

CORNELIA, a Roman Lady of exemplary virtue, was left a widow with twelve children, but only three of the twelve arrived at years of maturity: one daughter, whom she married to the second Scipio Africanus; and two sons whom she so carefully instructed, that though born with the most happy geniuses and dispositions, it was judged that they were still more indebted to education than nature. A Campanian Lady, who was very rich, and still fonder of pomp and shew, in a visit to Cornelia, having displayed her diamonds, pearls, and richest jewels, earnestly desired Cornelia to let her see her jewels also. This amiable Lady diverted the conversation to another subject, 'till the return of her sons from the public schools. When they entered their mother's apartments, she said to her visitor pointing to them, "These are my jewels, and the only ornaments I admire; and such ornaments, which are the strength and support of society, add a brighter lustre to the fair than all the jewels of the east."



The

The HAPPY STATE.

I.

IN fearch of happinefs in vain,
 How oft, poor mortals rove ;
 Attend, be taught, let reason reign !
 You'll find it fix'd in love !
 Let each unruly thought fubfide,
 That late opprefs'd the mind ;
 Seek one dear object ; there confide,
 If happinefs you'd find.

II.

Unnumber'd ills, (a ghafly train !)
 On diffipation waits,
 Unthinking youth oft feels the pang,
 But feels it when too late :
 Difpel thofe false destructive fires,
 Their tranfient charms difperfe ;
 A flave no more to bafe defires,
 Obferve the bleft reverse.

III.

The bright Eliza heaven ordain'd,
 The young Palemon's fhare ;
 In him, the nymph defpotic reign'd,
 As he within the fair :
 With him each joy, each care ſhe knows,
 And bears an equal part ;
 From her dear breaſt ſweet comfort flows,
 Flows truly from the heart.

IV.

In mutual love, supremely blest,
 No anxious fears intrude;
 For aught that cou'd alarm their rest,
 By virtue is subdu'd:
 To Hymen then your tribute pay,
 Embrace their envy'd fate;
 Connubial love shall truth repay,
 And crown the HAPPY STATE.

A N E C D O T E

ON A DIVINE'S PROCURING A LIVING.

A NOBLEMAN, before a numerous assembly, told a worthy Divine, who was soliciting him for a Living then vacant, and in his Lordship's disposal, "No, no, Doctor, talk no more of it; but prithee, man, learn to dance." The Doctor, not at all abashed, smilingly replied, "he should be incorrigible not to improve with his Lordship for an instructor, who had long taught him to dance attendance." "Have I so, Doctor?" says the Earl, "then even take the Living, and my daughter Sophy shall teach you to turn out your toes."—The company laughed, but the Doctor had most reason.

ANECDOTE of the PRINCE of CONTI.

THE PRINCE of CONTI being highly pleased with the intrepid behaviour of a Grenadier, at the siege of Philipsburgh, in 1734, threw him his purse, excusing the smallness of the sum it contained, as being

being too poor a reward for his courage. Next morning the grenadier went to the Prince with a couple of diamond rings, and other jewels of considerable value, "Sir," said he, "the gold I found in your purse, I suppose you intended for me; but these I bring back to you, having no claim to them." "You have doubly deserved them by your bravery, (said the Prince) and by your honesty, therefore, they are your's."

A N E C D O T E

OF SWIFT AND ADDISON.

ONE evening during a *tete a tete* conversation between Addison and Swift, the various characters in scripture were canvassed, and their merits and demerits were fully discussed. Swift's favourite, however, was Joseph, while Addison contended strongly for the amiable Jonathan. The dispute lasted some time, when the Author of *Cato* observed, that it was very fortunate they were alone, as the character which he had been praising so warmly was the name-fake of Swift, while the other, of which Swift had been so lavish in his commendations, was the name-fake of Addison.

ANECDOTE of an HIGHWAYMAN.

HAWKE, the noted Highwayman, being one evening on the look out, stopped a Gentleman, and bid him deliver. The gentleman protested he had no money, and was flying from his creditors, in order to avoid a gaol. HAWKE pitying his unhappy situation, asked how much would relieve his wants? He was answered, *Thirty Guineas*.

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He then directed the gentleman to go to a house not far off, and wait 'till nine o'clock in the morning, and he would bring him something that would relieve him; accordingly, before the time expired, HAWKE made his appearance; and, to the no small joy of the gentleman, made him a present of fifty guineas; adding, "Sir, I present this to you with all my heart, wishing you well:—You are welcome to it." Upon which HAWKE took his leave and went away immediately.

A N E C D O T E

OF THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

1512. ^x **I**N the war carried on by Louis XII. of France, against the Venetians, the Town of Brescia being taken by storm, and abandoned by the soldiers, suffered, for seven days, all the distresses of cruelty and avarice. No house escaped but that where the Chevalier Bayard was lodged. At his entrance, the mistress, a woman of figure, fell at his feet, and deeply sobbing, cried, "Oh! my Lord, save my life; save the honour of my daughters." "Take, courage, Madam," said the Chevalier, "your life and their honour shall be secure while I have life." The two young ladies, brought from their hiding-place were presented to him; and the family, thus re-united, bestowed their whole attention on their deliverer. A dangerous wound he had received, gave them an opportunity to express their zeal. They employed a notable surgeon; they attended him by turn, day and night; and when he could bear to be amused, they entertained him with concerts of music. Upon the day fixed for his departure, the mother said to him, "To your goodness, my Lord, we owe our lives, and to you, all we have, belongs by right of war; but we hope, from your signal benevolence, that this slight tribute will content you," placing upon the

^x 1462, 1498-1515.

^x Pierre du Terrail, called Chevalier Bayard, 1475-1524.

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the table an iron coffer full of money. "What is the sum?" said the Chevalier. "My Lord," answered she trembling, "no more than two thousand five hundred ducats,—all that we have; but, if more be necessary, we will try our friends." "Madam," said he, "I shall never forget your kindness, more precious in my eyes, than one hundred thousand ducats. Take back your money, and depend always on me." "My good Lord, you kill me, to refuse this small sum; take it only as a mark of your friendship to my family." "Well," said he, "since it will oblige you, I take the money; but give me the satisfaction of bidding adieu to your amiable daughters." They came to him with looks of regard and affection. "Ladies," said he, "the impression you have made on my heart will never wear out. What return to make I know not, for men of my profession are seldom opulent; but here are two thousand five hundred ducats, of which the generosity of your mother has given me the disposal: accept them as a marriage present; and may your happiness in marriage, equal your merit." "Flower of chivalry," cried the mother, "May the God who suffered death for us, reward you here and hereafter."

TYRANNY PUNISHED:

A REMARKABLE PIECE OF HISTORY:

x **T**HE Emperor Rodolphus had treated the people of Switzlerland with so great rigour, that they entered into a conspiracy against him; and the first of January, 1308, being fixed for their rising; an accident happened in the mean time which gave them fresh provocation, and had like to have occasioned an insurrection sooner than was intended; for it seems, amongst other pieces of arbitrary and whim-

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x *Albert I., son of Rudolph of Hapsburg was emperor of Germany at this time. He was born 1248; succeeded Adolphus of Nassau 1298; killed by his nephew, John of Saxonia (called the Parricide), 1308. This story of Tell is now considered mythical.*

fical tyranny, Grifold, Governor of the Canton of Ury, ordered a cap to be set upon a post in the market-place of Altoffe, the capital of Ury, requiring every person who passed by to pull off his hat, on pain of death; which many persons complied with; 'till William Tell, a bold and resolute fellow, and one of the conspirators, took an opportunity of frequently passing by, without observing any manner of respect to the cap; whereupon he was apprehended by the guards that were placed to see the order put in execution, and brought before the Governor, who, by way of punishment, commanded him to set an apple upon his son's head, and shoot at it with an arrow; declaring that if he missed it he should be hanged. The father rather than be accessory to his son's death, desired they would take away his life without farther ceremony; but the Governor would not indulge him so far, declaring that if he refused to shoot at the apple he would hang up his son before his face, and himself afterwards. Whereupon old Tell promised to make the attempt in the market-place, in the presence of the Governor, imagining probably that his fellow conspirators would have taken this opportunity of assembling, and rescue him before he made the experiment; but nothing of this happening, the old man took two arrows out of his quiver, and drawing his bow with all the anguish that can be imagined in so tender a case, providentially struck the apple off his son's head, without giving him the least wound: Upon which the people gave a general shout, to the great mortification of the Governor; who proceeded to enquire of Tell, what he meant by taking two arrows out of his quiver; assuring he would pardon him whatever his design was. Tell told him, that the second arrow was for the Governor, in case he had been so unfortunate as to have killed his son. Whereupon the Governor answered, that though he would spare his life according to his promise, yet he looked upon him to be so dangerous a man, that he ought however to be shut up
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in a dark dungeon; and accordingly ordered him to be put in irons, and carried on board a vessel, to be transported to the castle of Cassenach in the lake Lucern, and to prevent his escape went on board the vessel himself to see the sentence put in execution. When they came about the middle of the lake, there arose so violent a storm that they were in the utmost danger of sinking; when the Governor's servants, who knew Tell, the prisoner, to be an excellent pilot, proposed the taking off his irons, and let him manage the helm, as the only means for saving all their lives; which being consented to, Tell with a great deal of difficulty steered the boat into smooth water under the shore; when he jumped upon a piece of a rock, and made his escape; and the Governor despairing of retaking him, sailed to the town called Brumen, from whence he proposed to go to the castle of Cassenach by land. Tell having notice of the day he was to go, concealed himself in a wood on the side of a hollow-way, by which he knew the governor must pass, and waiting a favourable opportunity, shot him through the heart with an arrow, and made off, whilst the company remained in the utmost confusion. In memory of which exploit, a chapel was built upon the spot of ground where the Governor lost his life; and another on the rock from whence Tell made his escape; which are to be seen at this day.

Upon New Year's day, 1308, the time prefixed by the conspirators for a general insurrection, some of the most resolute of them resorted to the castle, where the Governors and Commanders of the Imperial troops resided, on pretence of carrying their usual presents, and having concealed arms under their clothes, fell upon the guards as they entered the gates, and had the good fortune to reduce every fortress they attempted.

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This was the foundation of the Helvetic liberty, and was first contrived and carried on by Wermer, Scaffhemar, and Hengist, three plain countrymen, without the advantage of either birth or riches.

A N E C D O T E
O F D E A N S W I F T.

IN the reign of King William, to whom Swift was no friend, on account of a neglect he met with from that Prince, and therefore had connected himself with the opposite party, it happened that the King had either chosen, or actually had taken, this motto for his state-coach in Ireland.

Non Rapui, sed Recepi,

I did not steal, but I received;

alluding to his being called to the throne by the people, and to clear himself from the imputation of violence. This was industriously reported to Swift by one of his court emissaries. "And what," said he to the Dean, "do you think the Prince of Orange has chosen for his motto on his state-coach?" "*Dutch Cheese*," said the Dean, with a reluctant smile, (for he scorned to laugh, and even a smile was extorted.) "No," said the Gentleman, "but *Non rapui, sed recepi*."—"Aye, says Swift; but there is an old saying and a true one, *The Receiver is as bad as the Thief*." An embittered reflection, not unworthy of his known misanthropy.

The

The P I C T U R E
OF A WICKED SENATOR.

HE gets into Parliament with no other view but to stock job his voice. He buys his borough, and sells his country. He comes into the House, not to take care of the fortunes of those whom he represents, but to make his own. His venal voice is open to every purchaser, and he is always ready to be regimented into the service of a corrupt Minister. He is, indeed, in some degree, a corrupt Minister himself, as he receives in smaller portions the spoils of the Robber. Under a bad administration, he is always with the majority. If he has understanding, it is so perverted, that it would be happy for him, and the common-wealth, could he exchange it for instinct, being continually obliged to talk and act in defiance of his own conviction; the lowest depravity to which a human mind can be reduced! He speaks of bribery as a measure absolutely necessary for the support of Government, and with blushing, asserts, that the public business cannot be carried on without corruption. In a word, to serve his own private interest, he is ever ready to betray that of the Public, and to gratify his passions, would set at naught every social virtue, and break through all things that are good, worthy and commendable.

An A N E C D O T E
OF BISHOP SANDERSON. X

THIS excellent and truly Christian Bishop met with a poor dejected neighbour, who complained that he rented a meadow at nine pounds a year; but that when the hay was made and ready to be

Robert Sanderson, born 1587; ^{M m m 2} Bishop of Lincoln 1660; died 1663. ^{carried}

carried into the barn, several days constant rain had so raised the water, that a sudden flood carried it all away, and his rich landlord (like too many in our times) would 'bate him no rent, and that unless he had half abated, he and seven children were utterly undone.

It may be noted in this age (says the admirable biographer) there are a sort of people so unlike the God of mercy, so void of the bowels of pity, that they love only themselves and children; love them so as not to be concerned whether the rest of mankind waste their days in sorrow or shame: People that are cursed with riches, and think nothing else can make them and theirs happy: But it was not so with Dr. Sanderfon, for he was concerned at his neighbour's calamity, and spoke comfortably to the poor man, bade him go home and pray, and not load himself with sorrow, for he would go to his landlord next morning, and if his landlord would not abate what he desired, he and a friend would pay it for him.

He went next day to his landlord, and told him of his poor dejected tenant, and how much God is pleased when we compassionate the poor; and though God loves sacrifice yet ye loves mercy so much better, that he is best pleased when he is called the God of mercy; and told him, the riches he was possessed of were given him by that God of mercy; who would not be pleased, if he, that had so much given and forgiven him too, should prove like the rich steward in the gospel, that took his fellow-creature by the throat to make him pay the utmost farthing.—Besides, riches unjustly gotten, and added to his great estate, would, as Job says, 'prove like gravel in his teeth;' and would, in time, so corrode and gnaw his conscience, or become so nauseous when he lies upon his death bed, that he would then labour to vomit it up, and not be able; and therefore advised him to make friends with his unrighteous mammon (false and perishing opposed to the true riches) before that evil day came upon him: But, however,
neither

neither for his own, nor God's sake, to take any rent of his poor dejected tenant, for that were to gain a temporal, and lose his eternal happiness.—These, and other such reasons, were urged with so grave and so compassionate an earnestness, that the landlord forgave the tenant his whole rent. With how great joy did the meek and merciful doctor carry this good news to the tenant! and how mutual and ardent was their delight and comfort! holy Job boasts that *he had seen none perish for want of clothing, and that he had often made the widow's heart rejoice or sing for joy.*—Dr. Sanderfon might have made the same religious boast on this, and many like occasions.

A N E C D O T E.

A DISSIPATED Nobleman, in the time of HENRY VIII. having sold a manor of an hundred tenements, came laughing into Court with a new suit, saying, “Am not I a great man, who bear an hundred houses on my back?” Which CARDINAL WOLSEY (who was the son of a butcher at Ipswich) hearing, exclaimed, “You might have better employed the money in paying your debts.” “Indeed, my Lord,” replied the Nobleman, “you say well; for my Lord, my father, owed my master, your father, three half-pence for a calf's-head; so here is two-pence for it.”

THOUGHTS on SWEARING.

I AM always surpris'd when I hear those who are by birth, intellects and education, distinguished from the vulgar classes of mankind, indulge themselves in the frequent usage of the most solemn expressions

on

* Born 1491, reigned 1509-47.
 * Thomas Wolsey, born 1471; bishop of Lincoln, March 1514; Archbishop of York, Sept. 1514; cardinal 1515; died 1530.

on the most trifling occasions. Swearers of this stamp deserve particular reprehension, because they ought, by the decency of their own conversation, to discourage that impious abuse of language, which reigns, in a shocking manner, among the lower ranks of the human species. The swearer not only neilitates strongly against the third commandment; he also violates the laws of good breeding; he is not only an irreligious, he is, at the same time, an ungentle character: he who makes free with the awful name of the Supreme Being, in order to strengthen a frivolous assertion, or merely to give a ridiculous roundness to a ludicrous sentence, is little acquainted with the duties of a *Gentleman*, however he may plume himself upon his politeness, to say nothing of those of a *Christian*.

On Y O U T H.

BLITHSOME Goddess! Sprightly youth,
 Source of innocence and truth,
 Fairest virtues form thy train,
 Choiceest blessings crown thy reign;
 As thy opening charms advance,
 See them all around thee dance;
 See them all around thee bow,
 Weaving garlands for thy brow:
 Health presents her ruddy face,
 Vigour offers active grace;
 Mirth bestows her harmless wiles,
 Sportive frolicks, chearful smiles.
 Beauty, from her genuine springs,
 In thy lap her treasure flings:

These

These combine to deck thy mien,
 And on thy placid front are seen.
 Nature brings her purest fires,
 Love that glows with chaste desires;
 Friendship undebas'd by Art,
 Candour's unsuspicious heart;
 Valour's generous ardent flame,
 Burning with the thirst of fame;
 These, in simple colours dress'd;
 Grace the mirror of thy breast;
 Genius gives the tuneful quire,
 Thine the harp and thine the lyre;
 Thine the Poet's glowing themes,
 Thine are Fancy's purest dreams;
 Thine are Music's softest powers;
 Thine are Life's harmonious hours;
 Thine the jocund spirits gay,
 Dancing funs that round thee play;
 Hope that every wish supplies;
 Thoughtless ease that care defies;
 Virtues, pleasures, half divine,
 These, enchanting Youth! are thine.

LOCAL PREJUDICE.

A LONDONER being lately at Bristol, was shewn every thing remarkable there, whether the production of nature or art. But as every thing in that city, was, in his estimation, unequal to any of a similar nature in London, he was at length led to St. Vincent's Rocks, and was asked what he thought of these stupendous monuments of natural magnificence? He replied—"They was *divarting* enough—but that they was nothing to the *London Rocks*!"

On

On G R A C E
IN PAINTING AND POETRY.

WHEN Beauty reigns o'er every single part,
 And all unite without affected Art,
 Or lazy Negligence; there sweetly shines
 The sacred form of *Grace*! The whole combines,
 With soft enchantment to pervade the Breast;
 The darling form of *Grace* stands full confess'd.
 'Twas thus *Apelles* caught the wond'ring eye;
Greece saw his works with those of Nature vie.
 Such energy and ease she saw conjoin,
 To draw his firm but gently flowing line!
 She saw such light and shade his tints
 With modest lustre, like the purple morn!
 'Twas thus that *Guido* and *Corregio* aim'd
 To emulate the Man so justly fam'd,
 And of *Italia's* mimic sons surpass
 The most renown'd, in soul transporting *Greece*.
 With rapture we behold their beauteous toil,
 Where Nature strikes, and where the *Graces* smile.
 Ah! could this pen, with kindred Genius fraught,
 In pleasing verse convey more pleasing thought,
 Delight the fancy, and inflame the Heart,
 With charms the *Graces* only can impart;
 Fair *Virtue* love immortal should inspire;
 Each faint should triumph, and each youth admire.

A CONTEMPLATION ON NIGHT.

WHETHER, amid the gloom of night I stray,
 Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
 Still nature's various face informs my sense
 Of an all-wise, all-powerful providence.

When the gay sun first breaks the shades of night,
 And strikes the distant hills with eastern light,
 Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear,
 And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;
 The blooming flowers with opening beauties glow,
 And grazing flocks their milky fleeces shew.
 The barren cliffs, with chalky fronts, arise,
 And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.

But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
 Stript of her fading pride, all nature mourns;
 The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
 But weep, in dewy tears, their beauty lost.
 No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes,
 Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.
 Yet still ev'n now, while darkness clothes the land,
 We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;
 Millions of stars in heaven's wide vault appear,
 And with new glories hang the boundless sphere.
 The silver moon her western couch forsakes,
 And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes;
 Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
 And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether those stars, that twinkling lustre send,
 Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
 Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare,
 Yet all his systems but conjectures are.

N n n

But

But this we know, that heaven's eternal king,
 Who bid this universe from nothing spring,
 Can at his word bid num'rous worlds appear,
 And rising worlds th' all-powerful word shall hear.

When to the western main the sun descends,
 To other lands a rising day he lends ;
 The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
 The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise.
 Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
 And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.
 While we, in sleep's embraces, waste the night,
 The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light.
 And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
 With us again the rosy morning wakes ;
 In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
 And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the poor soul is from the body flown,
 No more shall night's alternate reign be known ;
 The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
 But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow.
 Oh ! may some nobler thought my soul employ,
 Than empty, transient, sublunary joy !
 The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,
 But thou, O God ! for ever shine the same.

ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT,

LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

HIS Majesty being *incognito* at Amsterdam, wished to speak to a banker who was to pay him a considerable sum of money. He therefore
 went

went to his house ; but not finding him at home, the banker's wife said he would soon be back, and if he chose he might wait in the parlour, the door of which she opened. The King, who did not discover himself to the lady, accepted the proposal ; but was not in the least aware of the compliment he was going to receive ; for she begged him to leave his shoes at the door. The King scraped and wiped them as clean as possible ; but all in vain ;—he was at last obliged to submit to the ceremony. The lady was not polite enough to stay with him till her husband returned, which was shortly after, and who was much astonished to see the monarch under his roof ; but was near sinking with shame when he saw him without his shoes. Throwing himself on his knees to beg pardon for his wife : “Heavens, why did not your Majesty discover yourself?” “Quite the contrary,” said the King, “I took pains not to do it : for the King of Prussia himself could not have released me from this little ceremony.” In this he was not deceived. The banker's wife was called. “What have you done?” exclaimed the husband, informing her of the quality of his visitor. “Down on your knees, and beg pardon for your rudeness.” Well, says she, I cannot help it : kings and queens must submit—don't I pull off my shoes, although the mistress of the apartment? You are perfectly right, madam, answered this best of kings. “Now, my dear Sir, are you convinced? I was certain that my submission, and keeping *incognito*, would save the King of Prussia from disgrace.”

A MAN PERISHING IN THE SNOW,

WITH REFLECTIONS ON THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

(THOMSON.)

AS thus the snows arise ; and foul, and fierce,
 All winter drives along the darkened air ;
 In his own loose-revolving fields the swain
 Disaster'd stands : sees other hills ascend,

N n n 2

Of

Of unknown joyless brow ! and other scenes,
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain,
 Not finds the river, nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
 Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
 Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
 What black despair, what horror fills the heart!
 When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
 His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the tract, and blest abode of man ;
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
 Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent beyond the power of frost,
 Of faithless bogs, of precipices huge,
 Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land, unknown,
 What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mix'd with the tender anguish, nature shoots
 Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
 In vain for him th' officious wife prepares

The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
 Nor wife, nor children, no more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
 The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corpse,
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
 Ah little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death
 And all the sad variety of pain:
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame: how many bleed,
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man:
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs: how many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
 Of misery: sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the fordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty: how many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic muse:
 Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,

With

With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
 In deep retir'd distress: how many stand
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish.—Thought fond man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills
 That one incessant struggle render life,
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;
 The conscious heart of charity would warm,
 And her wide wish benevolence dilate;
 The social tear would raise the social sigh;
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

THE HISTORY OF ALMAMOULIN

THE SON OF NOURADIN.

IN the reign of *Jenghiz Can*, conqueror of the east in the city of *Samar-cand*, lived *Nouradin* the merchant, renowned throughout all the regions of *India*, for the extent of his commerce, and the integrity of his dealings. His warehouses were filled with all the commodities of the remotest nations; every rarity of nature, every curiosity of art, whatever was valuable, whatever was useful, hastened to his hand. The streets were crowded with his carriages, the sea was covered with his ships, the streams of *Oxus* were wearied with conveyance, and every breeze of the sky wafted wealth to *Nouradin*.

At length *Nouradin* felt himself seized with a slow malady, which he first endeavoured to divert by application, and afterwards to relieve by luxury

ury and indulgence; but finding his strength every day less, he was at last terrified, and called for help upon the sages of physic; they filled his apartments with alexipharmics, restoratives, and essential virtues, the pearls of the ocean were dissolved, the spices of *Arabia* were distilled, and all the powers of nature were employed to give new spirits to his nerves, and new balsam to his blood. *Nouradin* was for some time amused with promises, invigorated with cordials, or soothed with anodynes, but the disease preyed upon his vitals, and he soon discovered with indignation, that health was not to be bought. He was confined to his chamber, deserted by his physicians, and rarely visited by his friends; but his unwillingness to die flattered him long with hopes of life.

At length, having passed the night in tedious languor, he called to him *Almamoulin*, his only son; and dismissing his attendants, "My son," says he, "behold here the weakness and fragility of man: look backward a few days, thy father was great and happy, fresh as the vernal rose, and strong as the cedar of the mountain; the nations of *Asia* drank his dews, and art and commerce delighted in his shade. Malevolence beheld me and sighed: His root, ~~the~~ cried, is fixed in the depths; it is watered by the fountains of *Oxus*; it sends out branches afar, and bids defiance to the blast; prudence reclines against his trunk, and prosperity dances on his top. Now, *Almamoulin*, look upon me withering and prostrate; look upon me and attend. I have trafficked, I have prospered, I have rioted in gain; my house is splendid, my servants are numerous; yet I displayed only a small part of my riches; the rest, which I was hindered from enjoying by the fear of raising envy, or tempting rapacity, I have piled in towers, I have buried in caverns, I have hidden in secret repositories, which this scroll will discover. My purpose was, after ten months more spent in commerce, to have withdrawn my wealth to a safer country; to have given seven years to delight and festivity, and the remaining part of my days to solitude and repentance; but the hand of death is upon me, a frigid torpor encroaches upon my veins; I am now leaving the produce of my toil, which it must be thy business to enjoy with wisdom." The thought
of

of leaving his wealth filled *Nouradin* with such grief, that he fell into convulsions, became delirious, and expired.

Almamoulin, who loved his father, was touched awhile with honest sorrow, and sat two hours in profound meditation, without perusing the paper which he held in his hand. He then retired to his own chamber, as overborne with affliction, and there read the inventory of his new possessions, which swelled his heart with such transports, that he no longer lamented his father's death. He was now sufficiently composed to order a funeral of modest magnificence, suitable at once to the rank of *Nouradin's* profession, and the reputation of his wealth. The two next nights he spent in visiting the tower and the caverns, and found the treasures greater to his eye than to his imagination. *Almamoulin* had been bred to the practice of exact frugality, and had often looked with envy on the finery and expences of other young men: he therefore believed, that happiness was now in his power, since he could obtain all of which he had hitherto been accustomed to regret the want. He resolved to give a loose to his desires, to revel in enjoyment, and feel pain or uneasiness no more.

He immediately procured a splendid equipage, dressed his servants in rich embroidery, and covered his horses with golden caparisons. He showered down silver on the populace, and suffered their acclamations to swell him with insolence. The nobles saw him with anger, the wise men of the state combined against him, the leaders of armies threatened his destruction. *Almamoulin* was informed of his danger, he put on the robe of mourning in the presence of his enemies, and appeased them with gold, and gems, and supplication.

He then sought to strengthen himself by an alliance with the princes of *Tartary*, and offered the price of kingdoms for a wife of noble birth. His suit was generally rejected, and his presents refused; but a princess of *Astracan* once condescended to admit him to her presence. She received him sitting on a throne, attired in the robe of royalty, and shining with the jewels of *Golconda*; command sparkled in her eyes, and dignity towered on

on her forehead. *Almamoulin* approached and trembled. She saw his confusion, and disdained him: How, says she, dares the wretch hope my obedience, who thus shrinks at my glance? Retire, and enjoy thy riches in sordid ostentation; thou wast born to be wealthy, but never canst be great.

He then contracted his desires to more private and domestic pleasures. He built palaces, he laid out gardens, he changed the face of the land, he transplanted forests, he levelled mountains, opened prospects into distant regions, poured fountains from the tops of turrets, and rolled rivers through new channels. These amusements pleased him for a time; but languor and weariness soon invaded him. His bowers lost their fragrance, and the waters murmured without notice. He purchased large tracts of land in distant provinces, adorned them with houses of pleasure, and diversified them with accommodations for different seasons. Change of place at first relieved his satiety, but all the novelties of situation were soon exhausted; he found his heart vacant and his desires, for want of eternal objects, ravaging himself.

He therefore returned to *Sarmacand* and set open his doors to those whom idleness sends out in search of pleasure. His tables were always covered with delicacies, wines of every vintage sparkled in his bowls, and his lamps scattered perfumes. The sound of the lute, and the voice of the singer, chased away sadness; every hour was crowded with pleasure; and the day ended and began with feasts and dances, and revelry and merriment. *Almamoulin* cried out, "I have at last found the use of my riches; I am surrounded by companions, who view my greatness without envy; and I enjoy at once the rapture of popularity, and the safety of an obscure station. What trouble can he feel, whom all are studious to please, that they may be repaid with pleasure? What danger can he dread, to whom every man is a friend?"

Such were the thoughts of *Almamoulin*, as he looked down from a gallery upon the gay assembly regaling at his expence: but in the midst of this soliloquy, an officer of justice entered the house, and in the form of legal

citation, summoned *Almamoulin* to appear before the emperor. The guests stood awhile aghast, then stole imperceptibly away, and he was led off without a single voice to witness his integrity. He now found one of his most frequent visitants accusing him of treason, in hopes of sharing his confiscation; yet, unpatronized, and unsupported, he cleared himself by the openness of innocence, and the consistence of truth; he was dismissed with honour, and his accuser perished in prison.

Almamoulin now perceived with how little reason he had hoped for justice, or fidelity from those who live only to gratify their senses: and being now weary with vain experiments upon life and fruitless researches after felicity, he had recourse to a sage, who, after spending his youth in travel and observation, had retired from all human cares, to a small habitation on the banks of *Oxus*, where he conversed only with such as solicited his counsel. "Brother," said the philosopher, "thou hast suffered thy reason to be deluded by idle hopes, and fallacious appearances. Having long looked with desire upon riches, thou hadst taught thyself to think them more valuable than nature designed them, and to expect from them, what experience has now taught thee, that they cannot give. That they do not confer wisdom, thou mayest be convinced, by considering at how dear a price they tempted thee, upon thy first entrance into the world, to purchase the empty sound of vulgar acclamation. That they cannot bestow fortitude or magnanimity, that man may be certain, who stood trembling at *Astracan*, before a being not naturally superior to himself. That they will not supply unexhausted pleasure, the recollection of forsaken palaces, and neglected gardens, will easily inform thee. That they rarely purchase friends, thou didst soon discover, when thou wert left to stand thy trial uncountenanced, and alone. Yet think not riches useless; there are purposes, to which a wise man may be delighted to apply them; they may, by a rational distribution to those who want them, ease the pains of helpless disease, still the throbs of restless anxiety, relieve innocence from oppression, and raise imbecility to cheerfulness and vigour. This they will enable thee to perform, and this will

will afford the only happiness ordained for our present state, the confidence of divine favour, and the hope of future rewards."

A SIGNAL INSTANCE OF ENGLISH FORTITUDE.

IN the year 1709, when our forces were in Spain, Alicant, a place of great importance to our ally King Charles, was besieged by an army of 12000 men. As this city and castle had been taken by the remarkable valour of the british seamen; so the siege of it afterwards, when the English defended it, was one of the most remarkable actions in this age: The following is a succinct account of the whole affair, from the time the place was invested, to its surrender.

Alicant is a city and port, commanded by a strong castle, standing on a rock, at a small distance from the sea, and about sixty-eight miles south from the capital city of Valencia. There was in it a good garrison under the command of Major General Richards, which made a very obstinate defence against a very numerous army of the enemy, with a very large train of heavy artillery, and excellently supplied with ammunition. At last, the city being absolutely untenable, the garrison resolved to retire into the castle, which had hitherto been esteemed impregnable. They sunk three cisterns in the solid rock, and then, with incredible labour, filled them with water. The troops that retired into it, were Sir Charles Hotham's regiment, and that of Colonel Sibourg, generally called the French regiment, because it was composed of refugees. After some progress made in this second siege, the French saw that it was impossible to do any great matter in the usual way, and therefore, contrary to all expectation, resolved upon a work, excessively laborious, and in all outward appearance impracticable; which was that of mining through the solid rock, in order to blow up the castle and its garrison into the air together. At first Major General Richards, and all the officers in the place, looked upon the enemy's scheme as a thing impossible

to be accomplished, and were secretly well pleased with their undertaking, in hopes it would give time for our fleet to come to their relief; yet, this did not hinder them from doing all that lay in their power to incommode the workmen, and at last to countermine them.

The besiegers, however, wrought so incessantly, and brought such numbers of peasants to assist them in their labours, that they having, in about twelve weeks time, finished the works for this service, and charged them with 1500 barrels of powder, and other materials of destruction, summoned the castle to surrender, March 2d, most solemnly assuring a safe and honourable convoy to Barcelona, with bag and baggage for every person in it, if they submitted within three days, and prevented the ruin of the castle, but threatened otherwise, no mercy should be shewn, if any might accidentally escape the blow. To demonstrate the reality of their design, they desired the garrison might depute three or more engineers, with other gentlemen of competent skill, to view their works, and make a faithful report of what they saw. Accordingly two field officers went to the mine, and were allowed the liberty of making what scrutiny they pleased; upon which, they told the governor, that if their judgment failed them not, the explosion would carry up the whole castle to the easternmost battery, unless it took vent in their own countermine, or vein; but, at least, they conceived it would carry away the sea battery, the lodging rooms in the castle close, some of the chambers cut for soldiers barracks, and, they very much feared, might affect the great cistern.

A grand council of war was called upon this; the French message delivered, and the engineers made their report. The besieged acknowledged their want of water; but believing the fleet might be sensible of their distress, and consequently under some concern for their relief, their unanimous resolution was, to commit themselves to the providence of God, and, whatever fate attended them, to stand the springing of the mine. The French General and Spanish officers expressed the utmost concern at this answer, and the second night of the three allowed, sent to divert them from what they called, and it is very likely thought, inexcusable obstinacy, offering the

the same honourable articles as before, even upon that late compliance; but these were still rejected by the besieged. The fatal third night approaching, and no fleet seen, the French sent their last summons, and withal an assurance, that their mine was primed, and should be sprung by six o'clock the next morning; and though, as they saw, all hope and prospect of relief was vain, yet there was room for safety still, and the terms already proposed were in their power to accept. The besieged persisted in their adherence to the result of their first council, and the French met their usual answer again; therefore, as a prologue of their intended tragedy, they ordered all the inhabitants of that quarter to withdraw from their houses before five o'clock the ensuing morning. The besieged, in the mean time, kept a general guard, devoting themselves to their meditations. The Major General, Colonel Sibourg, and Lieutenant Colonel Thorncroft, of Sir Charles Hotham's regiment, sat together in the Governor's usual lodging room; other officers cantoned themselves as their tempers inclined them, to pass the melancholy night.

At length, day appearing, the Governor was informed that the inhabitants were flying in crowds to the westernmost part of the town. The Governor, attended by the above mentioned gentlemen, and about five or six other officers, went to the west battery, to inform himself better. After he had remained there about a quarter of an hour, Lieutenant Colonel Thorncroft desired him to remove, as being unable to do any service there; he and Colonel Sibourg answered that no danger was to be apprehended there, more than in any other place; that there they would wait the event. The Lieutenant Colonel remained, because his superiors did, and other officers imitated the same example, but the hour of five being now considerably past, the corporal's guard cried out, that the train was fired, observing some smoke from the lighted matches, and other combustible matter near it, from whence the same ascended to the centinels above; the governor and field officers were then urged to retreat, but refused.

The mine at last blew up; the rock opened and shut; the whole mountain felt the convulsion; the Governor and field officers, with their company,

ten

ten guns, and two mortars, were buried in the abyfs; the walls of the castle shook; part of the great cistern fell; another cistern almost closed, and the rock shut a man to his neck in its cliff, who lived many hours in that afflicting posture. About thirty-six centinels and women were swallowed in different quarters, whose dying groans were heard, some of them after the fourth mournful day. Many houses of the town were overwhelmed in their ruins, and the castle suffered much, but that it wears any form at all, was owing to the vent which the explosion forced through the veins of the rock, and the countermine. After the loss of the chief officers, the government fell of course to Lieutenant Colonel D'Albon, of Sibourg's regiment, who drew out a detachment from the whole garrison, and with it made a desperate sally, to shew how little he was moved at their thunder. The bombs from the castle played upon the town more violently, and the shot galled every corner of their streets; which marks of their resentment they continued till the arrival of our fleet, which they had expected so long.

The Spanish and French historians speak of this action with all imaginable regard to the gallant defence made by the besieged. The Spanish army was then commanded by the Chevalier D'Asfeldt, who was then in the French service, and looked upon as the very best officer they ever sent to King Philip. He was an excellent engineer, saw at once what was to be done, and having formed his plan, pursued it steadily, and accomplished it generally. Under him commanded Don Pedro Ronquillo, a Spanish General of distinguished merit. D'Asfeldt contrived and directed the mine. Ronquillo raised and defended the entrenchments between the castle and the sea. Both punctually performed their parts, though both were difficult, D'Asfeldt was very strict and austere: the Spaniards even of his own party, thought him cruel; yet, upon this occasion, he not only shewed himself generous, but humane. He used every argument to persuade Major General Richards to spare himself and his brave garrison, and deplored their loss with tenderness and affection. The Spaniards magnified their heroic conduct, and called the ruined castle, the monument of English courage.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE OF SALADIN, SOLDAN OF EGYPT.

SALADIN, the Soldan of Egypt, though he had dominions enough of his own, was always ready, when occasion offered, to make free with other people's. At his return, without success, from the siege of Mouful, in Syria, he seized into his hands the whole lordship of Emeffa, in prejudice to the right of Nasir Eddin, the young Prince who claimed it. And this he did upon pretence, that the father of the youth had forfeited it, by giving countenance to confederacies against the Soldan's interest. Saladan, however, ordered that proper care should be taken of the injured Prince's education: and being desirous to observe what progress he made in his studies, he was brought one day before the Soldan; who asked him, with much gravity, in what part of the Alcoran he was reading? I am come, replied the young Prince, (to the surprize of all who were near him) to that verse which informs me, that he who devours the estates of orphans, is not a King, but a Tyrant. The Soldan was much startled at the turn and spirit of his repartee; but, after some pause and recollection, returned the youth this generous answer: He who speaks with such resolution, would act with so much courage, that I restore you to your father's possessions, lest I should be thought to stand in fear of a virtue, which I only reverence.

ANECDOTE OF AN ALDERMAN.

A Fashionable Emigrant was some time ago invited, on Michaelmas-day, to dine with an Alderman in the city, in whose hands he had lodged some money, and was for a long time tormented with the extravagant encomiums on a Giblet-Pye, which his host was most voraciously devouring. "Have you ever, Mounseer," said the Alderman, "seen any thing like it?"—"Nothing in my life," replied the other, except your Worship's wig."—"That's a good one," replied the Alderman; "but pray how is my wig like that pye?" The Frenchman rejoined, "because it has a Goose's head in it."

ANEC-

ANECDOTE OF KING WILLIAM.

WHEN Sir Thomas Littleton was Treasurer of the Navy, the court party proposed him for Speaker of the House of Commons. Sir George Rooke took the liberty to oppose this motion, and alledged, for a reason, that it was impossible for the Treasurer of the Navy to give such a constant attendance in the house as the business of the chair required, without neglecting the duty of his other employment. As reasonable as this objection seemed to be, the ministers, at that time, resented it highly. They said it was an unpardonable crime for any servant of the crown to oppose the King's measures, (as ministers commonly call their own measures) and advised his Majesty to dismiss Sir George Rooke from his service; but that great monarch very wisely and honestly replied, "that he would never discharge a brave, experienced Admiral, who had always behaved himself well in his service, for no other reason than his conduct in Parliament."

This story shews how tender the liberties of Parliament are, according to the opinion of one of the greatest and wisest monarchs that ever sat on the English throne.

ANECDOTE OF FOUR SHARPERS.

FOUR genteelly dressed sharpers went to a reputable Inn near Kennington, where they ordered an excellent dinner, and had a quantity of wine. They at last rung for the bill; the waiter came up with it, when they rose one after another, with their hands in their pockets, and quarrelling with each other who should pay the reckoning, each swore that he would pay for the rest. At last one of them proposed to toss up for it, which the remainder refused. It was then proposed to hood-wink the waiter, and the company to dance around him without shoes, and the first who was caught should pay; to which the waiter consented. The dance lasted for a little time, but ended in the surprize of the waiter, when he pulled the handkerchief from his eyes, and saw none of his guests, who had previously disappeared.

ANECDOTE

OF THE CELEBRATED DUKE DE ROCLORE, THE FAVOURITE WIT AND
 BUFFOON OF LEWIS XIV.

THE Duke de Roclore was in his person far from being agreeable: his countenance was rather forbidding, and his person was aukward. Another Nobleman, whose personal beauty was even inferior to that of Roclore, having killed his antagonist in a duel, applied to the Duke for his interest and protection, knowing it was the only channel through which he could obtain a pardon. The Duke readily engaged in his friend's interest, and fairly rallied the King into a compliance. After the King had finished his fit of laughter, and given his Royal promise, he added, "But for Heaven's sake, Roclore, what could induce you to be so strenuous in his intercession?" "I will tell your Majesty: if he had suffered, I then should have been the ugliest man in all France."

 ANECDOTE OF KING GEORGE THE SECOND.

DURING the siege of Fort St. Philip, a young Lieutenant of the Marines was so unhappy as to lose both his legs by a chain-shot. In this miserable and helpless condition he was conveyed by the first opportunity to England, and a memorial of his case presented to an honourable board, in order to obtain some additional consideration to the narrow stipend of half-pay. The honourable board pitied the youth, but disregarded the petition. Major Mason had the poor Lieutenant conducted to Court on a public day, in his uniform; where, posted in the Guard-room, and supported by two of his brother officers, he cried out, as the King was passing to the Drawing-Room, *Behold, great Sire, a man who refuses to bend his knee to you, he has lost both in your service.* The King, struck no less by

the singularity of this address, than by the melancholy object before him, stopped, and hastily demanded what had been done for him. *Half-Pay*, (replied the Lieutenant) *and please your Majesty.*—*Eye, sye on't*, said the King, shaking his head, *but let me see you again next Levee-day.* The Lieutenant did not fail to appear at the place of assignation, when he received from the immediate hands of Royalty, five hundred pounds smart money, and an appointment of two hundred a year, to be paid quarterly so long as he lived.

ANECDOTE

OF A COUNSELLOR FAMED FOR HIS ELOQUENCE AND COVETOUSNESS.

A Certain Counsellor, famed both for his eloquence and covetousness, and who seldom considered the goodness of the cause that he undertook, provided his client could pay him, was consulted by a notorious robber, who promised him a large reward, provided that he brought him off; and the pleader so dexterously managed, that he saved the rogue from the gallows: and the client, to shew his gratitude to his good friend, as soon as freed, hastened to his house, and presented him with a thousand crowns. The Counsellor in return to so generous a client, solicited the favour of his company to supper, and the night proving wet and dark, further invited him to take a bed there, which offer he accepted. The guest arose in the middle of the night, found the way to the room of his hospitable host, and without ceremony bound and gagged him,—repocketed his thousand crowns, and broke open a chest, in which he found plenty of silver and gold, with which (after wishing him a good night) he marched off in triumph.—If we screen a villain at the expence of our conscience, from law and justice, we merit no other return than ingratitude.

THE

THE DISTRESS OF POVERTY,

EXEMPLIFIED IN AN AFFECTING STORY.

IN the year 1662, when Paris was afflicted with a long and severe famine, M. de Sallo, returning from a summer's evening walk, with only a foot-boy, was accosted by a man, who presented his pistol, and, in a manner far from the resoluteness of an hardened robber, asked him for his money. M. de Sallo, observing that he came to the wrong man, and that he could get little from him, added, " I have only three pistoles about me, which are not worth a scuffle, so much good may they do you, but let me tell you, you are in a bad way." The man took them and walked off, without asking for more, with an air of dejection and terror.

The fellow was no sooner gone, than M. de Sallo ordered the boy to follow him, to see where he went, and to give him an account of every thing. The lad obeyed, followed him through several obscure streets, and at length saw him enter into a baker's shop, where he observed him change one of the pistoles, and buy a large brown loaf. With this purchase he went a few doors farther, and, entering an alley, ascended a pair of stairs. The boy crept up after him to the fourth story, where he saw him go into a room that had no other light but that it received from the moon; and peeping through a crevice, he perceived him throw it on the floor, and burst into tears, saying, " there, eat your fill, that's the dearest loaf I ever bought; I have robbed a gentleman of three pistoles; let us husband them well, and let me have no more teazings, for soon or late these doings must bring me to the gallows, and all to satisfy your clamours." His lamentations were answered by those of the whole family; and the wife, having at length calmed the agony of his mind, took up the loaf, and cutting it, gave four pieces to four starving children.

The boy, having thus happily performed his commission, returned home and gave his master an account of every thing he had seen and heard. M. de Sallo, who was much moved, ordered the boy to call him at five in the

morning: this humane gentleman arose at the time appointed, and, taking the boy with him to shew him the way, enquired in the neighbourhood the character of a man who lived in such a garret with a wife and four children; when he was told, that he was a very industrious, good kind of man;—that he was a shoemaker, and a neat workman, but was overburthened with a family, and had a hard struggle to live in such bad times.

Satisfied with this account, M. de Sallo ascended to the shoemaker's garret, and knocked at the door; it was opened by the poor man himself, who knowing him at first sight to be the person he had robbed the evening before, fell at his feet, and implored his mercy,—pleading the extreme distress of his family, and begging that he would forgive his first crime. M. de Sallo desired him to make no noise, for he had not the least intention to hurt him. “You have a good character among your neighbours, said he, but must soon expect to be cut off, if you are now so wicked to continue the freedoms you took with me. Hold your hand, here are thirty pistoles to buy leather; husband it well, and set your children a commendable example. To put you out of farther temptations to commit such ruinous and fatal actions, I will encourage your industry: I hear you are a neat workman, and you shall take measure of me and this boy for two pair of shoes each, and he shall call upon you for them.” The whole family appeared struck with joy, amazement and gratitude, and M. de Sallo departed greatly moved, and with a mind filled with satisfaction at having saved a man, and perhaps a family, from the commission of further guilt, from an ignominious death, and perhaps from eternal perdition. Never could a day be much better begun; the consciousness of having performed such an action, whenever it recurs to the mind of a reasonable being, must be attended with pleasure, and that self-complacency and secret approbation which is more desirable than gold and all the pleasures of the earth.

ANECDOTE OF THE FAMOUS WALLER.

AFTER that remarkable, and never to be forgotten period of time, when the most unfortunate prince fell a sacrifice to the fury of an incensed and enthusiastic people, and there was some reason to think the royal family of the Stuarts would never fill the throne of these kingdoms, Waller made his court to the Protector, and bestowed the most lavish encomiums on that artful, that pretended guardian of English liberty. He arrayed tyranny, murder, and usurpation in the robes of mercy, justice, and benevolence. But when Charles was recalled, and took possession of the throne of his ancestors, the poet changed his strain, congratulated the monarch's restoration, and celebrated the happiness that would undoubtedly flow from that very monarchical government, which he had before considered as a species of tyranny, and an unjust restraint upon British liberty.

When he presented his poem to the King, which was done in a crowded drawing-room, and, doubtless, every one impatient to know how his Majesty would receive both the poet and his performance, as the pains he had taken to ingratiate himself both with Cromwell and his son Richard were sufficiently known, some expected he would have been forbid the Court, and the person who had introduced him have received a severe reprimand: but those who thought in this manner, did not sufficiently know the character of that prince. He read the verses to himself, and then looking at Mr. Waller, with a smile said, "these lines are extremely good; but I think several of those you wrote on the Protector were still better." Waller, with a presence of mind equal to his other great talents, replied, with a low bow, "O may it please your Majesty, we poets always write better on fiction than on truth."

This answer, and the manner in which it was made, entirely removed all the remains of discontent the King might have conceived against him for his former behaviour; and whatever he wrote afterwards always met with a favourable reception; wit being, in that prince, a sufficient sanction for almost any offence, when it regarded only himself.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE

OF THE FAMOUS PAINTER ANNIBAL CARRACHE.

AMONG the beautiful paintings, none are more deservedly admired than those in the Farnesian Gallery. They are executed in Fresco by Annibal Carrache, and represent the amours of the gods and goddesses, with the history of Andromeda. All the paintings were so surprisingly beautiful, that the best judges are of opinion, that no gallery in the universe can be compared to this. But merit is not always properly rewarded. Carrache experienced this; for when the gallery was finished, Pope Paul III. asked his favourite Gioseppino, otherwise Joseph d'Arpino, what reward the painter deserved for this admirable performance. D'Arpino, who was himself a painter, and extremely jealous of Carrache's high reputation, told the Pope that two thousand crowns would do very well, though he knew, in his conscience, that an hundred thousand would hardly be a sufficient equivalent. The silly Pontiff listened to his adviser; and Carrache hearing of this unjust transaction, was so enraged, that he swore by his Maker, that he would be revenged both of the Pope and his adviser. He set out immediately for Naples, and, having no money, was obliged to travel on foot.

The first stage he stopped at was a wretched village, called Piperno, where the fatigues of his journey, and the vexations of his mind, threw him into a long and dangerous fit of illness. To complete the poor artist's misfortunes, his landlord grew very insolent, taking every opportunity of teizing him for money. Carrache was long at a loss how to pacify his rude host; but at last thought of the following expedient, which he apprehended would at once satisfy the innkeeper, and his own resentment against the Pope. He had recourse to his pencil and colours, drew on a piece of broken chest an ass of a monstrous size, magnificently accoutred, and decorated with the ignorant Pontiff's arms. The driver of this beast was proportionably large and tall, representing to the life the envious Gioseppino. The picture being finished, Carrache advised his landlord to set it up instead of the old sign post of his inn. This being done, the novelty of the painting

painting drew the eyes of travellers, and occasioned a very considerable quantity of money to be spent in the house. Many of them being well acquainted with Gioseppino, soon guessed the true reason of his portrait being placed there. This occasioned a great deal of mirth and laughter in Rome, at the expence of the Pope and his worthless favourite, whose excessive mortification is much easier imagined than expressed. Thus the poor and injured painter found means to reward his landlord for his trouble and expence, and at the same time to mortify his enemies.

ANECDOTE

OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA AND DR. TAYLOR.

WHEN Dr. Taylor, the Oculist, was at Berlin, his Majesty of Prussia, for some reasons, held the English then at arm's length, and was so little desirous of pleasing the country in general, that he would hardly be civil to any particular part of it, though backed with title, or offices of state. Lord D——, Earl S——, and the Duke of St. ——, and many great commoners, were then in the city of Berlin, but never once invited to court. Nay, so slighted were they, that on the parade, (the general resort of all foreigners, while the guard mounts) the King would publicly say to Gen. Keith, and Lord Marshall, "What! are your countrymen not gone yet?" Observe, as a farther proof of his revenge; his Ambassador at Paris, and the French Ambassador to his court, were both attainted Peers of this kingdom; namely, the Lords Marshall and Tyrconnel; as the own and only brother of the former was at that time also commander in chief of all his forces. But to the point; at the time the English nobility were thus whimsically excluded the court, our Chevalier Oculist was publicly admitted; nay, to render it more satirical against us, with double honour, superior to what a person of that rank deserved, however his usual vanity might desire, or perhaps expect it. This Doctor was however strongly suspected

pected of being employed by our ministry, as a private observer of the actions of several princes, and his profession gave him these opportunities, as he was perpetually fluctuating between one court and another, and admitted to their presence.

The Oculist being introduced to the King, his Majesty (with his usual politeness) asked him what favours he could confer on him, being ready to distinguish all men of eminence like himself. The Doctor only desired to have the honour of being Oculist to his Majesty; and which, to make short of it, the King readily granted; adding, "as I do not love to suspend any one's happiness long, be at court to morrow early, and your patent shall be ready."

The Doctor, flushed with this unexpected promotion, now appeared at court as by royal command; but notwithstanding a double parade of lacques and equipage, on his approach, the King said, "you desire to be my Oculist—there is your patent; you must take the usual oaths on these occasions: that done, come to me again."

On reporting to the King that all necessary forms were gone through, his Majesty said, "you desired to be my Oculist—you are so: my eyes want no assistance; yet are you my Oculist, but if you touch the eyes of one of my subjects, I will hang you up. I love my subjects equally as myself."

The Doctor departed (or was rather ordered to depart) in six hours: he pleaded for more time to pack up his eyes and implements, but was refused; and a guard being set over him, he was escorted like any delinquent to the borders of Saxony, that being the country most contiguous. The respect his Majesty seemed first to pay him in preference to all the English (of which number the smallest was his superior) now appeared a still stronger satire against England, and proved, that he suspected the Doctor's other profession, in conjunction with those of Oculist, Orator, and Professor of every science.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE THE FIRST.

THIS illustrious Monarch evinced by his words and actions the true sense which he entertained of the duty of a King. Among the many proofs of this kind, the following should not be forgotten.

In answer to a petition of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London, on the 6th of November 1718, his Majesty said, "I shall be glad, not only for your sakes but my own, if any defects, which may touch the rights of my good subjects, are discovered in my time, since that will furnish me with the means of giving you and all my people an indisputable proof of my tendernefs of their privileges."

ANECDOTE OF THE CELEBRATED DR. GARTH.

WHILE Dr. Garth was detained in his chariot one day in a little street near Covent Garden, in consequence of a bloody battle between two female bruifers, an old woman hobbled out of a cellar, and begged him for God's sake *to take a look* at her husband, who was *in a mortal bad way*; adding, "I know you are a sweet-tempered gentleman, as well as a *cute* Doctor, and therefore make bold to *ax* your advice, for which I shall be obliged to you as long as I live."

The Doctor, whose good nature was really equal to his medical knowledge, instead of being offended with the old woman's redundant address to him, quitted his chariot immediately, and followed her to her husband; but finding, by his appearance, that he wanted *food* more than *physic*, and having reason to believe, from the answers which they both returned to his questions, that they deserved his charity as much as they excited his compassion, sat down and wrote a draught on his banker for ten pounds.

ANECDOTES

OF THE GREAT LORD HALLIFAX AND MR. ADDISON.

MR. Addison had the honour to accompany Lord Hallifax when he set out for Greenwich, to wait upon King George the First. Before he went, he took him into his library, and with an air that spoke the infinite satisfaction of his mind, expressed himself in these words: "Well, Sir, we have at length gained a complete victory; the Hanover succession takes place, the King is landed, and we shall soon have the pleasure to kiss his hand. You are so much my friend, that I must tell you plainly I expect to have the white staff; and I have been long considering, and am come to a resolution how to behave: I came into the world with little or no fortune: every man will try to make his private circumstances easy; I thank God, I have made mine so: I have got more money than it is, perhaps, proper every body should know, and I am come to a full resolution to set up my rest, as to that point, where I am. I have been in my time a good deal in hot water, and as deeply engaged in parties as most men. To say the truth, I have done a great many things in the spirit of party, which, when I reflect on seriously, I am heartily ashamed of. I resolve, by the help of God, to make King George—not the head of a party, but the King of a glorious nation. To be sure a great many people must be removed from their posts: the Tories themselves can't expect it should be otherwise; and it would be the highest ingratitude not to reward several gentlemen, who have borne the heat of the day, and run all hazards for the house of Hanover; yet at the same time, if his Majesty will take my advice, there shall be no cruelties, no barbarities committed; every worthless fellow that has called himself a Whig, got drunk, and bawled at an election, shall not displace a man of ten times his own merit, only because he is a reputed Tory. I think I know that party; some of them did mean to elevate the Pretender; but yet there are others among them, that are as worthy men as ever lived. It is time the nation should be united; we shall then, indeed, be a formidable

ble people. I hope this glorious work has been reserved by providence for the reign of his present Majesty. I have told you already, that I do not propose to lay up a farthing out of the present profits of my post. I design to live in such a manner, as I hope shall be no dishonour to my master; and will, if possible, put an end to the scandalous practice of buying places. I am firmly resolved to recommend no man for a post in the government, but such an one as I believe to be a man of merit, and who will be a credit to his country and his King. As for you, Addison, as soon as I have got the staff myself, I intend to recommend you to his Majesty for one of his Secretaries of State."

Mr. Addison told his Lordship, that he did not aim at so high a post; and desired him to remember he was not a speaker of the House of Commons. Lord Hallifax briskly replied, "Come, prithee, Addison, no unseasonable modesty: I made thee Secretary to the Regency with this very view: thou hast now the best right of any man in England to be Secretary of State; nay, it will be a sort of displacing thee not to make thee so. If thou couldst but get over that silly sheepishness of thine, that makes thee sit in the house and hear a fellow prate for half an hour together, who has not a tenth part of thy good sense, I should be glad to see it; but since I believe it is impossible, we must contrive as well as we can. Thy pen has already been a credit to thy country, and I dare say will be a credit to thy King."

With these sentiments Lord Hallifax waited upon George the First at Greenwich, when he soon found that he had been a little too sanguine. Measures were taken very different from those which Lord Hallifax thought would have been most for the service of his King and Country.

Charles Montagu, 1661-1715. He was created Baron Halifax by ^{James} II. in 1700; Earl of Halifax by George I. and first Lord of the Treasury. Joseph Addison, 1672-1719. He became a Secretary of State in 1717.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE KING.

HIS Majesty once, on his return to England from his German dominions, having his carriage broke down between the Brill and Helvoetsluys, was obliged to stay at an obscure public-house on the road, whilst some of his servants went forward to order another carriage. The refreshment he had there, was a pot of coffee for himself and Lord Delawar, and four bottles of Hollands gin, made into punch, for the footmen: however, when the bill came to be called for, the honest Dutchman, knowing who he had under his roof, made out the following charge: "To refreshments for his Sacred Majesty King George the Second, and household, 91 £." Lord Delawar was so provoked at such an imposition, that he could not forbear raising his voice so loud, that the King overheard him, and insisted upon knowing the particulars; which his Lordship had no sooner informed him of, than he very good-humouredly replied, "He is a very great rogue: however, my Lord, let him be paid: Kings seldom call this way."

ANECDOTE OF ANN, DUCHESS OF ALBEMARLE,

WHO LIVED IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

ANN Clarges, Duchess of Albemarle, was the daughter of a Blacksmith, who gave her an education suitable to the employment she was bred to, which was that of a milliner. As the manners are generally formed early in life, she retained something of the smith's daughter, even at her highest elevation. She was first the mistress, afterwards the wife of General Monk; who had such an opinion of her understanding, that he often consulted her in the greatest emergencies. As she was a thorough Royalist, it is probable she had no inconsiderable share in the restoration.

She

She is supposed to have recommended several of the privy-counsellors in the list which the General presented to the King soon after his landing. It is more than probable that she carried on a very lucrative trade in selling of offices, which were generally filled by such as gave her most money. She was an implacable enemy to Lord Clarendon; and had so great an influence over her husband, as to prevail upon him to assist in the ruin of that great man, though he was one of his best friends. Indeed, the General was afraid to offend her, as she presently took fire, and her anger knew no bounds. She was a great mistress of all the low eloquence of abusive rage, and seldom failed to discharge a volley of curses against such as thoroughly provoked her. Nothing is more certain, than that the intrepid commander, who was never afraid of bullets, was often terrified by the fury of his wife.

A STORY OF AN ANCIENT DUTCH SEAMAN.

RELATED BY SIR WM. TEMPLE. (1628-1699).

AMONG the many and various hospitals that are in every man's curiosity and talk that visits Holland, I was affected with none more than that of the aged seamen at Enchusyen, which is contrived, finished, and ordered, as if it were finished with a kind intention of some well-natured man, that those who had passed their lives in the hardships and incommodities of the sea, should find a retreat stored with all the ease and convenience that old age is capable of feeling and enjoying. And here I met with the only rich man I ever saw in my life: for one of these old seamen entertaining me a good while with the plain stories of his fifty years voyages and adventures, while I was viewing this hospital and the church adjoining, I gave him at parting a piece of their coin, about the value of a crown. He took it smiling, and offered it me again; but when I refused it, he asked me what he should do with the money? I left him to overcome his modesty as he could; but a servant coming after me, saw him give it to a little

little girl that opened the church door, as she passed by him, which made me reflect upon the fantastic calculation of riches and poverty that is in the world, by which a man that wants a million is a prince, he that wants but a groat is a beggar; and this was a poor man that wanted nothing at all.

ANECDOTE CONCERNING QUEEN ELIZABETH. *

A Carter had three times been at Windsor with his cart to carry away, upon summons of a removal from thence, some part of the stuff of Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe; and when he had repaired thither once, twice, and the third time, and they of the wardrobe told him the third time, that the removal held not, the Queen having changed her mind, the carter, clapping his hand on his thigh, said, *Now I see that the Queen is a woman as well as my wife*; which words being overheard by her Majesty, who then stood at the window, she said, *What a villain is this?* and so sent him three angels to stop his mouth.

ANECDOTE OF THE MARQUIS OF ORMOND. *

Sept. 3, 1651. **W**HILE the Marquis resided in France after the unfortunate defeat of Charles II. at Worcester, his finances were in a very disorderly condition; the King was unable to assist him, and the Parliament had seized all his estates. In these distressful circumstances the nobility of France shewed him great civilities, and invited him to spend some time at their country seats: among the rest a nobleman of great quality carried him to his house at St. Germain in Laye, where he entertained him, for some time, in a manner perfectly suitable to his own rank and that of his guest. At his coming away, the Marquis, in compliance with a very inconvenient

* Born 1533; reigned 1558-1603.

* James Butler, 1610-88. Created, by Charles II., 1st Duke of Ormond.

convenient English custom, left with the maitre d'hotel ten pistoles to be distributed amongst the servants. It was all the money he had, nor did he know how to get more when he reached Paris. As he was on the road ruminating on this melancholy circumstance, and contriving how to raise a small supply for the present use, he was surprized at being told by his servant, that the nobleman, at whose house he had been entertained, was driving furiously behind him on the road, as if he was desirous of overtaking him. It seems, the Marquis had scarce left St. Germain, when the distribution of the money he had given, caused a great disturbance among the servants, who exalting their own services and attendance, complained of the maitre d'hotel's partiality. The nobleman hearing an unusual noise among his family, and upon enquiring into the matter, discovered the real cause, took the ten pistoles himself, and causing horses to be put immediately to his chariot, made all the haste possible after the Marquis of Ormond. The Marquis, upon his coming up, alighted from his horse, while the other quitted his chariot, and advanced to embrace him with great affection and respect; but was strangely surprized to find a coldness in the nobleman, which forbad all embraces, till he had received satisfaction in a point which had given him great offence. He asked the Marquis if he had any reason to complain of any disrespect he had met with in the too mean, but friendly entertainment which his house afforded? and being answered by the Marquis that his treatment had been full of civility; that he had never passed so many days more agreeably in his life; and could but wonder why the other could suspect the contrary. The nobleman then told him, that the leaving ten pistoles to be distributed among the servants, was treating his house as an inn, and was therefore the greatest affront that could be offered to a man of quality; that he paid his own servants well, and had hired them to wait on his friends as well as himself; that he considered him as a stranger that might be unacquainted with the customs of France, and commit the error from some practice deemed less dishonourable in his own country, otherwise his resentment would have prevented expostulation; but as the case stood, after having explained the nature of the affair, he must

must either redress the mistake by receiving back the ten pistoles, or give him the usual satisfaction of men of honour from an avowed affront: the Marquis acknowledged his error, took back his money, and returned to Paris with less anxiety about his subsistence. *

ANECDOTE OF LORD GEORGE GERMAINE. *

LORD George Germaine, through the application of some of his relations, procured a living for a gentleman, whom he had not the honour of knowing. For this civility, the gentleman waited on his Lordship to return him thanks. His Lordship being inclined to make his situation as easy as possible, acquainted him, that since he had procured the living, a second of equal value was within his gift, and he begged to recommend it to him in preference to the other, which was unluckily situated close to a *powder-mill*. The young parson, desiring to express a sense of his gratitude, and also to give his Lordship a specimen of his wit, unfortunately answered, *that he was much obliged to his Lordship for this second mark of his favour, for he had as great an aversion to powder as Lord George Sackville*.—His Lordship, unruffled, replied, with the highest courtesy, *In that particular, Sir, you may find, upon more mature consideration, that common fame has deceived you, without ever betraying to the flippant priest, that Lord George Germaine had been Lord George Sackville*.

ANECDOTE.

* A Chymist dedicated a book to Leon the Tenth, wherein he boasted, that he had found out the art of making gold. He pleased himself with the hope of receiving a magnificent reward in return; but the Pope

* Fancy such consideration at the present day in any country^{sent}!

* Lord George Sackville, son of the Duke of Dorset, took the name of Germain on inheriting the estates of Lady Germain in 1770. He was born 1716, died 1785.

* Giovanni de' Medici, 1475-1521. Became Leo X. 1513.

sent him a large empty purse, and bid the bearer tell him, that as he had learnt the art of making gold, he wanted nothing but a place wherein to deposit his treasure.

IMMORTALITY

THE DOCTRINE OF CHRISTIANITY.

AS the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is the basis of the *Christian religion*, and of the utmost importance to us whilst here; so it is also a doctrine delightful to contemplate by every religious mind. And herein the Christian religion discovers its superior excellence and perfection, by exhibiting this doctrine, and giving mankind a rational ground of hope that they were formed for an eternal existence in another world.

If we examine those accounts which the most authentic historians have transmitted to us, concerning the early ages of mankind, it appears that the doctrine of the soul's immortality was not known; nor in the general but little expected: And amongst those who carried their researches beyond the rest of their cotemporaries, it was only guessed at, or at most held as a very doubtful point. So little could the strongest exertion of their reason, as men, inform them respecting the nature, properties, and duration of spirits, that those researches were generally terminated by representing it as only an opinion incapable of proof, and supported by nothing more than a bare probability.

It is true they could find no absolute proof to the contrary; and therefore, the most sanguine amongst them rather wished than believed that after the dissolution of their mortal frame, there might be another state of existence. But we find that this apprehension was so weak, or restricted within such narrow limits, that it was not considered as any motive to human actions, or conducive to the purposes of virtue and religion.

If we examine the sacred records of the Old Testament, we find the gene-

rality of mankind, in those early ages, were almost totally destitute of this apprehension, nor did the patriarchs themselves seem to entertain any idea of a future state. Their hopes and fears were apparently terminated by the enjoyments and sufferings of the present life, nor did they look for another.

And if we examine the Mosaic Law, with the most scrupulous attention, I do not recollect any clear intimations thereof being given to the Jews.

Although it pleased infinite wisdom to communicate the *moral law* to them, in the tables of stone from the sacred mount; and the *ceremonial law* was afterwards delivered to them by the lip of Moses; yet we find all the sanctions with which these laws were guarded, had an immediate relation to the happiness or unhappiness of the present state of being.

When the succeeding prophets preached the doctrine of universal righteousness, in the name of God, to the revolting tribes of Israel and Judah, they confined themselves within the same contracted limits.

When Moses exhorted the people in the wilderness to fulfil the neglected duties of the Horeb covenant, he promised them, not the rewards of immortality and eternal life, but that they should "overcome the Heathens around them, and possess in peace the land of Canaan, a land flowing with milk and honey." He also threatens them, that if they swerved from the true worship of the God of their fathers, they should be overcome by their enemies, and their carcases should fall in the wilderness, and that they should never inherit the promised land. We also find, that after they were established in the land, and by their frequent transgressions had incurred the divine displeasure, the succeeding prophets threatened them, in the name of the Lord, with the calamity of war and captivity. They were frequently told, that unless they repented and amended their doings, "their houses should become desolate, and their inheritance taken from them by the Heathens; that their wives and their children should be slain before their faces, and the land become desolate, &c. &c." but in neither case do we find the least intimation of any future state of existence.

Even Solomon himself, who was reputed the wisest among the sons of men,

men; appears to be of a contrary opinion. After having explored the material world, and the whole scene of the lower creation; after having investigated the nature of every rank of sensitive beings, and the highest perfections of which the human race are capable, he declares the result of his judgment in the following expressions: "For that which befalleth the sons of men, befalleth beasts, even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other, yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no pre-eminence over a beast; for all is vanity, and all go to one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again."

But when this universal darkness began to vanish, and the resplendant lustre of the gospel-day broke forth, then was the doctrine of life and immortality brought to light with the most glorious certainty; and we find our blessed Saviour, and the apostles under his immediate influence, proclaiming the joyful tidings to a world that had long sat in darkness, and in the regions and shadow of death. At this period, the religion of nature was republished with additional illustrations, the moral law was exhibited without that veil of carnal ordinances, which heretofore rendered it imperfect, and was guarded by the dreadful, yet pleasing sanctions of rewards and punishments. Every social, every relative, and every religious duty was pointed out with circumstantial precision; and the motives to virtue were strengthened by every support that the free agency of rational beings could admit of, or the severest trials could require.

It is therefore reasonable to conclude, that the woe pronounced by our Lord himself on the inhabitants of Chorazen and Bethsaida, will fall with equal weight on obstinate unbelievers in the present age: "Woe unto thee Chorazen and Bethsaida, for if the mighty works, which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago."

And by a parity of reason may we not conclude, that in the final hour of retribution, the iniquities of the heathen world will find an easier pardon from the righteous judge of quick and dead, than of these, who continue to sin under the clearer discoveries, and more illustrious beams of the gospel-day.

It will, therefore, be the highest wisdom to mankind, to consider the dreadful consequences of shutting their eyes against that light, by and through which life and immortality is manifested, and by that consideration to walk as becomes the children of the light and the day. This is an employment which best becomes the dignity of an immortal spirit, to consider its being and its end, and to reflect, that although the limits of terrestrial existence may be fixed in the succeeding hour, yet infinite is the extent of never ending ages. To the certainty of immortality and eternal life, the unassisted faculties of the human mind could never arrive, and therefore, the consideration of that subject was generally terminated with anxiety and the horrors of suspense. But when we are assured by the lip of divine veracity, that mankind were formed for the glorious purpose of an immortal residence in the celestial regions, it inspires the soul with the most exalted transports of gratitude, affection, and joy,

To cultivate this gratitude and preserve this affection undiminished in our mind, will be the strongest incitements to a life of godliness and virtue, these, and these only, being the appointed means by which that excellent end can be attained.

Those who thus apply their hearts unto wisdom, and receive her instructions, she will cause to inherit substance, and fill their treasures with the durable riches of righteousness and peace. Such, however circumstanced in this world, have a rational foundation for a steadfast hope that they shall stand in their lot in the end of days. This hope will support in life, open a safe path through the thorny tracts of adversity, and prove stronger than the bands of death: they will wait his arrival with pleasing expectation, and unshaken confidence, as a welcome messenger commissioned to strip off this mortal vesture of decay, and release the enraptured spirit to join its celestial kindred in the glorious realms of immortality and eternal life.

THE SPEECH OF PAUL THE APOSTLE
TO THE ATHENIANS.

YE men of Athens to my words attend,
Your ears to what a stranger utters lend :
To worship many deities you're prone,
Their nature and their pow'rs alike unknown.
Around this city whilst I curious stray'd,
Remark'd your rites, and costly shrines survey'd;
An altar I beheld, encompass'd around
With verdant wreaths, with votive offerings crown'd
In golden characters around it shone,
" This altar's sacred to the *God unknown*."
That God whom you estrang'd from reason's lore,
In unavailing ignorance adore;
Th' eternal God I now to all proclaim,
Who first from nothing call'd this goodly frame;
Who fix'd the ever-burning lamps on high,
Whose glorious light illumines yon azure sky.
No temples built by men, no mortal shrine,
To narrow space th' eternal God confine;
To him the heavens and earth their homage pay,
All nature bends submissive to his sway.
Their maker and his wond'rous works to know,
Is all the task assign'd to man below ;
Nor dwells the godhead far within each breast
Is felt his being, and he stands confess'd;
From our various pow'rs of nature rise,
Our life and our existence he supplies :
From him, our great progenitor, we came,
So sings Arator of immortal fame ;

If we, the short liv'd denizens of earth,
 Derive from origin divine our birth;
 How vain and how presumptuous is the thought,
 That God's resemblance can by art be wrought.
 Whilst ignorance prevail'd, whilst human kind,
 In intellectual darkness wander'd blind;
 Our gracious father from his throne on high,
 Upon weak mortals casts a pitying eye;
 To virtue's paths he deigns man to recall,
 Sincere repentance he exacts from all.
 The day he shall ordain, the judgment day,
 Jesus each vice and virtue shall repay,
 The actions ponder and pronounce the doom
 Of mortals rising from the silent tomb.
 Jesus on earth descending from the skies
 His glorious nature veil'd from mortal eyes;
 Lowly in goodness, he no honour claim'd,
 Tho' his great deeds his origin proclaim'd;
 And when by tyrants doom'd to cruel death,
 The patient victim had resign'd his breath;
 As God himself had promis'd, as of old,
 The voice of prescient sages had foretold,
 Death he o'ercame and his infernal foes,
 And from the sepulchre to life arose.

COMPASSION.

COMPASSION is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed.
 Graceful, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy, and the
 heart that melts at the tale of woe. We should not permit ease and in-
 dulgence

dulgence to contract our affections, and wrap us up in a selfish enjoyment; but we should accustom ourselves to think of the distresses of human life, of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Nor ought we ever to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements, nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

It has been objected, and it is to be feared with some reason, that female conversation is too frequently tinged with a censorious spirit, and that ladies are seldom apt to discover much tenderness for a fallen sister. No arguments can justify, no pleas extenuate it.

To insult over the miseries of an unhappy creature is inhuman, not to compassionate them is unchristian. The worthy part of the sex always express themselves humanely on the feelings of others, in proportion to their undeviating goodness, and by that gentle virtue are prompted to alleviate the distresses of the unfortunate and wretched; it prevents us from retaliating injuries, and restrains our severe judgments and angry passions.

THE POWER OF ELOQUENCE.

WHEN a man of eloquence speaks or writes upon any subject, we are too ready to run into his sentiments, being sweetly and insensibly drawn by the smoothness of his harangue, and the pathetic power of his language. Rhetoric will varnish every error, so that it shall appear in the dress of truth, and put such ornaments upon vice, as to make it look like virtue. It is an art of wondrous and extensive influence; it often conceals, obscures, or overwhelms the truth; and places sometimes a gross falsehood in the most alluring light. The decency of action, the music of the voice, the harmony of the periods, the beauty of the style, and all the engaging airs of the speaker, have often charmed the hearers into error, and persuaded them to approve whatsoever is proposed in so agreeable a manner.

A large

A large assembly stands exposed at once to the power of these prejudices, and imbibes them all. So Cicero and Demosthenes made the Romans and the Athenians believe almost whatever they pleased.

The best defence against both these dangers, is to learn the skill (as much as possible) of separating our thoughts and ideas from words and phrases, to judge of the things from their own natures, and in their natural or just relation to one another, abstracted from the use of language, and to maintain a steady and obstinate resolution, to hearken to nothing but truth, in whatsoever dress or style it appears.

ON CONSCIENCE.

RELATIVELY TO THE WISE CONDUCT OF PROVIDENCE IN PUNISHING
GUILT.

CONSCIENCE is the law of the all-wise author of nature, written on our hearts, or properly the application of this law, as it regards the judgments we should form of particular actions. It is like a censor noting and observing our actions, and therefore it has not undeservedly been called by some a portion of the virgin-soul, as not admitting the least blemish of prevarication. Hence good actions beget security in the conscience, but bad cause anguish and vexation, which is better known by experience than explained by words: For, if it be painful to us to abide by the judgments of those we live with, and to put up with their reprehensions, it will be more so to be condemned by our own reason, and to carry about us so severe a judge of our actions: And thus it is that conscience performs the functions both of a witness and judge, when it reprimands us for having done amiss, as Juvenal says:

But why must those be thought to 'scape, who feel
Those rods of scorpions, and those whips of steel,
Which conscience shakes, when she with rage controuls,
And spreads amazing terrors thro' their souls?

Nor

Nor sharp revenge, nor hell itself, confin'd
 A fiercer torment than a guilty mind;
 Which day and night does dreadfully accuse,
 Condemns the wretch, and still the charge renews.

Many instances might be given of the wonderful force of those inward compunctions and horrors, that sometimes possess a guilty mind, and are awakened there by the most unexpected circumstances. When these at once let loose upon the unhappy patient, the beloved associations of interest, power, and pleasure, burst asunder like bubbles of air, the whole scene of his past life rises full to his view, and appears big with extravagance and frenzy; the base or wicked part he has acted, stares him in the face, nor can he find any relief from those stings of remorse that pierce his inmost frame, till he has disclosed his guilt, expelled the exorbitant passion, and become sensible to more worthy sentiments and affections.

Our acquaintance with history and the world, will suggest to us many examples of this kind, in which it must be confessed that the hand of the sovereign physician of nature is very conspicuous. One happened in a neighbouring state not many years ago.

“ A jeweller, a man of good character and considerable wealth, having occasion, in the way of his business, to travel at some distance from the place of his abode, took along with him a servant, in order to take care of his portmanteau. He had along with him some of his best jewels, and a large sum of money, to which his servant was likewise privy. The master having occasion to dismount on the road, the servant watched his opportunity, took a pistol from his master's saddle, and shot him dead on the spot: then rifling him of his jewels and money, and hanging a large stone to his neck, he threw him into the nearest canal. With this booty he made off to a distant part of the country, where he had reason to believe that neither he nor his master were known: there he began to trade in a very low way at first, that his obscurity might screen him from observation, and, in the course of a good many years, seemed to rise, by the natural progress of business, into wealth and consideration, so that his good fortune appeared at

once the effect of his industry and virtue. Of these he counterfeited the appearances so well, that he grew into great credit, married into a good family, and by laying out his hidden stores discreetly, as he saw occasion, and joining to all an universal affability, he was admitted to a share of the government of the town, and rose from one post to another, till at length, he was chosen chief Magistrate. In this office he maintained a fair character, and continued to fill it with no small applause, both as a governor and a judge; till one day, as he sat on the bench with some of his brethren, a criminal was brought before them, who was accused of having murdered his master. The evidence came out full. The jury brought in their verdict that the prisoner was guilty, and the whole assembly waited the sentence of the president of the court (which he happened to be that day) with great suspense. Mean while he appeared to be in an unusual disorder and agitation of mind; his colour changed often: At length he rose from his seat, and, coming down from the bench, placed himself just before the unfortunate man at the bar, to the no small astonishment of all present. "You see before you," said he, addressing himself to those who sat on the bench with him, "a striking instance of the just awards of heaven, which, this day, after thirty years concealment, presents to you a greater criminal, than the man just now found guilty." Then he made an ample confession of his guilt, and of all its aggravations, particularly the ingratitude of it to a master who had raised him from the very dust, and reposed a peculiar confidence in him: and told them in what manner he had hitherto screened himself from public justice, and how he had escaped the observation of mankind by the specious mask he had wore. "But now," added he, "no sooner did this unhappy prisoner appear before us, charged with the same crime I was conscious of myself, than the cruel circumstances of my guilt, beset me in all their horror:—the arrows of the Almighty stuck fast within me, and my own crime appeared so atrocious, that I could not consent to pass sentence against my fellow criminal, till I had first impanelled and accused myself; nor can I now feel any relief from the agonies of an awakened conscience, but by requiring that justice may be forthwith done against me,

me, in the most public and solemn manner, for so aggravated a parricide. Therefore, in the presence of the all-seeing God, the great witness and judge of my crime, and before this whole assembly, who have been the witnesses of my hypocrisy, I plead guilty, and require sentence may be passed against me as a most notorious malefactor." We may easily suppose the amazement of all the assembly, and especially of his fellow-judges. However, they proceeded, upon his confession, to pass sentence upon him; and he died with all the symptoms of a penitent mind. An exemplary instance of the fatal effects of an exorbitant passion; and of the tremendous justice of providence, in detecting one of the most cool and artful villains, after so long a concealment.

ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE GENERAL GANSEL'S PROMOTION.

MANY years ago the late King had a violent pain in his thumb, which, after many ineffectual experiments, made by the state physicians, was consigned over to Dr. Ward, who was at that time in great vogue with the public. Previous to Ward's admission to the royal presence, he had minutely acquainted himself with the disorder, and had prepared himself with a particular nostrum, which he had concealed in the hollow of his hand. When he was introduced, he begged his Majesty would permit him to look at his hand; which the King complied with; when Ward gave him such a sudden wrench, that the King called him a rascal, and at the same time gave him a kick on the shins. Ward bore all this patiently, till finding him a little cool, he desired him to stir his thumb, which he did to his very great surprize, without the least pain whatever. The King was so transported with this sudden relief, that he called him his Æsculapius, made him sit down in his presence, and insisted upon knowing how he could serve him. Ward replied, that he thought the honour and pleasure he received in giving him ease was sufficient; but that since his Majesty was so obliging, he

told him he had a nephew (meaning the late General Gansel) who was unprovided for, and any favour granted him, he should consider as bestowed on himself. The King, after first insisting on himself accepting a state coach, immediately sent his nephew a pair of colours in the Guards, and by degrees made him a Lieutenant General.

INSTANCES OF PRESENCE OF MIND.

PRESENCE of mind may be defined ‘a readiness to turn to good account the occasions for speaking or acting.’ It is an advantage that has often been wanting to men of the most accomplished knowledge. Presence of mind requires an easy wit, a proper share of cool reflection, a practice in business, an intuitive view according to different occurrences, memory, and sagacity in disputation, security in danger, and, in the world, that liberty of heart which makes us attentive to all that passes, and keeps us in a condition to profit by every thing. The Caliph Hégiage, the horror and dread of his people, on account of his cruelties, was often wont to traverse incog. the extensive provinces of his empire without attendants, or any mark of distinction. He meets with an Arab of the desert, and after some discourse with him, ‘Friend, said he, I would be glad to know, from you, what sort of a man this Hégiage is, there is so much talk about?’ Hégiage, answered the Arab, is not a man, but a tyger, a monster!—What is laid to his charge?—A multitude of crimes: he has drenched himself in the blood of more than a million of his subjects. Have you ever seen him? No! well then! look up: it is the very man to whom you speak! The Arab, without shewing the least surprise, looked stedfastly at, and said haughtily to him, ‘and you, do you know who I am?’—No! I belong to the family of Zobair, every one of whose descendants becomes a fool once a year; this is my day. Hégiage smiled at so ingenious an excuse, and pardoned him.

A Gascon.

A Gascon officer, in the French army, was speaking pretty loud to one of his comrades: as he was leaving him, he said to him, with an important tone of voice, 'I am going to dine with Villars.' Marshal Villars, who then happened to be standing behind this officer, said to him mildly, 'On account of my rank of General, and not on account of my merit, you should have said Mr. Villars.' The Gascon, who little imagined he was so near the General, replied, without appearing the least astonished: 'Well-a-day, nobody says Mr. Cæsar, and I thought nobody ought to say Mr. Villars.'

Presence of mind seems to be particularly necessary to a General of an army, not only for obviating accidents in the midst of an action, but also for effectually putting a stop to the disorders of a frightened army, or when it declines in duty, and is ripe for mutiny.

Ancient history mentions, that the army of Cyrus, in presence of that of Cræsus, took for an ill omen a loud clap of thunder. The impression did not escape the penetration of Cyrus, his genius immediately suggesting to him an interpretation of the presage, which spirited up his soldiery. 'Friends, said he, the heavens declare for us: let us march on to the enemy: I hear the cry of victory: we follow thee, O great Jupiter!'

Lucullus being ready to give battle to Tigranes, it was remonstrated to him, to dissuade him from it, that it was an unluckily day. 'So much the better, said he; we shall make it lucky by our victory.'

Gonsalvo of Corduba, a General of Ferdinand V. King of Arragon, happened, in an action, to see blown up, at the first discharge of the enemy, the powder magazine of the Spaniards. "My brave boys, cried he immediately to his soldiers, the victory is ours: for heaven tells us by this grand signal, that we shall have no further occasion for our artillery." This confidence of the General passed to the soldiers, and made them gain the victory.

The same General commanded, in 1502, the Spanish army in the Kingdom of Naples. The troops ill-paid and wanting necessaries, took up arms for the most part, and presented themselves before Gonsalvo, in order
of

of battle, to demand their pay. One of the boldest of them urged the matter so far, as to level at him the point of his halbert. The General, not in the least dismayed, or even seeming to be surprized, laid hold of the soldier's arm, and affecting a gay and smiling air, as if it had only been in play, 'Take care, comrade, said he, that in fiddling with that weapon you do not wound me.' But the night following, when all was quiet, Gonfalvo had this seditious soldier put to death, and had him tied up to a window, where the whole army saw him exposed the next day. This example of severity recovered and confirmed the General's authority, which sedition had like to have overturned.

UNNATURAL BROTHER.

UPON the death of Selimus the second, which happened in the year 1582, Amurah the third succeeded in the Turkish empire; at his entrance upon which he caused his five brothers, Mustapha, Solymon, Abdalla, Osman, and Sinagar, without pity or commiseration, to be strangled in his presence, and gave orders that they should be buried with his dead father, an ordinary thing with Mahometan princes, who, to secure to themselves the empire without rivalship, stick not to pollute their hands with the blood of their nearest relations. It is said of this Amurah, when he saw the fatal bow-string put about the neck of his younger brother, that he was seen to weep, but it seems they were crocodile tears, for he held firmly to his bloody purpose.

A THOUGHT ON FIRST WAKING.

TO God, who guards me all the night,
 Be honour, love, and praise;
 To God, who sheds the morning light,
 And gives me length of days.

His

His pow'r first call'd us forth from nought,

Inspir'd the vital flame ;

And with amazing wisdom wrought

The whole material frame.

He gave the soul its heav'nly birth,

He, by his word divine,

Prepar'd the fit enclosing earth,

And bade them both combine.

Strange, that a pure, immortal mind,

A bright celestial ray,

Should be with frailest nature join'd,

And mixt with common clay !

O ! wondrous union, so compos'd,

That none can understand ;

'Tis such as evidently shews,

Th' Almighty Maker's hand.

A REMARKABLE STORY OF KING OSMIN

AND BISHOP AIDAN.

KING Osmín had given bishop Aidan a fine horse. Some time after the bishop happening to meet upon the road a poor man, who begged his charity, dismounted and gave him the horse, with its rich furniture. The King, on hearing this, was displeased, and the next time the bishop came to dine with him, spoke to him in the following manner : " Why were you, my Lord, so prodigal of my favour, as to give away my pad to a beggar ? If there was a necessity for setting him on horseback, could not you have furnished him with one of less value ? or if he wanted any other relief, you might surely have taken some other method to supply his wants, and not have parted so easily with the present I made you." To which

which the bishop replied, " Your Majesty seems to have considered the matter very imperfectly ; for otherwise I am very certain you would not set a greater value on the son of a mare, than on a son of a god." Upon this nothing more passed on the subject, and they sat down to dinner. Not long after the King returning from hunting, when the bishop was at court, and remembering what had passed between them, laid by his sword, and falling at the bishop's feet, desired he would not take amiss what he had formerly said about the pad. The bishop, greatly affected at seeing the King in that posture, raised him up, and requested he would never give himself any further trouble with regard to that affair, for that he himself had forgot it. The prelate's spirits were not, however, soon composed: he wept bitterly; and being asked the cause of his tears, replied, " I foresee that Osmin's life draws toward its period, for in my whole life I never saw so humble a Prince before. His soul is too heavenly to dwell long among us: indeed the nation does not deserve the blessing of such a governor." The bishop proved a true prophet, for the King was soon after treacherously slain; and in about a fortnight after Aidan himself resigned his breath; and as Bede expressed it, received the reward of his pious labours in heaven.

F I N I S.